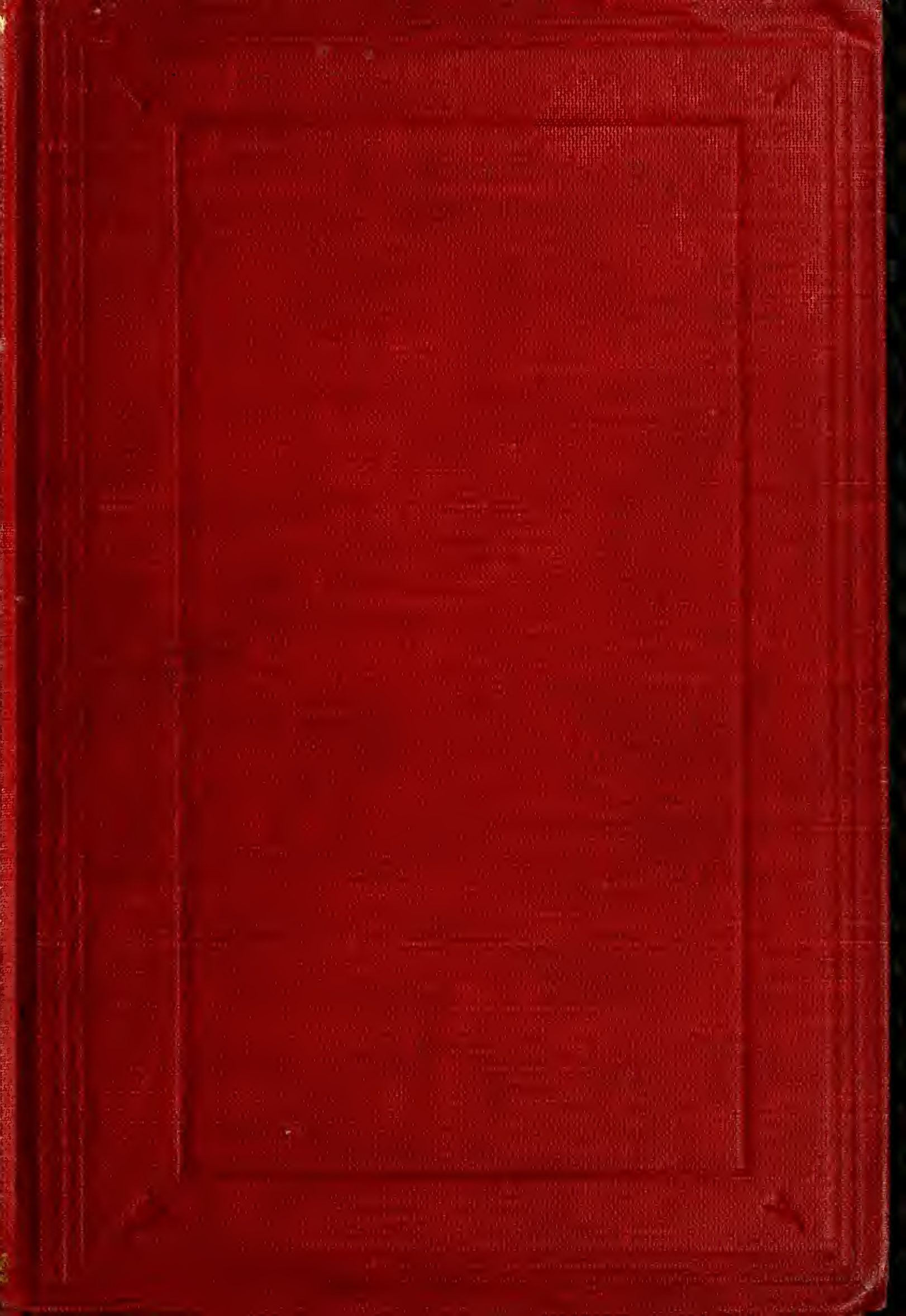






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BILLINGS

MONTANA



Judge Frank H. Woody

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE

Historical Society of

Montana

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1910

Helena
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Judge Frank H. Woody

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TO THE

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VOLUME SEVEN

1910

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1910



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Preface.

The Trustees of the State Historical and Miscellaneous Library, after many unavoidable and vexatious delays, present volume seven of the "Contributions to the Historical Society," to the public. It has been the object and effort to make the volume interesting and valuable by having the contents treat subjects as different and varied in character, as possible. We therefore indulge the hope that the reader will find the volume attractive on this account, as well as instructive and valuable from the historical and biographical sketches it contains.

The management gratefully acknowledges its obligations to Messrs. Wilbur Edgerton Sanders, James Dawson, David B. Weaver, C. A. Woodruff, Amos Buck, Frank H. Woody, Wesley P. Emery, Charles S. Warren, Wyllys A. Hedges, Henry Edgar, Edward S. Munson, John W. Wade, Green Clay Goodloe, Lew L. Callaway, Henry N. Blake, William T. Hamilton, Charles P. Chouteau, David Hilger, William F. Wheeler, W. E. Brindley, and Mrs. W. J. Beall, who have all contributed interesting and valuable articles, for this volume, as shown in the table of contents. Many of these articles required much time and labor and are characterized by much ability and scholarship. Especially is this true in reference to the article by Mr. W. E. Sanders on "Montana—Organization, Name and Naming." Mr. Sanders devoted much labor covering three years in time in preparing this able and scholarly historical paper.

Since the organization of the present Board, the management has urgently and constantly appealed through the public press to the Pioneer Society and all persons interested in the work to come to the aid of the Library in its

effort to collect and preserve for all time the history of the men and women and events of our early pioneer days which were so full of struggle and suffering and sacrifice in the great and patriotic endeavor to found and build a commonwealth in this mountain land. The majority of this grand army of noble men and women has crossed the river already into the unknown land; the remnant is sadly, but bravely and rapidly filing down to the ferry. Soon all our Pioneers will have passed away, carrying with them the knowledge of the events that constitute the romantic history of Montana's early days. We appeal again to those who know these valuable things to write them down for this Library so that this early history may be preserved for future generations.

It is the hope that this little volume may find friends and a kindly welcome in the world, and prove a source of pleasure, interest and profit to those who take an interest in the things about which it speaks.

W. Y. PEMBERTON, Librarian.

Helena, Montana.

March, 1910.

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Action of the Board of Trustees.

Helena, Montana, April 18, 1909.

The first meeting of the recently appointed board of Trustees of the Historical and Miscellaneous Department of the Montana State Library was held Saturday afternoon, April 18, 1909, at the office of the library in the State Capitol.

The board was organized by the election of Frank H. Woody, of Missoula, President; James U. Sanders, Helena, Vice-president; Wesley M. Biggs, Helena, Secretary.

W. Y. Pemberton was appointed librarian to succeed W. S. Bell, the present incumbent, whose term expires June 1, 1909.

The following named trustees constituting a quorum of the board were present, to-wit:

R. Lee Word, James U. Sanders, W. M. Biggs.

W. M. BIGGS,

Secretary Pro Tem.

MONTANA

Organization, Name and Naming

THE WORD, ITS SIGNIFICANCE, DERIVATION AND HISTORICAL USE

By

WILBUR EDGERTON SANDERS,*

ERRATA.

Page 16, line 8, "tread" instead of "trend"

Page 18, line 22 (2nd par., line 11), "so" instead of "too"

Page 78, lines 12 and 15 (2nd par., lines 6 and 9), "Shorthill"
instead of "Shothill"

Page 136, 7th verse, line 7, "war-whoop" instead of "war-hoop"

And succeeding them, those earlier inhabitants of upper
Louisiana and the Oregon Territory, wanderers and

*The author of this article is a son of the late Hon. Wilbur Fisk Sanders, one of the first United States Senators from Montana, pioneer and patriot, whose name is so closely interwoven with all that is most interesting and magnificent in connection with the history, organization and development of the State and who labored throughout his long life for its welfare and advancement. Mr. Sanders, the writer of the accompanying monograph, held the office of librarian of the Historical Society of Montana from November 5th, 1895, to April 1st, 1897; having been elected to the position upon the death of the late Librarian Harry S. Wheeler and being succeeded as librarian by the late Mrs. L. G. Lippincott. (Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, Vol. III, 1900, p. 10). He prepared much of the manuscript for Volume II of the Contributions, 1896, and had charge of the publication of that volume from page 140 to its completion. He was educated in the public schools of Helena, at Phillips Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, and at Columbia University in the City of New York, graduating as an Engineer of Mines from the School of Mines of that Institution in 1885. At present he is engaged in professional work with the Engineers' Exploration Company, Ltd., of Los Angeles, California. This article was first written during 1905 but re-written and brought to its present more extended form during the year 1909.—Ed.

MONTANA

Organization, Name and Naming

THE WORD, ITS SIGNIFICANCE, DERIVATION AND HISTORICAL USE

By

WILBUR EDGERTON SANDERS,*

Former Librarian of the Historical Society of Montana.

Among the earliest inhabitants of this region of which there are any records now extant were bulky Mammoths and the mighty Dinosaur, existing at the Dawn. Behold their Lives! Are not their epitaphs sculptured throughout our plains on tablets of stone that are but records from out the Book of Time? They passed with the passing of that primeval morn, and the land that had known them once knew them no more forever.

"Then came the hunter tribes, and thou didst look
For ages on their deeds in the hard chase."

And succeeding them, those earlier inhabitants of upper Louisiana and the Oregon Territory, wanderers and

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nomads, existing but by the chase and living and warring among our mountain fastnesses, the copper-skinned aborigines and the not less picturesque nor less barbaric trappers, came the first beginnings of a Civilization: the faint, far-off whisperings as of a mighty flood, approaching nearer and nearer, growing ever stronger and stronger; the distant murmurings as of gathering clans, the eager concourse of a virile race, the vibrant “ * * * trend of pioneers;” the wondrous burst that forced the barrier bounds and ope’d the portals to a fair domain.

The trappers of the earlier time usually identified themselves with their Indian brethren and married into the tribes, for the most part giving up even the semblance of civilized life. It is improbable, however, that even these careless, light-hearted adventurers could at all times forget the inborn desire of the white man for a home, and doubtless many a simple hut was builded aforetime in sheltered nooks beside the mountain streams that tended to draw him more and more from his roving life and the tepee to a more settled existence.

The various military and exploring expeditions sent out by the American, British or French governments, that passed through these then uncharted wilds, from the time of La Verendrye and of McKenzie, of Lewis and Clark, of Bonneville, of Stevens, of Mullan and others, added still another class of adventurous spirits to the tide that was just beginning its westward flow towards the Roof of the Continent, the Land of the Setting Sun; for certain members of these expeditions, becoming enamored of the wild free life, cared rather to remain in the new land in preference to returning to the paler joys of a border Civilization.

The trading posts built throughout the regions by the various fur companies, by the American Fur Company, the Hudson’s Bay Company, the Northwest Company, the Pacific Fur Company, the Missouri Fur Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and by Pierre Chouteau

Jr., & Company, brought into the wilderness the first real evidences of fixed and permanent abiding places; and rude and uncouth though they were they yet afforded a sense of comfort and security theretofore absent and formed a refuge within which might be builded the lesser cabins of a fur trading community, a nucleus around which they might cluster.

The first gold excitement within the boundaries of that which is the present State of California was caused by the picking up of a nugget in January, 1848, from an excavation for a mill-race at Sutter's Fort, on the South Fork of American river, at a place now known as Coloma.¹ Some months elapsed, however, before the knowledge of this discovery had brought together any considerable number of persons; but by the end of that year the washing for gold was being carried on along the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, from the Tuolumne to the Feather river, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

The first of these gold seekers came largely from Mexico and the South American coast, and a part of them even drifted in from the Sandwich Islands. During the year 1848 the excitement had extended to the eastern border of the United States; and in the following spring, across the plains and by the route over the Isthmus of Panama began the rush of emigrants, to gain the wealth of Ormus and the newer Ind., from the Eastern States and from every State in the American Union, it being estimated that during the year 1849 fully one hundred thousand persons had reached the promised land. This exodus from the older communities to the Pacific slope and its sands of gold

1. This popular belief that the finding of the nugget at Sutter's Fort marked the discovery of gold in California is undoubtedly a mistaken one, for the records of San Gabriel Mission, in the San Gabriel valley near Pasadena and Los Angeles, show that the Padres of that mission as early as 1838 were taking out gold from the San Gabriel cañon which drains the slopes of North Baldy mountain upon which the Big Horn mines are located, it being probable that the veins of these properties are, in part at least, the source of the gold thus obtained. As this antedates the discovery of the nugget in the mill-race at Sutter's mill by nearly or quite ten years it is believed that the first gold produced in California was taken from this cañon. From it several millions of dollars have been produced by hydraulic placer mining.—(W. E. S.)

continued with little abatement during the following four years; but in 1854 the tide had ceased to flow, its ebb had begun.

During the first years of this gold excitement among the Sierra Nevadas, and for a considerable time through succeeding seasons, these eager and hardy Argonauts wandered throughout California and far and wide into other and distant regions in their search for the Golden Fleece. Seeking for fabled riches, they ever fondly imagined that the ruddy blaze of their camp-fires at any moment might brighten into the yellow glow of Aladdin's legendary lamp.

The excitement and frenzy of the *stampede* carried them over and through vast mountain ranges and across deserts of drouth and sand, to isolated lands and away and away into vales and cañons of the Unknown. Thus the Kern river excitement blazed in 1855; and in 1858 was told the fateful tale of suffering, privation and peril for the thousands who joined in the "Fraser River rush" to the land of enchantment far to the northward and into what is now the Province of British Columbia of His Britannic Majesty, Edward VII of England. In this wise the human tide that had flowed too strongly towards the west during "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of Forty-nine," and until the end of 1853, ebbed and spread itself slowly backward through the mountains towards the East, towards the Southeast, and to the Northland, a new Land of Promise.

Adventurers and settlers of Oregon Territory had turned their eyes eastward towards the mountainous country that was then known to be rich in furs; and from the fastnesses of which they had begun to hear whisperings of the existence of rich deposits of the golden wealth, the truth of which report they would investigate. And through this northern region and far towards the South, along the flanks of the Rocky mountains, in the late Fifties and during the early Sixties there were the beginnings of another great

concourse of peoples from the eastern and from the southeastern states and from more distant lands; and for a second time the tide of emigration from the older communities had commenced its westward flow into the new regions.

These various movements were to result within a few short years in the sweeping aside of the tribal power of the Indian and the settlement of the wilderness by a hardy race of pioneers; in the location of homesteads and the building of homes; the fostering of schools, of churches, of the press; the development of means of communication, travel and traffic; the bringing into the solitudes all of the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of modern Civilization, the industries and the arts of Peace. And in so far as these causes and the events which were their direct results might affect the region that is contained within the boundaries of what is now Montana, they were to culminate in the building up of a Commonwealth, the founding of a State.

Under such conditions was born the infant Life; and in the cabin and among the shining mountains the weakling gathered strength against the time when, casting aside the swaddling clothes, he stepped forth vigorous and splendid and unafraid, to take his place in the van of a mighty people, moving resolutely forward, working, toiling, straining, striving, great in achievement, destined by Fate to gain a place upon the heights and to wrest from Fame a name that shall be known and honored and loved and sung henceforth until the end of time.

*

*

*

Definite information as to that name, the word "Montana," or an understanding as to its actual significance, its derivation and historical use, is not general, nor yet is the knowledge as to the manner in which it came to be selected and approved as a distinguishing and descriptive designation for this our fair Commonwealth. It has been understood, and probably by a large majority

of those interested, that the word was taken directly from the Spanish language, but this is true only in part. Originally it is of pure Latin origin and was used by many of the ancient historians and writers, as Pliny, Livy, Caesar, and others, as well as being employed in the New Testament; but in its exact form it is used in the literature of Spain for purposes of similar description.

This parallelism in the form and meaning of the word in the earlier Latin and the later Spanish languages is due to the following historical facts: Between the years 27 and 25 B. C. the Roman legions under Augustus conquered the Iberians or Basques, living in what is now the Kingdom of Spain and beyond the Pyrenees mountains from the land of the Gaul, so that "by 19 B. C regular armed resistance to them, even from the *mountain districts*, seems to have ceased." And having overcome this resistance, the victors succeeded in imposing their language upon the conquered people; for skill in Latinizing foreign nations was possessed in no small degree by victorious Rome. The subsequent waning of the Roman power in Spain brought about a loosening of the hold of the classic Latin *lingua* upon the Basque race, and an impure Latin modified by the Spaniards themselves became the language of the country, although altered to some extent by the influence which the Celts, the Phoenicians and the Greeks, through their intercourse with the Iberians had had upon their dialect. It chanced that the language of Spain became more thoroughly Latinized than did that of any other of the peoples who were subjected by the Romans, and the Castilian tongue thus developed endured.

In my discussion relative to the name or word "Montana" I shall go somewhat into elementary details and principles in explaining its use and in order to bring out clearly its true significance and derivation.

The word is an adjective form that is derived from the noun *mount* or *mountain*. An adjective is a word that

attributes a quality to a noun. its object, the name of a person, place or thing; or, in other words, an adjective distinguishes the object named from other things of the same name not so described or limited. Etymologically there is no difference between the noun and its qualifying adjective; and, since all names are distinguishing words, it is evident that any name can be used to attribute a quality; and, conversely, an adjective may assume the attributes of a noun.

Thus, if we qualify a place, country, region or territory by attributing to it the quality of being mountainous, if we so distinguish, describe or limit it, the word mountainous will of itself describe the region, it will distinguish it from other regions not possessed of similar characteristic features. It will therefore assume the attributes of the noun, its object, and may be used in its place, while the noun itself may be eliminated and yet understood as being the object qualified by the adjective. With this understanding the qualifying word *mountainous* will be employed as a noun, properly and logically, to signify a mountainous place, district, country, region or territory.

Of itself the adjective will then mean exactly: in the singular number, of a mountain, belonging or pertaining to a mountain, mountainous; and similarly in the plural it will mean, of mountains, full of mountains, belonging or pertaining to mountains, mountainous. It will qualify its implied object as follows: as being the attribute of a place, district, country, region or territory, or of places, districts, countries, regions or territories; as being a mountainous place or mountainous places; and therefore *mountainous*. It will similarly qualify its object as being the attribute of a people or of peoples: who belong or pertain to a mountain or to mountains; who live upon a mountain or among mountains; or in other words as being *mountaineers* or *of mountaineers*.

In both the Latin and the Spanish languages an adjective

agrees with its noun in gender and number, and forms the plural according to the rules laid down for nouns. In both tongues the form *montana* depends upon the form of its object, expressed or implied, the noun which it qualifies or describes; and the form of the noun depends upon its gender, number and case. In both instances the form of the noun and its qualifying adjective is indicated by their terminations.

In Latin the adjective *montana* (masculine, nominative, singular: *montanus*) is derived from the substantive noun *mons* (root, *mont*), meaning a mountain. The adjective is of the first and second declensions and is declined regularly.² Therefore, depending upon its noun, the word *montana* may belong to any of the following forms: the nominative, vocative and ablative cases, singular number, feminine gender; and to the nominative, accusative and vocative cases, plural number, neuter gender.

Thus, *regio montana*, signifying a mountainous region, territory, district or tract, is the nominative, singular, feminine form of the adjective: and by suppressing the noun *regio* the word *montana*, mountainous, qualifies its implied object and of itself means: a mountainous region, territory, district or tract.

A word that is very generally employed in connection with the adjective *montanus*, mountainous, is the Latin *locus*, nominative, singular, masculine form, signifying a

2. Declension of the adjective *Montanus*:

SINGULAR.

	Masculine.	Feminine.	Neuter.
Nominative ...	Mon-tân-us	Mon-tân-ă	Mon-tân-um
Genitive	Mon-tân-i	Mon-tân-ae	Mon-tân-i
Dative	Mon-tân-ō	Mon-tân-ae	Mon-tân-ō
Accusative	Mon-tân-um	Mon-tân-am	Mon-tân-um
Vocative	Mon-tân-e	Mon-tân-ă	Mon-tân-um
Ablative	Mon-tân-ō	Mon-tân-ă	Mon-tân-ō

PLURAL.

	Masculine.	Feminine.	Neuter.
Nominative ...	Mon-tân-i	Mon-tân-ae	Mon-tân-ă
Genitive	Mon-tân-ōrum	Mon-tân-ārum	Mon-tân-ōrum
Dative	Mon-tân-is	Mon-tân-is	Mon-tân-is
Accusative	Mon-tân-ōs	Mon-tân-ās	Mon-tân-ă
Vocative	Mon-tân-i	Mon-tân-ae	Mon-tân-ă
Ablative	Mon-tân-is	Mon-tân-is	Mon-tân-is

single place. In the plural the neuter form of this word is used in connection with the adjective to signify mountainous places connected with or related to each other. Thus, *loca montana*, meaning mountainous places related to each other, regions full of connected mountainous places or ranges of mountains, mountainous countries. Similarly in this instance, by suppressing the noun *loca*, the adjective *montana*, mountainous, will qualify its implied object and of itself mean exactly regions full of mountain ranges or mountainous regions. In this neuter form as a nominative subject, and likewise in the accusative qualifying its implied object, the adjective *montana* is used as a noun and signifies related mountainous regions, a mountainous country. Under these two conditions, as a subject nominative and as the object in the accusative with certain prepositions (such as *inter*, meaning between or among), in the plural number and neuter gender, the adjective *montana* may be used singly to qualify its suppressed yet implied noun (*loca*). In this exact form and sense the word is employed to signify and describe such a region as that contained within the borders of the State of Montana, which use is sanctioned and employed by the older Latin historians.

In the nominative, plural, neuter form, it is used as follows: *Sunt loca montana, seu regicant pars regionis inter montes sita* (They were mountainous regions, whether they were travelling through that part of the country situated between the mountains—), Pliny, 6, 22, 7: *loca montana et aspera* (regions mountainous and rugged), Livy, 39, 1, 5. In the ablative, singular, with the preposition *in* and in connection with the feminine noun *regio*, or in the accusative, plural, neuter, with the prepositions *in* or *inter*, in connection with *locus*, the word is used as follows: *Exsurgens autem Maria in diebus illis abiit in montana cum festinatione, in civitatem Juda* (Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill—this refers rather to *montes* than to *colles*—country with haste, into a city of Juda), Biblia

Vulgatae, edit., Luc. (Luke) 1, 39; *Inter montana* (Among mountainous places), Ib. Deut. 1, 7; *Perventem inde ad frequentem cultoribus alium—ut inter montana—populum* (He then came to another state, abounding, although among mountainous regions, with inhabitants), Livy, Lib. 21, Chap. 34.

A similar argument will suffice with regard to the people inhabiting mountainous regions. They are *homines montani*, the nominative, plural, masculine form, and here also the noun (*homines*), the object of the qualifying adjective *montani*, may be suppressed and the adjective used singly to signify of itself a race of mountaineers. This use of the word also has the sanction of classic authority, as explained by Mommsen:³ “lastly, even the name has not been lost by which the men of the Quirinal distinguished themselves from their Palatine neighbors. As the Palatine city took the name of ‘the Seven Mounts,’ its citizens called themselves the ‘mount-men’ (*montani*), and the term ‘mount,’ while applied to the other heights belonging to the city, was above all associated with the Palatine;” And again: “We need not regard ‘Quirites’ as having been originally reserved for the burgesses on the Quirinal, * * * it is undisputably certain that the name Quirites denoted from the first, as well as subsequently, simply the full burgess, and had no connection between *montani* and *collini*.” Again, p. 155, “the inhabitants of Rome were divided into the inhabitants of the city proper (*montani*), * * * .” Also, p. 156, “The *montani*, properly the inhabitants of the three regions of the Palatine town * * * .”

“The original ‘Roma quadrata’ was confined to a single hill, the Palatine, of which perhaps it occupied only the north-western half. From this centre the town spread to the neighboring heights, the Esquiline on the north-east, and the Coelian on the south-east, whereon suburbs grew

3. History of Rome, Vol. I, p. 84.

up, perched upon eminences, which together with the Palatine were seven in number and constituted the primitive 'Septimontium.' The Rome which had these limits was confronted by a separate settlement, probably Sabine, on the hills ('colles') directly to the north, the Capitoline, Quirinal, and Viminal. But after a while the two communities coalesced; and the Rome of Tullus probably included the houses both of the 'Montani' and the 'Colini,' or those of the 'Mount-men' and the 'Hill-men.' ''⁴

"It is difficult to determine the exact limits of what in ancient times were regarded as the Quirinal and Viminal hills, which, in ancient times, were called *colles*, in contradistinction to the other five hills, which were called *montes*—the whole *regio* being called *Collina*.'"⁵

"The Seven Hills" of ancient Rome, the Septimontium, consisted of the Palatine, Velia, and Germale, the three divisions of the Palatine; of the Fagutal, Oppius, and Cispinus, heights of the Esquiline; and of the Subburra, which perhaps was identical with the Coelian. It is possible that the name *Collina*, which Hare in the previously quoted paragraph has stated comprehended the whole region, was applied rather to distinguish the region of the Quirinal and Viminal hills, called *colles* and inhabited by the *collini*, hill-men, than to include the elevations of the Septimontium, called *montes* and inhabited by the *montani* or mount-men. The statements of Mommsen and Rawlinson, quoted above, would seem to indicate this probability. And certainly if it were proper and logical to designate the region of the hills, *colles*, the home of the *collini*, by the adjective *collina*, it would be equally proper and logical to designate and describe the region (*montes*) of the seven hills of ancient Rome, the home of the *montani*, by the adjective *montana*. This early use of the word has been asserted to the writer

4. Ancient History, by George Rawlinson; The Colonial Press, New York, 1899, p. 292.

5. Walks in Rome, I, by Augustus J. C. Hare; George Allen, London, 1900, p. 302.

to be a fact and that the word Montana was so applied in ancient times, but the truth of this statement I have been unable definitely to establish. As suggesting intimate use it may be stated that one characteristic of the climate of Rome is thus described: "The *tramontana* (probably a name of ancient application) a disagreeable cold north wind, sometimes blows for several days at a time."⁶

The name *montani* has also been handed down as the proper and classic designation for the inhabitants of a mountainous country, as even of Montana, by the Latin historians and writers, as follows: *occursantes per obliqua montani, interrupto medio agmine, viam insedere* (the mountaineers, charging obliquely, and on having broken through the middle of the army, took possession of the road), Livy, Lib. 21, 34; *Erigentibus in primos agmen clivos apparuerunt imminentes tumulos insidentes montani* (To them, marching up the first acclivities, the mountaineers appeared occupying the heights overhead), Ib. 21, 32; *Jam montani signo dato ex castellis ad stationem solitam conveniebant* (The mountaineers, on a signal being given, were now assembling from their forts to their usual stations), Ib. 21, 33; *Inde montani pauciores jam et lactrocinii magis quam belli more concursabant* (From that time the mountaineers fell upon them in smaller parties, more like the attack of robbers than war), Ib. 21, 35; *sed ab eo quem in summo sacratum vertico Poeninum montani appellant* (but from the divinity, whom the mountaineers style Peninus, worshipped on the highest summit), Ib. 21, 38; *homines asperi et montani* (men hardy and mountaineers), Caesar, B. C. 1, 57, 3.

A modern use of the word may be cited from the arms of West Virginia, which employs the following legend: *Montani semper liberi*, which translated means that "mountaineers are always freemen."

6. The American Cyclopaedia, D. Appleton & Co., New York and London. Edit. 1881. Vol. XIV, p. 416.

Joaquin Miller, in his assumed history of Montana, says: "I would also indicate that the appellation 'Montanians,' as applied to the people of Montana, is not nearly so euphonious as to say Montanese; as the Latins say Milanese, Piedmontese, etc." He might well have added Chinese. The classic appellation for the people living in Montana would be as we have above described. Collectively they might be designated as "Montani" or "the Montani," while singly they could be described as "of the Montani." Montanians or Montanans, both of which are now employed though preferably the latter as carrying the full word "Montana," are slightly, euphonious and resonant, but let us not have Montanese.

In the Latine tongue the pronunciation of the word *montana*, and also of *montani*, is as follows: either long or short *o* when followed by a consonant in the same syllable is pronounced like *o* in *not*; long *a* is given the sound of *a* in *army*; short *a* that of *a* in *idea*; long *i* that of *i* in *machine*. In the word the final *a* is short while the *a* of the middle (here the penult) syllable is long, the *o* of the ante-penult is given the sound of the *o* in *not*, and the name should be pronounced mon-tāh-nāh. In *montani* the final *i* is long, the *a* of the penult is long, the *o* of the ante-penult is given the sound of *o* in *not*, and the word should be pronounced mon-tāh-nee. The final syllable should be shortened in its pronunciation, while, as is the case with both *montana* and *montani*, since the vowel of the penult is long, the accent should be placed on the penult, as follows: mon-tāh-nāh and mon-tāh-nee. The word *montana*, as employed in the name of this State, is usually given a pronunciation that is shorter and flatter than that which is correct, classically correct; the *o* of the ante-penult being given the sound of *o* in *not*, the *a* of the penult that of *a* in *tan*, while the final vowel has the sound of *uh* much shortened. In modern usage the word is accented as in the Latin, but the syllables are run more closely together than

in the broader classic pronunciation.

In the Spanish language the adjective *montána* is derived from the substantive noun *montaña*, feminine, pronounced mon-táh-nyah, signifying a mount or mountain. As in Latin the adjective agrees with its noun in gender and number, it forms the plural according to the rule for nouns, and the form of the noun and its qualifying adjective is indicated by their terminations. *Montána* is the feminine form of the adjective *montáno*, masculine, in the singular number. The plural forms are constructed by the addition of final *s*; thus *montános*, masculine, *montánas*, feminine. In Spanish as in English there are two cases, the subject nominative and the objective; the form of both cases being the same in the Castilian language.

A Spanish word that very frequently is used in connection with the adjective *montána* in the noun *tierra* (te-er-rah), singular, feminine, meaning: earth, country, region, a district, part of the globe; or earth, dry land as opposed to sea; or earth, the surface of the earth. Another noun of the feminine gender similarly employed in connection with *montana* is *comárca* (co-már-cah), singular, meaning a territory or district.

Still another word is thus employed, the singular, feminine noun, *provincia* (pro-viñ-thieh-ah), meaning a province, one of the divisions of a kingdom. *Montana provincia* will mean a mountainous province, a division of a country or kingdom that is filled with mountains; the term being the singular, feminine form. If, as previously explained under the Latin, we suppress the noun *provincia*, the adjective *montana* will then qualify its implied object and used singly will mean exactly a mountainous country or political division, province or territory. In this form the adjective is employed in the Spanish language to signify and describe such a region as that contained within the boundaries of this our Commonwealth of Montana.

Again, in the masculine form, nominative and singular,

montáno distríto (dis-treé-toe) signifies a mountainous district, circuit of authority, province, or a mountainous region, country or territory; the word *distríto* meaning: district, circuit of authority, province; or district, region, country, territory. Similarly when used singly the adjective *montano* will signify a mountainous region, district, country, territory or province.

In this connection it may be of interest to note that within the Province of Leon, in Spain, a spur of the Cantabrian mountains courses southward through the center of that province that is known as and named Montana de Leon, the mountainous province or district of Leon. And at the northwestern outskirts of Madrid, the Capital of Spain, adjacent to the Royal Palace and to the Plaza de San Marcial, is a plat of high ground that is known as Montana del Principe Pio. During the international balloon contests held in Europe during the season of 1908, an Associated Press dispatch was published in an American newspaper as follows: "Mestendorff (Province of Saxony, Prussia, Oct. 12.—'While the Spanish balloon Montana was passing over this place this morning at a height of 6000 feet the envelope ripped open. The balloon managed to land safely and the occupants of the car were unhurt.' "

During the war between the United States and Spain, in 1898, Captain Louis P. Sanders, at the time a First Lieutenant of the 1st Montana Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, then stationed in Manila, Philippine Islands, U. S. A., wrote to his people a letter which contained the following extract: "I discovered a few days ago what I consider a strange coincidence. The last regiment to occupy the barracks we now live in was the Eighth Montano, a crack Spanish organization, and it has a most worthy successor in the First Montana Infantry, U. S. V."

A very flexible word in the Spanish language is the word "montaños" (mon-tan-nyés), which may be a substantive

noun or an adjective and which may mean variously: mountain, pertaining to the mountains, mountainous, inhabiting mountains, an inhabitant of mountains, mountaineer, highlander; a word that is sometimes used in its significance as a parallel of the name Montana. This word we find employed in the name of one of the largest of the Spanish ships-of-the-line that took part in the great naval battle off Trafalgar on October 21st, 1805, one hundred years ago, between the English fleet under Lord Nelson and the combined Spanish and French fleets under the French Admiral Villeneuve. Señor Miguel Salvedra, in "Trafalgar—From a Spanish Point of View," in speaking of the heroism of the Spanish seamen who fought in that ill-fated armada, says: "Many other examples of the metal of our sailors are recorded. The *Montañas* laid herself alongside of an English three-decker. Captain Aleedo was killed early in the action; then the next senior officer, Castaños, fell. Lieutenant Rubalcaba succeeded to the command, and though the foremast had been shot away, and though his ship was leaking desperately from five shot-holes, he managed somehow to bring her into Cadiz. With indomitable courage the next day but one (23rd October), in heavy weather, he sailed out in company with Cosmao in the *Pluton*. The English ships lay in the offing, under Collingwood, repairing damages. The Spanish demonstration was, however, so far effective that it succeeded in bringing back the *Santa Anna* and the *Neptuno*, while Collingwood deemed it prudent to sink the *Santissima Trinidad* (largest and most splendid ship of the armada) and three other prizes."

The pronunciation of the word *montana* is very nearly identical in both the Spanish and the Latin tongues. In the Spanish language the letter *o* invariably has the sound of *o* in *lord*, *a* invariably that of *a* in *father*; while words ending in unaccented vowels receive the inflection on the next to the last syllable. Montana will therefore be pronounced in the Spanish as follows: mon - táh' - nah, with the

final vowel probably slightly more broad than in the Latin lingua. Other than this slight difference in the pronunciation of the words in each language there is an exact similarity between them, their inflection and meaning, and they become identical words in both languages.

* * *

A name that was descriptive of its physical characteristics was probably first applied to this region by civilized man during the year 1743, by the *Sieur de la Verendrye*,⁷ under the following circumstances.

Plans for reaching the Pacific Ocean by advancing an expedition across the continent from its eastern shores had been laid before the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, in 1716, and so far obtained his approval that by his direction the Jesuit Priest Charlevoix was despatched about 1720 to the Upper Lakes in order to obtain all available information relative to the *Mer de l'Ouest* and a possible route thereto. Upon his return the priest advised: the ascent of the Missouri river, "the source of which is certainly not far from the sea, as all the Indians I have met have unanimously assured me;" or otherwise to establish a mission among the Sioux Indians, from whom the missionaries could probably obtain the necessary information. In this quest many projects were entered into, all of which failed to accomplish their objective; and not until the name *La Verendrye* comes upon the scene was knowledge of the vast western *terra incognita* greatly increased among the Frenchman.

The elder Verendrye, son of Réne Gaultier de Varennes, Governor of Three Rivers, Canada, was born in 1685. He crossed the sea, where he obtained a lieutenant's commission and fought in the War of the Spanish Succession, during the course of which he was severely wounded in the battle of Malplaquet. His name was Pierre Gaultier de Varennes; to which he affixed the cognomen de la Ver-

7. Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, Vol. I, p. 301 et seq.

drye, by which name he is known to present fame. Under the protection and by the favor of Charles de Beauharnois, Governor of Canada, he equipped at Montreal during the year 1731 an expedition for exploration. Misfortune attended his endeavor, however, and he failed to accomplish his purpose of reaching the Western Sea; his work being taken up by two of his sons, Pierre and a younger brother, the Chevalier de la Verendrye, whose narrative of travel through these regions is contained in Volume I of these Contributions. During their journeyings through what is now Montana, from near the headwaters of the upper Missouri river the explorers did on the first day of January, 1743, obtain a first sight of the Rocky Mountains, when "in diamond light up spring the dazzling peaks;" to which they applied the beautifully descriptive phrase of "*the shining mountains*," because of the glittering snows upon their slopes and crests.

Father Coquard, associated with Verendrye, in speaking of meeting certain Indian tribes, says:⁸ "that they first met the Mantanes, and next the Brochets. After them, were the Gros Ventres, the Crows, the Flatheads, the Blackfeet, and the Dogfeet, who were established on the Missouri, even up to the Falls, and that about thirty leagues beyond the rapids they found a narrow pass in the mountains." With regard to the above statements of Father Coquard relating to the passing of the Missouri through the mountains, the sentence quoted by Pierre Margry in his letter of July 5, 1875,⁹ is as follows: "*Trouvent les Gorges des Missouri entre des Montagnes et le Missouri est la decharge du Lac dont on ne connait pas l'entendue.*" (Literally; "Found the passes of the Missouri between some mountains, and the Missouri is the discharge of the lake of which they know not the extent.")

It is upon these extracts from the Margry papers that is

8. Ibid, p. 309.

9. Ibid, p. 311, footnote 16.

based the contention of the Historical Society of Montana: that the mountains seen by Verendrye on January 1st, 1743, were situated in Montana, near the headwaters of the Missouri river, and furthermore that they were probably in the vicinity of Helena. In his article on the discovery of the Rocky Mountains, published in Volume I of these Contributions, Dr. (Rev. E. D.) Neill gives full credence¹⁰ to Margry, but in subsequent writings published in the Macallister College Contributions he withdraws from his earlier views as to the route traveled and assumes that the explorers did not follow upward along the Missouri river to the Great Falls.

From a careful investigation and review of available information and the material that has come to his attention in this connection the author of this monograph has been able to discover no definite or sufficient reason whereby this Society should recede from its previous position so exactly stated in notes and foot-notes in the first volume of its Contributions by its then President and Vice-President. If we accept as authentic the statement by Father Coquard regarding the passage of the Missouri river through the mountains, there appears to be ample warrant for reiteration of its previous conclusions that Verendrye's travels brought him to the headwaters of the Missouri, that the explorers did view the Gate of the Mountains near Helena, and that from that vicinity they discovered the Rocky or Shining Mountains.

The geographical knowledge of the entire controversial region possessed by both of the above officers of the Society was acute and their statements in the notes were deliberate. Furthermore, Mr. Granville Stuart from long and intimate association with early conditions and inhabitants is an authority whose opinions on this subject are entitled to the utmost attention.

The above description of Father Coquard of the passes

10. Ibid, p. 304.

of the Missouri between the mountains is so exact in its fidelity to the topographical features of the region and to geographical facts and conditions and so satisfactorily describes the Gate of the Mountains north of Helena, the gorge or cañon by which the Missouri river passes through the Big Belt range, a spur of the main divide of the Rocky mountains, as to fix in the mind of the writer as a fact beyond reasonable doubt the assumption that the Gate of the Mountains and the passing thereby of the Missouri through the Big Belt range are physical features of the region that were definitely described and established by the reverend Father. That the statement is not equally specific with regard to the source of the Missouri river may possibly be explained by the fact that on this point Father Coquard accepted the indirect or hearsay evidence of Indians with whom the expedition came in contact. The latter averment is manifestly wrong to our present knowledge, but the idea may have arisen through the fact that streams entering principal branches of the Missouri river rise in close proximity to two extensive inland lakes; for instance, streams belonging to the Fire Hole branch of the Madison river rise near the Yellowstone Lake in the Yellowstone National Park, while those of the Marias river rise near the Flathead Lake in Western Montana.

The assertion that the expedition traveled to the Gate of the Mountains is further strengthened by the following facts: The several falls and cascades of the Missouri river, extending through a distance of approximately twenty miles along its channel, are the only ones on that river,¹¹ while the Gate of the Mountains, situated from fifty to one hundred miles above this broken portion of the channel furnishes the only pass by which the Missouri flows between mountains that are worthy of especial note or reference or through a mountain range along the entire course of the

11. The rapids of the Missouri at Cow Island are too insignificant for mention in this connection, while in other points the description of the surrounding region in no wise tallies therewith. (W. E. S.)

river from its head at Three Forks (the junction of the Madison, Gallatin and Jefferson rivers, in Gallatin County, Montana) to its confluence with the Mississippi river near St. Louis. Bishop Thomas O'Gorman says: "The descriptions the explorers give in their account are too vague for exact geographical verification;"¹² but Father Coquard's statement on this point is so definite that it seems impossible to disprove that his description bears especial reference to the Gate of the Mountains.

And, furthermore, a definite acquaintance with the upper Missouri country is assured in the certainty with which the Jesuit Priest Coquard, as quoted above, has located the habitat of the Blackfeet and Flathead tribes. The former then lived and still reside near the headwaters of the Missouri river, "even up to the falls," while the tribal hunts of the Flatheads, from their home in the northwestern part of what is now Montana, took them to the feeding grounds of the bison within the Yellowstone and Missouri river regions to secure their winter supplies of food together with robes for shelter and raiment. In such quest their fall hunt might easily have brought them to the lower country about the time Verendrye and his party were passing upward along the Missouri river. In this case the explorers would have located the Flatheads before they met with the Blackfeet, and might have mistaken their villages occupied during the hunt for their permanent abiding places.

The various considerations enumerated above were sufficiently conclusive to satisfy the historian Bancroft on this point, when he stated the case, although somewhat too vigorously, in the following words:¹³ "It was on the 1st of January, 1743, when Verendrye reached the Shining Mountains. The point at which the ascent was made was near the present City of Helena, where the party discovered the

12. Address delivered at the biennial meeting of the State Historical Society, January 23, 1903. (South Dakota Historical Collections, Vol. II, 1904, pp. 118-121).

13. Bancroft's Works, Vol. XXXI, p. 600.

Prickly Pear River, and learned of the Bitterroot. They described Bear's Tooth Mountain near Helena, and in other ways left ample evidence of their visit."

That the "shining mountains" first seen by Verendrye were situated upward from the falls of the Missouri river and within the region of the headwaters of that stream is controverted by certain authorities. The route of travel of the explorers, as located by Parkman in this connection, is hardly more than a mere guess.¹⁴ By it they turned west-southwest from the Mandan village (established at or near the present town of Mandan, North Dakota, on the Missouri river, over across from Bismarck the Capital of the State) and continued their course midway between the Missouri river and the Black Hills to the Little Missouri river and the Powder River Mountains, thence turning to the southwest they approached the Big Horn range.

" 'We continued our march,' says La Verendrye, 'sometimes south-southwest and then northwest; our numbers constantly increasing by villages of different tribes which joined us.' " Continuing, Parkman builds up his hypothesis as to the route taken by himself and poetically states (p. 29) that: "The variations of their course were probably due to the difficulties of the country, which grew more rugged as they advanced, with broken hills, tracts of dingy, green sage-brushes, the bright, swift streams, edged with cottonwood and willow, hurrying northward to join the Yellowstone. At length, on the first of January, 1743, they saw what was probably the Bighorn Range of the Rocky Mountains, a hundred and twenty miles east of the Yellowstone Park."

The route pursued by Verendrye, as outlined on the map published by authority of the United States Government, and compiled from the latest sources of informa-

14. A Half Century of Conflict, Vol. II, by Francis Parkman, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1903. Also—Atlantic Monthly, June, 1888, "The Discovery of the Rocky Mountains," by Francis Parkman.

tion,¹⁵ differs essentially from that of Parkman; and from the village of the Mandans points his way upward along the southern bank of the stream to the falls of the Missouri river, from the vicinity of the falls in a southeasterly direction up Smith's river to White Sulphur Springs, thence to the Yellowstone river, from which a general southeasterly course is followed to the vicinity of the Big Horn mountains. In view of the narrative of Father Coquard, however, as discussed above, the writer cannot accept the definite establishment of the route up the Smith's river valley, at a distance of approximately fifty miles eastward from the Gate of the Mountains, as given by the Government map. He believes, rather, that from the falls of the Missouri the explorers journeyed in a southwesterly direction to the Gate of the Mountains and that from that vicinity they viewed the valley of the Prickly Pear, if indeed they did not enter therein; and probably it was from this neighborhood that, on January first, 1743, they discovered the "shining" or Rocky mountains.

Continuing their travels they may have crossed the Belt range by way of White's pass, passing through Smith's river valley in the vicinity of White Sulphur Springs and thence making their way over to the headwaters of the Musselshell river, so named because of the shells that are to be found along its banks. From the Musselshell country they probably travelled southward to the Yellowstone river and, still continuing their southward way, eventually came among the Snake Indians.

Bougainville, in his account of the expedition on its journey through these regions, says: All along to the north of the Wabiek or Shell river (which may easily have been the Musselshell river) were situated twenty-three villages of the Panis. To the southwest of this river, on the banks

15. Map, Department of the Interior, General Land Office, Richard A. Ballinger, Commissioner, United States, Showing Routes of Principal Explorers and early roads and highways, from data prepared by Frank Bond, Chief Clerk, I. P. Berthrong, Chief of Drafting Division, 1908.

of the Ouanaradeba, or La Graisse, are the Hectanes or Snake tribe. They extend to the base of a chain of mountains which run north-northeast. With reference to the statement above made, that the Snake Indians reside southwest of the Shell river, it may be explained that the country which has been the home of this tribe almost from time immemorial extends westward from the Big Horn mountains to the headwaters of the Snake river, indeed to the Fort Hall Indian reservation, near Pocatello in Idaho, and therefore would lie in part southwest of the Musselshell river.

From this region the explorers started to return, and on the 9th of May, 1744, had reached the Missouri river. It is probable that on the return they directed their course in an easterly direction, even passing it may be to the south of the Black Hills, and upon reaching the Missouri, in the Petite Cerise ("choke cherry") country, they planted on an eminence a leaden plate of the arms of France and raised a monument of stones over it, which they called Beauharnois. From here, assuming that they made directly for the Missouri, they turned northward and followed upward along the river to the village of the Mandans, from which they had embarked upon their journey of exploration within the Northwest.

In 1766 Jonathan Carver began his adventurous journey towards the shores of the Pacific Ocean, but failing in his effort to cross the continent he passed the winter of 1766 with a tribe of Indians on the headwaters of the St. Pierre river, which flows from the West into the Mississippi river in the vicinity of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and obtained quaint and very often untrustworthy information from certain of the chiefs of the tribe.

In his narrative¹⁶ (p. 118) appears the following state-

16. *Travels through the interior parts of North America in the years 1766, 1767 and 1768, by J. Carver, Esq., Captain of a Company of Provincial Troops during the late war with France. Illustrated with Copper Plates. The second edition. London. Printed for Author by William Richardson in the Strand. MDCCLXXIX.*

ment: "A little to the northwest of the heads of the Missouri and the St. Pierre, the Indians told me, that there was a nation rather smaller and whiter than the neighboring tribes, who cultivated the ground and (as far as I could gather from their expressions) in some measure, the arts. To this account they added that some of the natives, who inhabit these parts that lie to the west of the Shining Mountains, have gold so plenty among them that they make their most common utensils of it. These mountains (which I shall describe more particularly hereafter) divide the waters that fall into the South Sea from those that run into the Atlantic."

The region has been called by the Shoshone or Snake Indians (Gens du Serpent) "Tay-a-be-shock-up," or "Toi-ya-be-shock-up," a phrase that, on the authority of Granville Stuart, City Librarian of Butte and one from long association competent to speak from personal knowledge, signifies "the country of the mountains." At the north-western corner of Nye County and fifty miles north of Tonopah, coursing in a northerly and southerly direction between the Big Smoky valley and the Shoshone range beyond the head of Reese river, lie the Toi-ya-be mountains of Nevada. Here and there throughout the surrounding country live scattered families of the Shoshone tribe, from whom and from other sources during the year 1907 the writer endeavored to establish the meaning of the phrase. Various interpretations were given to toi-ya-be, probably the most definite signification being that of the *white* or *shining mountains*; this for the probable reason that the snows fall upon the summit of this range with little provocation and for this region lie there long. From the facts above stated it has suggested itself to the writer as being possible at least that the phrase "Toi-ya-be-shock-up" or "Tay-a-be-shock-up" may signify a country or land of the shining mountains.

A fore-runner of the name Montana into this region is

Mrs. Montana Kantner, at present (1905) a resident of this State in the town of Deer Lodge; who was born at Golden Gate, Colorado, on March 28th, 1860; receiving her name at that place. With her parents she removed to Bannack, in what was then Idaho, leaving her former home in Colorado on April 23rd, 1863, more than a year before the organization of the Territory of Montana.

Indeed it may be said that Colorado together with the Territory of Kansas (from which that portion of Colorado lying to the east of the Rocky mountains was taken) have been singularly identified with the selection and modern use of the name Montana. During the month of June, 1858, a party of Georgians, headed by one Green Russell, while searching for gold along the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains, came to the vicinity of the future city of Denver and located near the hut of a trader, on land where West Denver now stands. Following them in mid-summer a party of twenty persons from Lawrence, Kansas, reached this vicinity but moved on up the Platte river to a point some five miles above, where on September 9th they established a townsite, which they incorporated, laid out a town, putting eighteen or twenty cabins in three rows that were known as "Kansas Row," "Leavenworth Row" and "Lawrence Row," and to the settlement gave the name "Montana." And thus we find the word employed in the naming of the first townsite to be incorporated in what is now the State of Colorado.¹⁷ The settlement had a short existence

17. "An act to incorporate the Montana Town Company. Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas:

"Section 1. That Charles Nicholls, Josiah Hinman, Jason T. Yunker, Howard Hunt, J. B. Sweney, Wm. B. Parsons, and their successors and associates, are hereby constituted a body corporate and politic, by the name and style of the "Montana Town Company," and by that name shall be competent to make contracts sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, in all matters whatsoever. Said company is authorized to have and use a common seal, and to alter the same at pleasure, and to make such by-laws as may be deemed necessary for the government of said company and the management of its affairs.

"Section 2. The corporation hereby created shall have power to acquire by grant, bequest, pre-emption or otherwise, and to hold any quantity of land, not exceeding six hundred and forty acres, in the Territory of Kansas, where the city of Montana now stands, and to lay off the same in parcels, squares and lots, and to sell, dispose of, and convey the same by deed or otherwise. Said company shall, also, have power to construct and maintain

for the reason that gold was not found in paying quantities in its neighborhood, and those of the Lawrence party who did not return to their homes moved shortly to the new settlement of Auraria, now West Denver.

“While there are several claims to precedence in the building of habitations, it is pretty well established that the first dwelling erected on Cherry Creek was the work of an old trapper named John Smith in the fall of 1857, and used as a trading post. The second may be credited to a member of Russell’s party who built early in 1858. The universal instinct for social and civic order found its earliest expression, however, in the organization of a town at a mining camp on the Platte about six miles above Cherry Creek, which the founders called “Montana,” and this was the first ever built in this region of country. In this, Jason Yunker and others of the original Lawrence party, with certain of the Georgians, took an active part. About twenty log cabins were erected, but the fledgling survived only a single winter. It was abandoned in the spring of 1859, when the leaders came down to the original seat and started the town of Auraria, on the west side.

“Since this history was begun, the author received a communication from a man named Philip Schweikert, a resident of Columbus, Ohio, stating that Montana was the first settlement located here, he being one of the founders. (p. 179).

“After Montana, the town of Auraria was founded.
* * * ” (p. 181.)¹⁸

courses, sluices, ditches and other contrivances for conducting water from the South Platte river, to be used for mining purposes, and may sell and dispose of interests in the same. Said water privileges are only granted on lands held by the company.

A. LARZALERE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
C. W. BABCOCK,
President of the Council.

Approved February 9, 1859.

S. MEDARY, Governor.”

(A son of Governor Medary in the person of “Jack” Medary resided in Helena about the years 1880 and 1881, being identified with the Surveyor General’s office. He drew the plans for the house of Mr. Reinhold Kleinschmidt on the southwest corner of Ewing St. and 8th Avenue. He was a graduate of the Annapolis U. S. Naval School. He died about 1885.) (W. E. S.)

18. History of the State of Colorado, by Frank Hall, for the Rocky Mountain Historical Company, Chicago. The Blakely Printing Co., 1889.

In order to learn somewhat as to the details of the history and naming of the Montana settlement thus established the writer, while serving as Librarian of the Historical Society, wrote many letters to parties in Colorado and elsewhere. The most satisfactory response to this correspondence was the following communication, dated Denver, Colorado, February 20th, 1897; which is here incorporated bodily because of its historical value and interest.¹⁹

“Your letter of January 13th came to me some time ago, and feeling a good deal of interest in the matter about which you make inquiry—that is, the origin or the adoption of the word “Montana,” I set about making inquiries looking into the result, without accomplishing much in the beginning of my investigations.

“I was referred to Hon. J. T. Yunker, who was a member of the Montana party here. It also occurred to me to write to Hon. R. B. Willis, who was also identified with the same settlement, and who was very active in the early history of Colorado. His home is in the Southern part of the State, and I have not seen him for some years. I have failed to receive a reply from him, and hence conclude that he is absent. After waiting for two or three weeks for Mr. Yunker I learned that he had gone to Texas some time ago, and hence failed to find him.

“I next sought Mr. A. C. Wright, familiarly known as Jack Wright. I then learned for the first time that he was also a member of the little fragment of the Lawrence party, which founded the camp known as Montana, and through him gained a good deal of information. Mr. Wright was one of the Lawrence party of fifty young men who started from Lawrence, Kansas, on the 22nd day of February, 1858. After several divisions in the Southern part of what is now Colorado, seven of the party came to the South Platte and Cherry Creek, where Denver now is.

19. Letter by the late Hon. William N. Byers, who in the spring of 1859 established at the old town of Auraria the Rocky Mountain News, the pioneer newspaper to be published in Colorado. (W. E. S.)



Josiah Hinman

They found the Green Russell party washing gold just above Denver, along the Platte, and they went further up the stream to a point about five miles from the present site of Denver and located the camp subsequently known as Montana. It was a very pretty site, on the right bank of the Platte River, and thirty or forty feet above the level of the stream, commanding a magnificent view of the mountains. This settlement was made on the 9th day of September, 1858. The name "Montana" was suggested by Josiah Hinman,²⁰ familiarly called Jersey Hinman, who was a college graduate, I think from Beloit (Beloit) College, Wisconsin, and a half-brother of Hon. Horace A. White, long connected with the Chicago Tribune. Hinman had also been engaged more or less in newspaper work. In an obituary notice of Josiah Hinman, who died in 1883, at Vergennes, Vermont, there occurs the following: 'He named the town Montana from the feminine of mountain, and to him, Messrs. Yunker, Nichols, Hunt, Sweeney and Parsons, as incorporators, the legislature of Kansas granted a charter for this town February 5th, 1859.' At the Annual Banquet of the Society of Colorado Pioneers in this city, January 25th, 1881, in the principal address of the evening appears this paragraph: 'Montana was named by Josiah Hinman, the President of the organization. It is the feminine for mountain.' From these two quotations it would seem that that is the correct history of the selection and location of the name. Whether it is a correct derivation

20. Josiah Hinman was born in Plattsburg, New York, on November 18th, 1835, and died at Vergennes, Vermont, June 1st, 1883. He was the son of Samuel and Lucy Strong Hinman, and was the seventh in the line of descent from Sergeant Edward Hinman, one of the body-guard of Charles the First. The family moved to Waukesha, Wisconsin, and then to Beloit, where Josiah entered Beloit College, graduating therefrom in 1856. Thereafter he removed to Lawrence, Kansas, from which point in 1858 he started for the Pike's Peak region with the "Lawrence party," certain members of which located the town of Montana, which he named. Returning to Beloit in 1862 he volunteered and raised a company of the 43rd Wisconsin regiment, being chosen its captain. He afterwards ranked as major on General Thomas's staff in the Army of the Tennessee, remaining until the end of the Civil War. Thereafter he settled in Chicago, where he married Miss Susan E. Dean. He afterwards engaged in the manufacture of cement at Vergennes, Vermont, where he died, his wife and one son now residing in Colorado surviving him. Of him his half-brother, Hon. Horace White, editor of the New York Evening Post, in a letter to the author says: "Josiah Hinman was a man of noble character, the soul of honor, brave as a lion, true as steel."

of the word or not I am unable to say. I remember when I first inquired about the name, perhaps in 1859, of being told that it meant a small mountain, or the foot-hills of the range some eight or ten miles distant from the site. I was again told that it was a Latin term, or a combination of Latin words or parts of words meaning 'beautiful mountain view,' which would have been a correct description of a fact.

"Although the first town regularly organized and incorporated, Montana was very soon outstripped by the settlement at the mouth of Cherry Creek, between Cherry Creek and the Platte River, which was given the name of Auraria, from the word 'auriferous.' This name, I think, was suggested by Green Russell, or some of his party. It was really the renaming after a little town in the Northeastern part of Georgia, from which Russel and some of his party came, and where they had been engaged in former years in placer mining. Montana proved to be outside of the alluvial gold belt, or deposit, and it had a very short history. Most of the cabins first built there were a few months later removed to Auraria.

"When the question of the organization of Colorado was being discussed, in and out of Congress, various names were suggested, and among those favorably considered were Colorado, Montana and Idaho. For some time it seemed very doubtful which would be adopted, but pretty certain that it would be one of the three. The name of Colorado was finally selected. Montana, which perhaps was second in favor, was reserved for your Territory, and Idaho for the Territory of that name which came later.* I think Colorado was adopted for this state upon the argument that it was partially drained by two rivers of that name. The great Colorado of the West, and a small stream in the Southeastern part of the State, which is of no special im-

*Mr. Byers in this letter is in error as to Idaho being organized after Montana. Idaho was organized a year or more prior to the organization of Montana.—W. Y. P.

portance.”

Still another early use of the name occurs in Colorado, where a convention of the miners of Clear Creek, in Clear Creek County, assembled for the purpose of forming a new District, on July 25th, 1860.

“Resolved: That the name of this district be the Montana District and the boundaries be described as follows—Commencing at the mouth of Waldens fork Clear Creek and running thence up the south side of Clear Creek two and one half miles and southwardly to the top of the divide embracing all veins included in said boundaries.”²¹

And finally, the last though by no means the least interesting in point of its application, is the use of the word in the naming of the new heavily armored cruiser, one of the most magnificent ships-of-war of the American navy, the Montana, in honor of the State of Montana. The maiden voyage of this splendid vessel was but recently finished, during which she accompanied her sister ship, the North Carolina, with President-elect William H. Taft on board in his late visit to the Panama Canal zone. In this connection the following Associated Press dispatch is of interest: “Old Point Comfort (Va.), Feb. 19. (1909).—The last of the naval vessels designated to meet the incoming battleship fleet (returning from its trip around the world), the armored cruisers North Carolina and Montana, sailed eastward today. The big gray cruisers which are nearly a third as long again as the largest of the battleships, will join the fleet tomorrow morning and steam in again with the combined squadrons of Admirals Sperry and Arnold, to the Southern drill grounds, fifty miles off the capes.”

* * *

With regard to the manner in which the word “Montana” came to be selected and approved as the distinguishing name for that political division which is now the State of Mon-

21. Tenth Census of the United States, 1880, Mining Laws, p. 393.

tana, the following facts and arguments are submitted. The selection of the name is so closely interwoven with the organization of the Territory as to become part and parcel of the same act. Because of a paragraph touching this subject,²² that came to his notice, the writer was induced to investigate the statement made therein, whereby the following correspondence resulted:²³

"Yours of recent date asking me to make a statement of what I know concerning the name of your state was duly received. My knowledge of this matter consists of statements made to me by General J. W. Denver²⁴ of Kansas Territory, and after whom the City of Denver, Colorado, was named. The conversation occurred about the spring of 1888. I was then a law student in the General's office in Washington, D. C., and was acting as his private secretary. Some occasion brought up the proper pronunciation of the word 'Montana,' and the General inquired if I knew how the territory got its name. I replied in the negative, and he detailed to me the circumstances substantially as follows:

"Sometime during the fifties Stephen A. Douglas, who was in the Senate, invited General Denver to call at his

22. Seventh Annual Report of the Montana State Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Industry. (1899, p. 3).

23. Letter, dated March 14th, 1905, by F. M. Clevenger, Esq., Attorney, of Wilmington, Ohio, formerly private secretary of General J. W. Denver. (W. E. S.)

24. James W. Denver was born at Winchester, Va., October 23rd, 1817, and died in Washington, D. C., August 9th, 1892. With his parents he emigrated to Ohio in childhood. He studied civil engineering and in 1841 moved to Missouri to work on public surveys. He returned to Ohio and in 1842 began the study of law, graduating from the Cincinnati Law School in 1844. In 1845 he returned to Missouri and settled in Platte City. In March, 1847, he was appointed to a captaincy in the 12th Infantry and served until the close of the war with Mexico, when he returned to Platte City. In 1850 he crossed the plains to California and settled in Trinity County. He was chosen a state senator in 1852, and while so serving was drawn into a duel with Edward Gilbert, whom he killed. He was appointed secretary of state for California, serving as such until the fall of 1855, when he took a seat in Congress, where he remained for two years. He was chairman of the special committee on the Pacific railroad and originated the laws providing for that highway. In April, 1856, he was appointed commissioner of Indian affairs, and while serving as such was appointed by President Buchanan as secretary of Kansas Territory. He filled the position of Secretary and Acting Governor of Kansas until his appointment as Governor on May 12th, 1858. Upon resigning, he issued a parting address to the people of Kansas that was dated November 9th of the same year. He was reappointed commissioner of Indian affairs, which position he held until March, 1859. He entered the Union army in 1861, being appointed a brigadier-general by President Lincoln, and served until March, 1863. Resigning, he settled in Washington, D. C.; taking up the practice of the legal profession which he continued until his death.



Gov. James W. Denver

house, the two being fast friends. Denver responded to the invitation, and was ushered into Douglas' library. The Senator said, 'Denver, I am going to introduce a bill to organize some new territories and I want you to give me a name for one of them.' Denver at first suggested the word 'Colorado,' but Douglas, picking up a map from his desk, remarked, 'I have that name selected for one down here (pointing on the map) but I want a name for this territory up here (pointing) in the mountains.' The General studied a moment and replied, 'Why not call it Montana?' Douglas said, 'What does the word mean?' 'It is a Spanish word and means a mountainous country,' replied Denver. The wife of Douglas in her day was the most noted linguist in Washington, and to verify what Denver had said the Senator stepped into the hall and called his wife, who came to the top of the stair. 'My dear, do you know any such word as Montana?' said he. She at once replied, 'Why, yes, it is a Spanish word and means a mountainous country.' Douglas walked back into the library saying, 'Denver that is all right, I will just call it Montana.'

"In a short time the bill was introduced and 'Montana' given to the territory represented by the present state of that name. It has been suggested to me that perhaps General Denver knew that many years prior the Spanish explorers had given the name of 'Montana del Norte' to the whole mountainous country of the west. I think it quite likely that General Denver did know this fact, and from his knowledge it may have first occurred to him to suggest the name, but that he knew the proper meaning of the word, that he suggested it to Douglas and that his suggestion caused the name to be given to the territory there can be no question.

"As I remember the General's statements, the bill was not at once enacted into law, but the bill was hung up in Congress for some time, but the name was never changed

and became a law as originally introduced by Douglas.”

Additional information obtained from Mr. Clevenger is as follows:

“I cannot give the exact date when the conversation between Governor Denver and Senator Douglas took place, although my best impression is that General Denver stated the time when he related the circumstance to me. My best recollection is that it was a short time after Denver’s return to Washington after his resignation as Governor of Kansas Territory, and that was in 1858. This is only my impression, and I cannot be positive about it.

“Your second question I can answer more definitely, viz. whether the Governor had ever visited Denver before this conversation with Douglas, provided I am right as to the conversation being after his return to Washington. General Denver related to me that while he was Governor of Kansas Territory (which included Colorado, or at least the site where Denver stands), a mining camp was located and named Denver. He was asked to come and help dedicate it, which he did.”²⁵

Except in one or two unimportant particulars there appears to be no sufficient reason for not accepting the statement of General Denver, as narrated by him to his secretary, Mr. Clevenger, that he was instrumental in bringing the name to the attention of the Chairman of the Committee on Territories of the Senate, Senator Douglas. He had recently been at Denver it is certain, and while there without doubt would have had brought to his attention the fact of the existence of the settlement near Denver that had been made by the Lawrence party and given the name Montana by Josiah Hinman from the Latin. Thus the name would be fresh in his mind and naturally would appeal to him as being a very proper name for a mountainous

25. Further corroborative evidence of the fact that General Denver visited the town of Denver during the year 1858, while he was Governor of Kansas Territory, has been received from Colorado pioneers who are also pioneers of Montana and at present (1905) reside in this State, as follows: William A. Rumsey, Helena, William Roe, Clancy, and Joseph G. Steele, of Deer Lodge. (W. E. S.)

country, while his knowledge of the Spanish language probably gained during the war with Mexico would indicate to him that the word came from that tongue. His ready suggestion to Senator Douglas of the name Colorado shows his intimate association with the region, and the immediate following of that name with the word Montana would imply a connection in his mind of the two names and a probable knowledge of the town Montana. If these premises are correct it may be stated that the adjective *montana* used as a name singly to signify a mountainous country, region or province, was originally selected for present use from the Latin by Josiah Hinman, in the naming of the town Montana in the Territory of Kansas from the magnificent view of its adjacent mountainous country, and that it was more directly applied by General Denver from the Spanish when he furnished the word to Senator Douglas as a name to be applied to a political division which that distinguished Senator desired to have organized into a new territorial government.

In his letter Mr. Byers states that at the time of the organization of the Territory of Colorado the names Montana, Colorado and Idaho were favorably considered for the new government. It may here be stated that no bill carrying the name "Montana" was reported from the Committees on Territories to either the Senate or the House of Representatives at that time, although such a bill may have been prepared and held in Committee. The writer has been unable to learn if this is a fact. The same may be said with regard to the statement in Mr. Clevenger's letter, that the name was never changed in the bill and that the bill "became a law as originally introduced by Douglas." A bill carrying the name "Montana" never was introduced by Senator Douglas. And further it may be stated that while such a bill may have been drafted by the Senator and retained in the Committee on Territories of the Senate, the ones which were

finally passed in organizing the Territories of Montana and Idaho were House Resolutions and described a different region than did any bill prepared by Senator Douglas at the time mentioned in his conference with General Denver. These points, however, are not material and in the absence of proof to the contrary we may accept the statement that through the instrumentality of Senator Douglas to General Denver belongs the honor of bringing the word *montana* to the attention of Congress, to the end that finally that word was selected and approved as a proper name for the Territory and State of Montana.

It was not until February 11th, 1863, that a bill to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Montana was reported to Congress from a Committee on Territories, the bill being reported to the House of Representatives by Hon. James M. Ashley, afterwards Governor of the Territory of Montana. And it was not until the next day, February 12th, that a bill bearing the name was reported to the Senate, when Mr. Lane of Kansas obtained unanimous consent to introduce a bill to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Montana. On March 3rd the bill was taken up by the Senate for final passage, when the following colloquy ensued:

Mr. Wilson (Mass.): "I move to strike out the name of the Territory and insert 'Idaho.' Montana is no name at all."

Mr. Doolittle (Wisc.): "I hope not. I hope there will be no amendment at all. Montana sounds just as well as Idaho."

Mr. Wilson: "It has no meaning. The other has."

Mr. Doolittle: "It has a meaning; it refers to the mountainous character of the country."

The amendment was rejected, but upon Mr. Wilson's renewal Mr. Doolittle yielded; whereupon Mr. Harding (Oregon) remarked: "I think the name Idaho is much preferable to Montana. Montana, to my mind, signifies

nothing at all. Idaho, in English, signifies 'the gem of the mountains.' This is a mountainous country, and the name Idaho is well understood in signification and orthography in all that country; and I prefer it to the present name."

The title was amended by striking out "Montana" and inserting "Idaho," and the bill was passed. On the same day the bill passed the House of Representatives against the strenuous opposition of Mr. Ashley, who preferred to defeat the measure rather than permit the name to be changed. The bill was approved, however, and was signed by the President on March 3rd, 1863, and on that day became a law.

Because of its interest and its bearing upon this subject the following letter from Montana's first territorial executive, Governor Sidney Edgerton, may well be incorporated here bodily.

Akron (Ohio), March 21st, 1886.

Colonel W. F. Sanders,

Sir:—

"In yours of Feb. 27th, you inquire who selected the name of Montana. I cannot tell who first mentioned the name, but the man who fought most earnestly for the name was the Hon. James M. Ashley, Chairman of the Committee on Territories (of the House). When I left Bannack to secure the separation of Idaho it was well understood what the name of the new Territory would be or what at least it should be.

"The history of the name as far as I know is as follows: On Dec. 22nd, 1862, Mr. Ashley introduced a bill to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Idaho (Montana?), which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Territories. Feb. 11th, 1863, Mr. Ashley, from the Committee on Territories, reported back House Bill No. 626, to provide a temporary government of Montana, which was ordered to be printed and recommitted to the same Committee.

“Feb. 12th, next day, Mr. Ashley, from the Committee on Territories, reported back House Bill to provide a temporary government of Montana, with the recommendation that it do pass. The bill passed and was sent to the Senate.

“Feb. 13th, Mr. Wade, from Senate Committee on Territories, reported House Bill to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Montana without amendment.

“March 3rd, Mr. Wilkinson moved to take up House Bill to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Montana. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, moved to strike out the name of the Territory and insert Idaho: “Montana is no name at all,” he said. The name Montana was stricken out and Idaho inserted. The bill then passed the Senate and came back to the House as amended the very last hours of the session. Mr. Ashley was angry and insisted that the House should disagree to the amendment, but the bill passed as amended.

“When, in 1864, Idaho was divided, the new Territory naturally took the name which came so near being given to Idaho. I think Governor Ashley selected the name or adopted it as his own.

Resp’t yours,

S. EDGERTON.”

With reference to the statement made by Governor Edgerton in the letter quoted above, as follows: “When I left Bannack to secure the separation of Idaho it was well understood what the name of the new Territory would be or what at least it should be,” the following interesting facts are here related:

Questions relating to legislative and judicial affairs within the Territory of Idaho during the year following its organization were in a chaotic condition. Regularly constituted courts there were none, the nearest being at Salem, the capital of Oregon Territory, some five hundred miles to the West, while towards the East the nearest tribunal was established at Yankton, capital of the Territory of

Dakotah, situated in the southeastern corner of that division on the Missouri river and nearly if not quite one thousand miles distant as the crow flies from the Grasshopper (Bannack) and Alder Gulch gold diggings within what is now Montana.

Sidney Edgerton had been appointed Chief Justice of Idaho by President Lincoln, but, at the time of his arrival at Bannack on September 18th, 1863, the snows in the mountains and the condition of the trails prevented him from reaching the seat of government of Idaho then situated at Lewiston. He with his party, including Wilbur F. Sanders, his nephew, and their families, were therefore compelled to stop at Bannack for the winter, and thus it happened that those who represented the executive and the judicial branches of the territorial government were separated by many miles of mountain wilderness that was practically impassible during the winter months. For these and other reasons it proved to be entirely impossible to establish the court or to carry out its decrees. Mr. Edgerton therefore settled down to the life of the little mining community for the season, giving his attention and influence to the upholding of the law and order element of frontier society, as likewise did his nephew, who many years later was destined to become the first senator from the State of Montana to the National Congress.

Local order was enforced in an uncertain and unsatisfactory way by the miners' courts, acting without authority of law and depending entirely upon the will of the community for giving effect to their mandates. In many instances legislators were compelled to traverse hundreds of miles and to undergo severest hardships in order to attend the first session of the Idaho legislature, held in Lewiston during the winter of 1863-'64, and affairs in general had reached so unsatisfactory a state that much discontent was engendered and much feeling evidenced privately and in public because of the conditions. Public sentiment became

aroused and rapidly crystallized into action looking towards a change in the existing order of things; to the end that definite plans were soon advanced for the separation of Idaho into two parts. It was first decided to divide the Territory along the summit of the Rocky mountains, but because of the impassible character of the Bitter Root range it was finally agreed after strenuous opposition on the part of those then residing within what is now the State of Idaho to establish the dividing line between the two Territories along the crest of the Bitter Root mountains.

One Sunday morning early in 1864 the male portion of the residents of Bannack were gathered upon the main street of the village engaged in discussing affairs social and political, the subject that was of paramount interest being that of the partition of the Territory.²⁶ One Con Orem, a pugilist of local note and victor in the first ring fight to occur within the region, was much given to orating when in convivial mood. Mounted upon a wagon and affected by the exhilarating ozone of the mountain airs he dilated in enthusiastic style upon the hardships of their existence in a political way and so moved his hearers that it was then and there decided to take action for the division of Idaho and the formation of a new Territory, the seat of government of which should be Bannack. Sidney Edgerton, but recently a member of Congress from Ohio and being a person well thought of in Washington and of considerable influence with the administration, it was unanimously agreed should be furnished with the necessary funds for the journey to Washington in order to bring before Congress the political condition of American citizens residing in this new region, to explain the physical characteristics and resources of the country and to urge the organ-

26. The facts here narrated were related to me by my father, but for the reason that the notes thereon have been misplaced and cannot be found I am compelled to rely upon memory which may not be exact as to specific details and dates although in all but minor points the statements are correct. (W. E. S.)

ization of a new Territory. Having arrived at this decision the meeting adjourned—to meet in Committee of the Whole at the bar.

Shortly thereafter Wilbur F. Sanders journeyed from Bannack to Alder Gulch in order to place the matter before the miners and other citizens of Virginia City and vicinity, and met with abundant success. While on this quest he met with a hearty, boisterous and talkative young fellow, Samuel T. Hauser, afterwards to become a Governor of Montana, who upon being informed of the purposes of the trip willingly volunteered his services and together they visited the mining camps of the region from Summit to Nevada, interviewing the miners and urging upon them the necessity for material aid in the enterprise. The response was most generous and in all twenty-five hundred dollars was subscribed in gold nuggets, which were afterwards used by Mr. Edgerton as an exhibit of the resources of the country and viewed with the greatest interest and curiosity in the Committee rooms by members of Congress from both Houses. The bill organizing the Territory of Montana was finally passed by both branches of Congress and signed by President Lincoln, who appointed Mr. Edgerton to be the first Governor of the new political division.

On December 14th, 1863, in pursuance of previous notice, Mr. Ashley introduced a bill before the House of Representatives to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Montana. This bill, after being referred back to the Committee on Territories, was placed before the House for action on March 17th, 1864, and was very generally discussed.

Mr. Cox (Ohio) desired to say that he did not like the proposed name of the new Territory. "I do not know whether it is Spanish, French or English."

Mr. Ashley: "It is a Spanish word, meaning mountainous."

Mr. Cox: "I know. But I ask the gentleman whether he cannot give it a name that will be a little more significant. Cannot he give it some Indian name?"

Mr. Washburne (Ill.): "I suggest that the gentleman from Ohio propose that it shall be called Abyssinia." (Laughter.)

Mr. Cox: "Oh, no; that is not the right color. I was about to suggest a copper colored name for it. I do not think that there is a gentlemen present who, on reflection, will not concede that this name has no significance applied to a territory which lies almost entirely east of the mountains."

Mr. Beaman desired to know what name the gentleman from Ohio proposed for it.

Mr. Cox: "I suggest an Indian name—Shoshone—if my colleague (Mr. Ashley) will tell me what that means."

Mr. Bennet (Colo.): "It means snakes." (Laughter.)²⁷

Mr. Cox: "I believe it means copperheads." (Laughter.)

Mr. Beaman remarked that the gentlemen particularly interested were entirely satisfied with it, to which Mr. Cox replied that he did not legislate on the satisfaction of other people. He desired the Territory to be properly named and hoped that some gentleman would indicate a more appropriate name.

Mr. Cox: "I understand that the Legislature has asked that the new Territory shall be called 'Jefferson.' "

Mr. Ashley: "Oh, well, we are opposed to that."

Mr. Cox: "Opposed to Jefferson! I propose that we name the new Territory, by unanimous consent, 'Douglas Territory.' I think the gentleman opposite will agree to that."

27. The Shoshone Indians in the Journal of Verendrye were called the Gens du Serpent, a name significant of the feelings entertained for that tribe by the Indian friends of the Chevalier and his party. They resided along the headwaters of the Snake river, afterwards known as the Lewis Fork of the Columbia river. Furthermore, the sign manual which they use or at least formerly did employ as a means of identifying or designating themselves when approaching other persons was by a wriggling, sinuous forward movement of the hand with the index finger advanced, much resembling the motion of a snake in crawling. Schoolcraft identifies them as allied to the Ute branch as distinguished from the Dakota or Sioux nation. (W. E. S.)

Mr. Ashley: "Oh, no, we cannot do that."

Continuing Mr. Cox said: "You have got your Frederick Douglass, and we upon this side had a white man, whom we reverence, by that name."

Mr. Webster (Maryland) replied as follows: "I desire to make a suggestion to the gentleman from Ohio, and it is this: I think every father has a right to name his own child, and as this bill is the progeny of the Committee on Territories I think they have the right to name it. I do not understand that the gentleman from Ohio has any business in that thing at all. It is a family matter." (Laughter.)

Mr. Beaman thought the Territory very well christened, and demanded the previous question, under which motion the bill passed the House of Representatives.

On March 30th the bill passed by the House was introduced before the Senate, and on the following day was taken up as unfinished business, when the following discussion occurred:

Mr. Sumner (Mass.): "The name of this new Territory—Montana—strikes me as very peculiar. I wish to ask the chairman of the Committee what has suggested that name? It seems to me that it must be borrowed from some novel or other. I do not know how it originated."

Mr. Wade (Ohio): "I cannot tell anything about that. I do not know but that it may have been borrowed from a novel. I would rather borrow from the Indians, if I could find any proper Indian name."

Mr. Sumner: "I was going to suggest that in giving a name to this Territory, which is to be hereafter the name of a State of the Union, I would rather take the name from the soil, a good Indian name."

Mr. Wade: "Suggest one and I will agree to it."

Mr. Sumner: "I am not familiar enough with the country to do so."

Mr. Howard, Jacob M. (Mich.): "I will say to the

Senator from Massachusetts that I was equally puzzled when I saw the name in the bill, and I labored under the same difficulty which my honorable friend from Massachusetts seems to be in. I was obliged to turn to my old Latin dictionary to see if there was any meaning to the word Montana, and I found there was."

Mr. Sumner: "What was it?"

Mr. Howard: "It is a very classic word, pure Latin. It means a mountainous region, a mountainous country."

Mr. Wade: "Then the name is well adapted to the Territory."

Mr. Howard: "You will find that it is used by Livy and some of the other Latin historians, which is no small praise."

Mr. Wade: "I do not care anything about the name. If there was none in Latin or in Indian I suppose we have a right to make a name; certainly just as good a right to make it as anybody else. It is a good name enough."

The bill was passed by the Senate on May 19th, after that body had receded from several amendments attached to the original House bill, touching upon the suffrage question with regard to the negro vote in the new Territory. On May 24th the bill received the signature of the President *pro tempore* of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and on May 26th, 1864, it received the signature of President Lincoln and became a fact in law.

* * *

As regards the undoubted propriety and fitness of the word Montana as a name employed for describing and distinguishing the region lying within the boundaries of this our State, to which it has been applied, it is but necessary to call to mind the physical characteristics and topographical features of the country contained within the wide limits of our territorial expanse. In imagination let us ascend to some lofty height from which we may view the length and breadth of this fair domain of highland and

valleyland, mountain and plain. Towards the West, heaped Ossa upon Pelion, rise the lofty and rugged mountain chains that tower above their highland valleys and shadowy cañons, the Roof of the Continent, while, to the eastward, stretch the broad plains interspersed with isolated upheavals, ranges and peaks, which rise even to her far borders—and one cannot but feel that the State has been well named. Near to its western boundary the main range of the Rocky mountains courses the State from North to South, a mighty mountain wall, from which in many directions radiate the spurs that form ranges of lesser importance, as the Bitter Root, Cœur d'Alene, Kootenai, Mission, Cabinet, Big Belt, Gallatin, Madison and the Big and Little Snowy mountains. Within the confines of the State also rise the crests of many more or less isolated groups and ranges, as the Highland, Basin, Cottonwood, Tobacco Root, Ruby, Crazy, Bridger, Castle, Milk River, Pryor, Bull, Little Belt, Little Rockies, Bear Paw, Sweet Grass, Wolf or *Cheetish*, Highwood, Rosebud, the Big Horn, Piney Buttes and others. Indeed it may be said that there is not a single county in the State that is not possessed of its local mountain ranges or peaks or lesser buttes and ridges. And though we have seen the name slighted and derided through the prejudice of ignorance in the Seats of the Mighty, yet is its fitness now universally acknowledged.

The word "Montana" is no less beautiful than significant. That it was selected to be the distinguishing name and characteristic for the Territory that was set apart from Idaho and organized into a separate government on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of grace 1864, and admitted as an equal into the Union of States on the eighth day of November, 1889, is a cause of felicitation and loyal pride to all Montanans; for thus their beloved mountainland became possessed of a title that is peculiar in its descriptive fidelity. Because of the exceeding euphonic beauty of the word, Montana is indeed foremost among the proud names.

of States whose stars adorn the azure field of Freedom's banner. It is a sightly and a simple name, to the pronunciation of which the comparatively numerous vowels that go to make up the word bring forth a liquid richness, a musical rhythm and a resonant flow of sound that is delightful. It is

“Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times.”



Andrew Dawson

Major Andrew Dawson, 1817-1871.

Biographical Sketch, by James Dawson.

Major Andrew Dawson was born April 25, 1817, at Dalkeith, Scotland. This is a celebrated and ancient little town and was a stronghold of the famous Douglas Faction. It was a favorite spot of the early Scotch Kings, as King David the First built an abbey there, and others built castles or palaces, as the times demanded. There was many a battle here between the Scotch and the English in the days of Wallace and Robert the Bruce; and before and after these perilous times, many encounters with the roving Gaelic or Highland clans, who would swoop down on these peaceful and prosperous inhabitants—for Dalkeith is situated in the most fertile part of Mid-Lothian and was once the center of the grain market. Here the frugal husbandmen met each Wednesday in the middle of a wide open street called High Street, to discuss times and barter or dispose of their grain and cattle.

To-day, the Duke of Buccleuch has his beautiful palace and magnificent estate at the northeast end of the town; the Marquis of Newbattle, on the south, with his abbey and its beautiful paintings: the Marquis of Melville's estate is on the west, and other noted noblemen and gentlemen's estates in the immediate vicinity. Dalkeith is one of Scotland's choicest spots.

Andrew Dawson, on his mother's side, was descended from Ebenezer Erskine, the Covenanter, and from the Scotch Kings, so that he came from a long and celebrated line of ancestors. From his childhood he had a strong and healthy constitution. His complexion was very white, but

very much freckled; he had blue eyes and his hair rather inclined to the chestnut hue. He grew to be six feet in height and was well built. In his boyhood and youthful days he joined with zest into all the happy pursuits of his companions in all of which he was invariably chosen as the leader.

In one of their escapades with the Duke of Buccleuch's gamekeeper, his chum, Jim Morrison, fell, in leaping down from a high stone wall, and bit the end off his tongue, from the effects of which he always had a lisp. Will or Wull Johnstone, Robert and James Gray, Jim Tod, Robert Mushet, Tom Fielding and many others, and his own brothers: James, Ebenezer, Alexander and Abraham, were his school-mates and companions.

Dawson possessed a velocipede and became an expert rider, so much so that he became sort of reckless, and one day riding down a steep street, he came down at such a swift speed that he struck a rock or street curbing that sent him flying through the air and his head came in contact with a rock, from which shock he was sick for a long time. Having completed his schooling days, he served an apprenticeship with his uncle, Ralph Scott, a famous lawyer and accountant in Edinburgh. While there, he studied under the University professors; his favorite studies being law, or logic, chemistry and natural philosophy—which branches of learning were of great use to him in his western life. On completing his apprenticeship and not liking the lawyer's profession, he acted as confidential clerk or secretary to a large manufacturing or engineering firm in England, but the English ways being distasteful or the business too confining he left there and set sail from Liverpool in 1843 for New Orleans and took the first steamer to St. Louis, Mo. He landed at St. Louis with 75 cents—50 cents of which he gave to the cabman and 25 cents to the locksmith as he had lost the key to his trunk. His landlady trusted him on account of his pleasant and agreeable ways and did not

ask him for a red cent for a whole month, as he had explained his financial condition and also who his employers were. After living in St. Louis for a year or so and becoming acquainted with some Scotchmen and hearing so much of the free and adventurous fur trading life of the far Northwest on the Missouri River—he set out with Robert Morgan (also from Edinburgh), with the necessary outfit for such a hazardous undertaking.

Everything went well for some time until coming into close proximity with the Indians, Morgan began to show signs of fear, and one evening, coming back to camp after a day's hunt, Dawson found Morgan had skipped with the horses, leaving a note for Dawson saying he was afraid to go any further and that he had turned back and that Dawson could do as he pleased. Dawson, being a determined man and having been entrusted with valuable despatches, and not knowing fear or failure in any of his undertakings, resolved to accomplish what he had set out to do, cost what it might; so for six weeks he traveled alone, overcoming untold difficulties, subsisting on wild rose-berries and rook, until he arrived safely at Fort Pierre, with the valuable dispatches intact. From Fort Pierre he went up to Fort Clarke, where he lived for many years, becoming acquainted with Pierre Garreau, the noted scout; also James Kipp, Fred Gerrard and many others, and here acquired a thorough knowledge of hunting and trapping and how to trade successfully with the various tribes of Indians. Here, he married one of Pierre Garreau's daughters—Josette Garreau. The Indians gave him the name of "Long Knife" on account of his carrying a long sword, which was an heirloom from one of his celebrated ancestors who had fought for the Stuart cause, as the Scott's were noted for their attachment to the Stuarts; or, the sword may have been in some of the East Indian wars, or in the Peninsular and other wars against Napoleon.

Dawson was well liked among the Indians on account

of his boldness and adventurous, as well as his smart and conciliatory ways; and among the chief men of the American Fur Trading Co., he was held in high esteem, as they knew he could be depended upon to negotiate and carry out successfully any business entrusted to his care, and as he was advanced from one position to another he ultimately held the highest position they could give him until at last he became one of the chief partners.

To show another instance of his indomitable and courageous spirit: He carried, all alone, a large copper kettle which was sadly in need of repairing, from Fort Clarke to Fort Union, a distance of 200 miles, and at a time when the Indians of all tribes killed white men whenever they found them. The copper kettle was really a guise to cover the real design, the important despatches from the eyes of the emissaries of the Hudson Bay and other rival fur companies who were more to be feared at that time even than the Indians, for each company watched their opponents' most secret moves.

It was at Fort Union where Dawson and Culbertson became acquainted and from here he was transferred to Fort Benton in 1854, and entrusted with the task of completing old Fort Benton into the formidable (for those days) brick fortress. Many of the former wooden forts had been burned and destroyed by the Indians and now Fort Benton was converted into a sun dried brick fort to prevent any such further disasters.

In the making of the sun dried bricks there was one gigantic negro, called "Nigger George," who could make three times as many bricks as any other man, or could, as Dawson said, "do three days work in one."

On completion of the new fort and at a Christmas dinner at which many were gathered, Dawson suggested the post be called Fort Benton in honor of Senator Thomas Benton of Missouri, who was a great friend of his; and the suggestion meeting with unanimity, the event was celebrated

with many a copious libation of the fire water used on such occasions.

About this time, Count Koskiosko, grandson of Count Kossuth, the noted Polish patriot, was visiting at Fort Benton. Koskiosko was a most congenial soul but loved whisky a little too much for his own good and they nicknamed him "Count Cask of Whisky" on account of his drinking proclivities. Many distinguished gentlemen from England, France, Germany and other countries visited and became firm friends of Dawson's, who ably assisted them in many of their scientific researches.

On many occasions, when sickness came upon the Indians, such as the dreaded smallpox and other diseases, he was ever ready with his medical advice and medicine chest to visit and relieve their sufferings. One day, a noted Indian chief became violently sick after gorging himself on a "heap big dish of roast dog." Dawson visited him, and finding what was the matter, gave the Indian an emetic, after which he vomited bone after bone of the dog until the whole skeleton was thrown up, greatly relieving the Indian, who became one of Dawson's best friends.

At another time, the favorite son of another chief became suddenly sick; the chief came to Dawson, who upon seeing the child took it in his arms and gave it the necessary medicine, and the next morning the child was well and running around as usual.

At particular times, Dawson would give the Indians a big feast at which they would adorn themselves in all their regalia and give him an exhibition of their various medicine and war dances, accompanied by the buffalo, beaver, scalp and other songs.

The Indians came to believe that he could do anything and that he could even change them into any animal he chose for them to become. One Indian told him he wished to be changed into a white horse. He was told to come in the evening; the Indian came, and by that time it was snowing

heavily, which exactly suited Dawson's purpose and was seemingly made by his order. The Indian was stripped naked, and was picketed like a horse a short distance from the tent. After being out for some time, the Indian came to the tent almost frozen and said he had changed his mind and did not want to be a white horse or any kind of a horse, if that was what a horse had to undergo.

Dawson had many narrow escapes from the Indians and white men but always escaped through some unforeseen intervention of Providence. I will here relate two of his experiences.

An unforeseen accident occurred one fall, when he was taking some freight from Fort Union to Fort Benton. They had stopped at a camp of the River Crows and had as a usual custom distributed a few goods and bartered for some robes and peltries. A young Indian in idle curiosity had climbed on the side of the wagon, and when they started, the wagon jolted, he lost his hold and fell between the wheels; the heavily loaded wagon passed over his body and in consequence there was a dead Indian. Instantly, there was an uproar, and Dawson's whole outfit was at once surrounded by an infuriated mob who demanded reparation for the death of their comrade. A young Mountain Crow was quietly sent to a camp of his tribe to apprise them of Dawson's peril and to come to his aid at once. All day the horde of maddened River Crows danced round and round and threatened every moment to tomahawk or kill, as they saw fit each of the white men. The Indians told them they would give them until sundown to get ready to die, and that they had sent scouts out in all directions to prevent succor. Dawson told them, in a bluff, that should they kill him and his men, it would only bring the soldiers quicker upon them, who would surely clean them out; but that bluff not having the desired effect, he tried to appease them by gifts, which only seemed to increase their madness, and only seemed to convince them the more that the killing had

been done purposely. All day, Dawson's party expected almost any moment to be killed, and each hour seemed to be a year and all hope of assistance from any quarter appeared in vain, and they had made all preparations to die like men if they had to. The afternoon wore more slowly away than did the forenoon, and the sun was setting low down on the horizon, when a slight cloud was noticed in the northern sky. Each moment this cloud became more distinct and turned into a thick cloud of dust; then the rumbling of many horses' feet and voices could be heard. The rumbling changed into a quick, swift gallop and the voices into the fierce shouts of war songs of the Mountain Crows, as the mighty onslaught of 600 horsemen came on and the ground trembled with the great commotion. Just when everyone thought they would be run over and trampled to death the mad onrush of horsemen separated to each side of the camp and went circling around. The chief of the Mountain Crows rode right up and shouted in a loud voice, that "If a hair of Long Knife's head was touched or any one of his party molested in any wise, they would eat up the whole camp of River Crows." Instantly, peace signs were made; the medicine pipe produced and smoked; a big pow-wow; then a feast and peace reigned once more. The next morning a few suitable presents were given to the River Crows, and Dawson's party once more resumed their interrupted journey, being escorted some distance by the Mountain Crows.

Another time, traveling all alone as he was often compelled to do, and evening coming on, and lighting upon a good camping ground, he started to make preparations for the night. On looking around for firewood, he noticed many fresh moccasin tracks and other signs of a war party, that had apparently just recently been there. Not knowing exactly what to do, he concluded to put on a brave face and make out as though he was neither afraid nor cared how far or near they might be; so he made a fire and ate his

evening meal. After making a good fire so as to keep bears or wolves away, he laid down and went to sleep. He awoke of a sudden conscious of something having awakened him, and was surprised to find it broad daylight and himself surrounded by fifteen Indians. Among them was one he had befriended, but who pretended not to recognize him. Dawson saluted them all in a happy careless Indian fashion, making up his mind that a brave front was his only show for life. As he expected to be tomahawked or shot full of arrows, he was most agreeably surprised to see them make friendly overtures and signs to him to join them in their morning meal, which they produced and set to devour. On finding to which Fort he was going, they made signs that they were going that way also. As they approached the Fort, the men there noticed the white man among the Indians and were afraid the Indians were up to some devilment and at once made preparations to rescue the white man if possible, but as Dawson and the Indians began making peace signals they returned the signs, and Dawson was allowed to enter the Fort, where he at once explained how the Indians had surprised him but were peaceably disposed. They told the interpreter that they had seen Dawson coming to where they were camped, and had instantly hidden themselves in the dense willows. From here they watched all his movements and planned to surround and take him by surprise by daybreak and see what he would do: and when he had shown such a brave and fearless front to them and was ready to die or be tortured, they concluded that he was indeed a brave warrior, but had he made an attempt to run, or shown a disposition to fight, they would have killed him at once.

Charles Chouquette, Sr., became acquainted with Dawson in 1854. Chouquette was in those days a free man, or trapper, or one who hunted for himself, and was different from those employed at the forts, as their services or time was engaged for a year ahead. Mending his traps, one

Sunday at home, Chouquette was interrupted by Harvey, Dawson's chief clerk, who walked into his cabin, and said that "Dawson wanted to see Chouquette and for him to come and play the violin for them so they could have a dance; their own fiddler had gone away." Chouquette said they were welcome to the violin, but as he was a poor player, he did not care to play for them. Next day, Harvey came again, and said he had a message from Dawson, to the effect that Dawson wished to meet Chouquette half way from the Fort and that Dawson would give him the butt of the gun with the barrel towards Dawson. Chouquette answered that "he was a free man and could do as he pleased and was not bound to come and go at anyone's beck and nod." Dawson was considered by Chouquette a very dangerous man in those days, so he always went armed with revolvers and thought it best to give Dawson and the Fort a wide berth. A few days went by when Chouquette had to pass the fort; he saw Dawson come out and signal to him to come and have a talk, but paid no attention and went on. In the evening as he returned he again saw Dawson waiting for him; this time Dawson came toward him. Chouquette did not know whether to run or fight but seeing Dawson was unarmed, he stopped and was surprised to be invited into the Fort in a most cordial and friendly manner. After partaking of a little whisky, they had a long friendly talk and Dawson offered him good employment at unusual wages, and Chouquette accepted. Chouquette said that from that day he was always glad to do anything for Dawson.

Jacob Schmidt came to Fort Benton about this time, and as he was a tenderfoot Dawson gave him employment as tailor. Jake said he did not know how to cut cloth or sew, but was told he had to learn how as quickly as possible, as he was not fit for anything else; so he set himself to the task and became an adept in a short time.

Charley Thomas had been employed by the La Barge Co.,

which failed to pay him \$300.00 due him for salary. It was Dawson who paid this debt in full when he bought out the company.

Many in distress were relieved by him—such as Father Imoda, whose party was set upon and all of their stock taken by the Indians. When the gold excitement occurred and many wished to get away, Dawson outfitted many parties with the necessary grub stake and horses. He was sometimes taken advantage of, as in the instance of one fake priest, who represented he had a mission and knew of a vast gold discovery in the north. On his promises and for the sake of the “Black Gown” which was held sacred those days, Dawson outfitted him to the extent of \$500.00 worth of provisions, for which the said fake priest promised to send gold in a few days. The days went by and an Indian came from the north with a note from the priest and a large roll of cloth which the Indian said contained gold. Dawson had laughed when Father DeSmet said he had been fooled, so he called in the Father, and in the presence of Frank Goss the two unwound the roll of cloth. After considerable unwinding and untying, in the last stitch, they found an English half-sovereign (ten shillings, or two and one-half dollars).

It was during the winter of 1858, which was considered the severest ever known—the true intensity of the cold could never be estimated as the mercury in all the barometers was frozen, and this weather continued for a considerable time—that Dawson met with an accident, from the effects of which he never recovered. He had a trap door over a cellar in which he kept all important documents. Having neglected to close this door, and going to the place in the dark, he fell down the cellar and lay there all night, as he had been stunned in the fall. When they discovered him in the morning, he was so weak and paralyzed that they had considerable difficulty in lifting him out of the cellar and in resuscitating him, and he never did recover from the

shock. Becoming weaker physically every year, as he had almost entirely lost the free use of his legs from the hips downward, he concluded to retire from the business; so in the summer of 1864 he settled up the affairs of the American Fur Trading Co. He handed over the Fort and the good will of the business to Carroll and Steel, who had been his clerks for a few years, and he also advanced them considerable money. He bade adieu to his old friends and many employees, assuring them that as soon as ever he was better (feeling assured that a change of climate and rest was all that he required) he would once more return. He left his old time friends with many regrets. After seeing his partners in New York and settling up the affairs of the company, he set sail for his own native land in the steamer "Scotia," and landed in Liverpool, England, in the fall of 1864, where his brother Alexander met him. Shortly after, he went to Dalkeith, Scotland, and lived for some years with his brother, Ebenezer. He was removed by his son, James, to a private boarding house, where he could have all the attention he needed of a well trained nurse, and here he enjoyed the company of his old time school-mates. They used to recount their youthful exploits and seemed to live over again their happy young days. Here, he died on the 16th day of September, 1871. His son, James, and his brother Ebenezer and wife, were at his bedside. Surrounded by his school companions and relatives, he was buried with his forefathers in the ancient burying ground. Many remarked that it was wonderful to think that, after having lived such an adventurous life and passed through so many difficulties and dangers in America, that Providence should let him come home to die amongst his relatives.

Dawson left three sons—James, who was a grandson on his mother's side of Pierre Garreau, of old Fort Clarke, North Dakota; Andrew, whose mother was a Brule Sioux; and Thomas, born at Fort Benton, whose mother was a

Gros Ventre. James and Thomas were sent to Scotland to be educated; and Andrew was put in care of Robert Morgan, his old time Scotch friend, who lived at old Fort Garry, Manitoba.



David B. Weaver

Early Days in Emigrant Gulch.

By David B. Weaver.*

The history of early mining days, like that of other pioneer life, is largely a matter of personal recollection, and little is to be found in written records. The miner or the pioneer generally had more serious business on hand than writing about his own affairs or the affairs of others. The forty-odd years that have elapsed since the gold discoveries in Montana cannot have left many of the early miners still alive; and the passing of the few survivors of those pioneer days will soon end the only sources of information in regard to much of the early history. So I will briefly state the general facts in relation to the gold discoveries in the Emigrant Gulch region, where gold was discovered in paying quantity on August 30th, 1864, by a party of three prospectors—Frank Garrett, **David R. Shorthill, and myself.

*David B. Weaver was born on a farm in Huntington Co. Pa., in the year 1840. When twenty-two years of age he entered the service of the Broad Top Coal Co., being employed as weighmaster at the Crawford Colliery. In 1863 he formed a partnership with David R. Shorthill and they engaged in shipping coal from the Prospect Coal Mine. In 1864 he emigrated to Iowa City, Iowa, whither, a little later, he was followed by Mr. Shorthill. Soon after, in company with Mr. Shorthill and three other men, he started westward with an ox team, and crossed the plains to Montana, where his experiences furnish the interesting narrative given herewith. After his last visit to the Emigrant Gulch region in October, 1866, he went to San Francisco and later to the Mount Diablo, (Cal.) coal mines, where, until 1868, he was employed as pumping engineer. Soon after he returned East, married, and engaged in farming and lumbering. In 1875 he was elected as one of the County Commissioners of Huntington Co., and served until 1879. In 1883 he removed with his family to Hawthorn, Florida, where he engaged in the manufacture of lumber and ginning cotton. Later he returned again to Pennsylvania where his time has been given to the farm and the Broad Top Coal Mines. Mr. Weaver is a member of the Society of Montana Pioneers, and an honorary member of the Society of Pioneers of Eastern Montana.—W. S. B.

**After the abandonment of the mines in Emigrant Gulch in 1866, Mr. David R. Shorthill visited what is now known as the Yellowstone Park, and in 1868 made a report to the United States Government concerning the hot springs geysers, and other attractions found therein. The same year he also visited the

Shorthill was one of the men who had caught the "Pike's Peak fever" and had had some mining experience in that Colorado region. He had also been a soldier in the Union army and honorably discharged on account of severe wounds. For these reasons and because he was the senior in years in our little party of three, we gave his name to the district, and hence it was known as the "Shorthill District." The district thus derived its name from one of the discoverers, and not from any geographical peculiarity of the locality. We also elected Shorthill as "Recorder of the District," but clerical work was not particularly to his liking, and he appointed me Deputy Recorder, in which capacity I had to give considerable attention to the records of the claims, and so was brought into contact with the miners of the district, and with their affairs generally.

Our party originally consisted of five persons: *Alexander Norris, Richard Owens, David R. Shorthill, George Travis, and myself, all residents of Huntington County, Pennsylvania. Our "outfit" for traveling comprised one wagon, one yoke of cows, and two yoke of oxen. Before crossing the Missouri we fell in with three other men, natives of Fayette County, Pennsylvania—two brothers named John S. Hackney and **William H. Hackney and their cousin, Melus Clark.

Saskatchewan (B. C.) country. He then returned to Pennsylvania and was in the mining regions of that state during the "reign of terror" resulting from the activities of the "Mollie McQuires." Perhaps once more incited by the love of adventure, in 1876, with his family he removed to Texas. After three years in that region, he again came West and located a homestead in the upper Yellowstone Valley (now within the limits of Park County), not far from the scene of his mining experiences in the sixties. In 1886, when Methodist services were being held in the "Shorthill School House," Mr. Shorthill joined this church and remained an active member throughout the rest of his life. His wife died in the year 1898, and on Feb. 28, 1906, he, himself, passed away. He is survived by seven children and many grand-children, most of whom were so near at hand as to be able to attend the funeral. He had the respect and confidence of all who knew him, and his memory will always be cherished as one of Park County's most honored citizens.—W. S. B.

**William H. Hackney is still living. After many years of strenuous life and interesting experiences during which he crossed the Plains and Rocky Mountains thirty times, he has found a resting place in his old age in the National Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, California.—Ed.

*Alexander Norris was born in Hares Valley, Huntington, Co., Pa., Dec. 31st, 1836 and died in Chillicothe, Iowa, in 1876 or '77. He devoted part of

I will mention only very briefly the events of that long, slow "overland" trip across "The Plains." We crossed the Missouri River at Omaha,—the great starting-point for the overland wagon trains of that time,—and saw the real beginning of our long journey on the 21st day of May, 1864. On the evening of June 2nd, we were opposite Ft. Kearney; our route being on the north side of the Platte River. By June 25th we were opposite Ft. Laramie. At this time some twenty wagons had collected in a little train; but owing to the hostility of the Indians, who were on the alert to attack small parties, it was advisable to get together more wagons and men before proceeding too far into the dangerous country. So we advanced by easy stages until July 6th, when we arrived at a "toll" bridge over the Platte, kept by an old French trader named *Richards. We crossed the bridge to the south side of the river, and went into camp to await the arrival of more wagons. The Bozeman wagon trail, to Montana and Idaho, commenced at this bridge. 'Twas here that we heard that a Captain Townsend with a large train had set out only a few days earlier over this Bozeman trail.

We remained in camp until July 12th, by which time 68 wagons were assembled, and we proceeded to organize "the train." Cyrus C. Coffenbury, a native Westerner, "raised" largely on the Kansas prairies, was elected "Major." The train of 68 wagons was divided into four approximately equal "sections" or companies. Company A was in charge

his early life to the study of the ministry, but in 1863 came to the Broad Top Coal Mines, where Mr. Shorthill and myself were operating. Mr. Norris was one of our party, which crossed the plains in '64 arriving in Emigrant Gulch in August of that year. He left Emigrant Gulch in 1865 and went to Helena, a camp then 10 months old. In some way he and the Vigilantes became very friendly and he was often called to "come and dig another grave" while the Coroner was holding an inquest over a body found hanging to "The Pine Tree." Norris always received \$6.00 for digging a grave.—The Author.

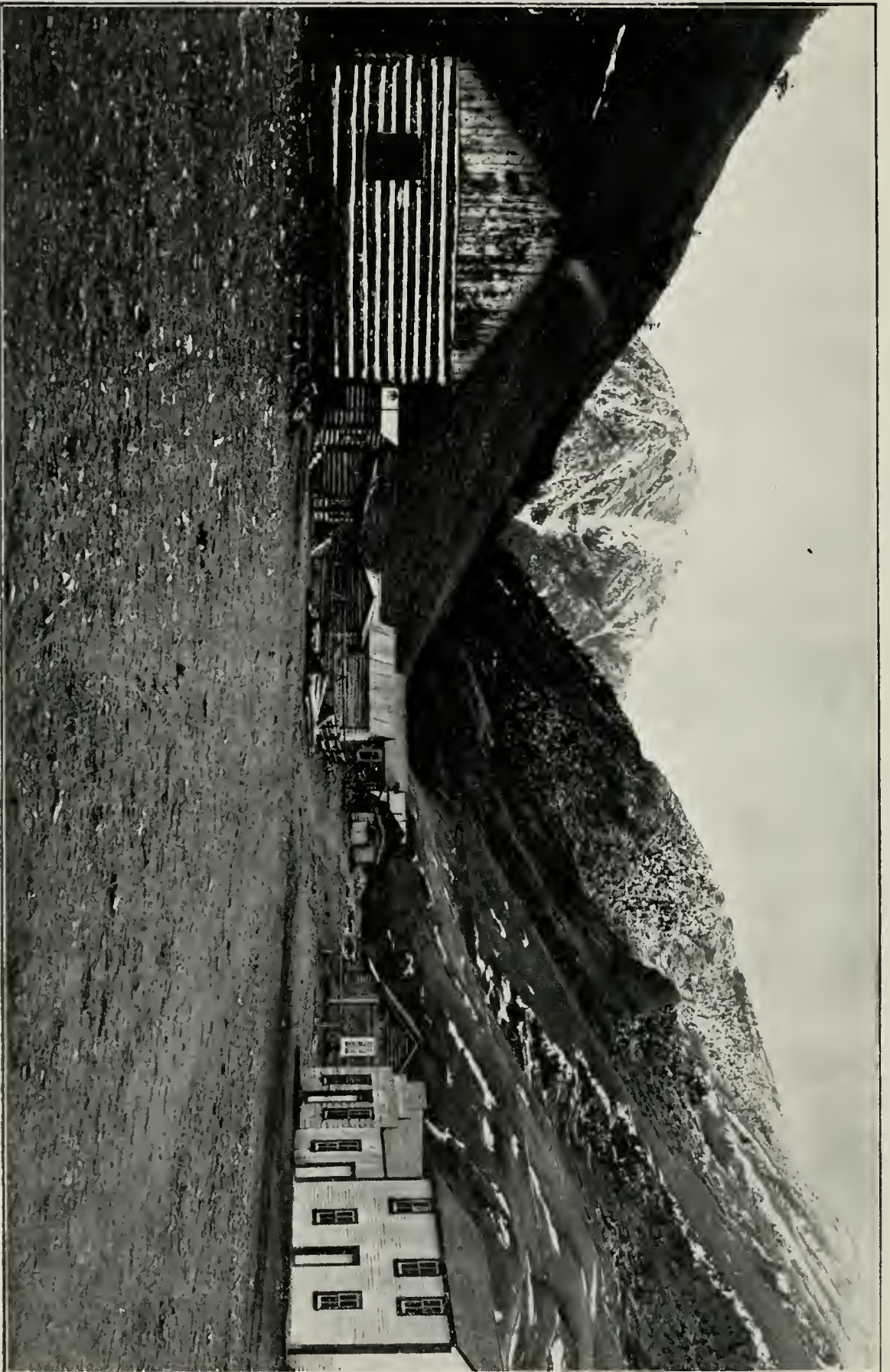
*Richards pronounced, "Ré'shaw."

of *Captain Fridley; Company B was under Captain Kremer, and Captain Lilly had either Company C or D, I do not remember which. Major Coffenbury had one company, but being elected Major, another became Captain of the 4th company.

On July 12th we "pulled out" on the Bozeman trail, and on July 22nd reached the Powder River. Here we were to learn something more about Captain Townsend's train. Ten days before our arrival, his train had been attacked on the spot where we were now encamped, by a band of Sioux; some of those Indians who had been driven out of the Minnesota Valley two years before, after their memorable raid and massacre of settlers. Some of Townsend's train evidently expected a similar fate; at least one of his party had cut an inscription in the bark of a tree stating that the train was being attacked. But Townsend was not caught napping; and after a hard fight he drove off the Indians, with a loss of four of his men who were killed.

By July 29th our train reached the Tongue River, 172 miles from the Platte; and on August 4th we camped on the banks of the Big Horn, 234 miles from the Platte. Here we found "color" of gold, in the sands and gravel of the stream—the first signs of the object of our quest. But we pushed onward, and on August 14th first reached the Yellowstone River. We followed up this river to the crossing or ford, which we reached on the 23rd, then crossed the river to the westerly side, and kept on to the first canyon (about 150 miles above the point where we first struck this river), which we reached on August 25th, 1864. Here we

*Franklin Frederick Fridley was born in West Virginia October 22, 1824, and moved in the early '40's to Iowa. He crossed the Plains in 1864 being Captain of 100 families, many of whom now live in Yellowstone Valley. Mr. Fridley reached Emigrant Gulch August 31st, 1861, where he laid out what was later known as Yellowstone City at the mouth of the Gulch. Here, he stayed only three weeks as many were anxious to cross the Divide, which they did, and beheld the beautiful Gallatin Valley. Mr. Fridley had the third cabin in Bozeman where he lived until he took up his ranch in the Yellowstone Valley in 1878. After 1885 he lived continuously on this ranch where he built the village of Fridley, and where he died Sept. 8, 1892.



Chico - Emigrant Gulch.

found some men who belonged to a party prospecting about 25 miles farther up the Valley.

It was now impracticable to hold our train together any longer; as some wished to go on to Virginia City, while others were in favor of prospecting for new discoveries along the Yellowstone. Two of my own party of five (Owens and Travis) decided to proceed to Virginia City (or Alder Gulch); while Norris, Shorthill and myself concluded to remain for the present in the Yellowstone country. We accordingly encamped here, and divided up our "outfit" among the five of us; Owens and Travis taking one yoke of oxen and one cow, while the wagon, one yoke of oxen and the other cow fell to my two companions and myself.

Three men in our wagon train (two brothers, Hiram and Joseph Bennet, and Richard Skinner) were the owners of a team of Indian ponies; and Hiram Bennet was induced to take the ponies and ride up to Emigrant Gulch and find out what the prospectors were accomplishing there. On August 26th Shorthill, Norris and myself hitched up our animals and started out that afternoon, in company with some other teams, and arrived at Trail Creek the same evening, where we went into camp. Next morning (the 27th) we yoked up again, and about the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Emigrant Gulch. Here for the first time I saw men washing for gold. The bed of Emigrant Gulch had been marked off into "claims" by stakes at a distance of every 200 feet, with the name of the owner of the claim written on the stake. I should estimate that about two miles of the gulch was thus staked off. It was known as "Curry's Gulch."

These claims proved a failure, and were later abandoned, but not until a number of the miners had spent practically their last cent upon them and were also reduced to beggary. The "bed rock" lay too deep, and the gold was present in too small quantity, to permit of successful mining with the primitive methods available in those days. But

the efforts of these men to reach "pay" dirt, even though unsuccessful, was an incident of importance in connection with the later discovery of paying gold in the Gulch, and I will digress for a moment, from matters of personal knowledge, to give a short account of this early prospecting, as given to me by Curry himself.

Thomas Curry, after whom this lower district was named, was a native of Ireland, but came directly to Montana from San Francisco. He was a tailor by trade, to which circumstance I am indebted for my knowledge of his prospecting work in the Gulch. During the winter of 1864-65, my companion Shorhill, found himself much in need of the useful article, a pair of pants. Learning that Curry was a tailor, Shorhill engaged him to make the trousers, using as material a couple of army overcoats which Shorhill fortunately had with him. It was part of the bargain that Curry should be boarded; and it happened that while Curry was making the pants at our cabin, it was my lot to do the cooking. While I was engaged in preparing the meals, Curry, sitting cross-legged in tailor fashion, related to me the circumstances of his early prospecting in that region.

He informed me that he first arrived in the Gulch, with two companions, in the early part of the preceding winter (1863-4) and started to prospect along about where Chico is now situated; that, while prospecting, a band of Crow Indians came upon their party, and virtually robbed them of nearly all their supplies; or, as Curry expressed it to me, the Indians "helped themselves" to all his goods and "grub" so that his party had nothing to live on. He and his companions were forced to return to Alder Gulch, where he got another outfit, and came back to Emigrant Gulch in the summer of 1864, and resumed prospecting. He heard there were white men down in the Valley, and on going down he met Bridger's wagon-train, which was coming up the Valley on its way to the Gallatin Valley. Curry succeeded in inducing some of the men in Bridger's train to

accompany him up to the Gulch and join in the prospecting.

It was these men, from Bridger's train, that I found working in the lower Gulch upon our arrival there on August 27th, and who had staked out the "claims" I have referred to. They were thirty-six in number, had formed some sort of a company, gotten out lumber and constructed a long string of sluice-boxes, into which they were shoveling dirt and gravel. They were also working on a drain ditch, in an effort to get to "bed rock," in the hope of finding "pay" dirt." The work was under the direction and supervision of an old California miner named John O. Laird, with whom I later became personally acquainted. But, as already mentioned, their hopes of reaching "pay dirt" were not to be realized. Laird, in a conversation with me about a year later, informed me that the very highest any of them had been able to "pan out" on this work was about two dollars a day. Two dollars per day was, of course, literally starvation wages in a place where flour was selling for \$28.00 per sack in gold, or about \$56.00 per sack in greenbacks, and other necessities proportionately expensive, if at all obtainable. It was only a question of time until every claim had to be abandoned. Some of the miners had already lost all confidence in the "diggings" and teams were leaving the district, even as our teams were arriving.

Going back now to the story of our own experiences. The day following our arrival was Sunday, (August 28th), and no mining work was done; but the men did a good deal of walking around, making observations. Other men with their teams continued to come up from below; and, as noted, some men who had lost hope in the Curry district were already leaving or making ready to leave.

The following morning (Monday, August 29th), Shorthill and I started to prospect the side gulches and ravines, in a systematic effort to determine whether the gold came in from these. We prospected for some distance up stream

on the right hand side of the Gulch, but failed to find any "show" of gold. We then turned our attention to the left hand side, but with no better result. We now determined that we would go farther up the main Gulch, and continue our efforts to locate the sources of the gold that was being found in small quantities in the Curry district.

Accordingly the following morning, August 30th, 1864, we packed our blankets and enough provisions to last for a couple of days and taking a pick, shovel and pan, started out. On account of our outfit, we took with us another man, Frank Garrett. After traveling about two miles, we came to the first falls in the creek, but we continued on some distance until we reached the second falls. The gulch here is wild and formidable; it is fittingly described by Professor Hayden ("Preliminary Report of the U. S. Geological Survey of Montana, 1872"), who wrote of this locality a few years later: "On all sides deep gorges have been gashed out by aqueous forces cutting through the very core of the mountain, and forming those wonderful gulches which only the hardy and daring miner has ventured to explore. This range, which is called on the map 'Snowy Mountains,' forms the great watershed between two portions of the Yellowstone River, above and below the first cañon, and gives origin to some of the most important branches of that river."

At the third falls, the gulch becomes somewhat flatter, the timber begins to disappear, and in its place are acres of slide rock, and barren waste. We pushed our way ahead for about five miles, and reached a place where the waters of the gulch were flowing over the solid bed-rock. Here we stopped, and Shorthill, picking up the shovel, stuck it down through the water, under a shelving rock, and brought up two shovelful of the sand and gravel, which were thrown into the "pan." It was the work of but a few seconds to "pan" this out. And there in the bottom of the pan lay unmistakably, the object of our long journey. There was



Emigrant Peak



John A. T. Hull, M. C.

perhaps a dollar's worth of gold in this first pan. I fancy I can hear yet, the yell of delight which Shorthill gave, as well he might, for had we not traveled over two thousand miles and spent four long weary months at the heels of slow ox-teams, since we first "hitched up" on the prairies of Iowa?

We quickly "panned out" several more pans of the sand and gravel, which fully confirmed the discovery. The most gratifying feature of the find was the fact that it was coarse gold, a kind capable of being handled with the primitive mechanical appliances, such as the sluice-box and the pan, and was not the fine gold or "color" which we had hitherto found in all our prospecting since crossing the Big Horn. Some of the pieces or nuggets in this latest find contained 20 to 25 cents' worth of gold—big pieces, of course, compared to the "dust" of the "color" streaks.

We were naturally in high spirits now, and proceeded to encamp and spend the night here, meanwhile deliberating on our plans in reference to the discovery. On the following morning (which was August 31st), Shorthill and Garrett started back, to inform our friends of the discovery, while I remained on the ground.

I have already mentioned that some of our friends and acquaintances in our wagon-train had proceeded toward Virginia City. We decided to send a messenger after them; and, to give weight to his message, we "panned out" four or five dollars' worth of gold, which we put in an empty percussion-cap box and gave to the messenger to take along. He overtook the wagons on the divide between Alder Gulch and Madison River, in sight of Virginia City. Some of the wagons at once faced about and commenced the back march for the Yellowstone. All the men that could be spared from these wagons, took their blankets and a few days' food supplies, and came back on foot ahead of the teams, some of them traveling almost night and day, in order to get to us early and hold their claims.

Meanwhile Shorthill returned from the lower gulch with a number of friends, and we proceeded to stake off the gulch in 100 foot claims; (that is, 100 feet in length measured up and down the gulch) and selected claims for ourselves, and also for those friends we were expecting back from Virginia City. We staked off 2500 feet in this way, for ourselves and our friends; 22 claims "Above Discovery" and 3 claims "Below Discovery." (Claims were numbered each way from the first discovered claim, which was known as "Discovery Claim," while the other claims would be known for example as "No. 4 Above Discovery," or "No 2 Below Discovery," etc.)

Captain Lilly (of the Coffenbury wagon-train) and his friends selected the ten claims next above our twenty-two. I have already mentioned that Shorthill had had some mining experience in the Colorado region, and his selection of our own particular claims showed his good mining judgment; he selected "20 Above Discovery" for himself, the next one to it (No. 21) for me, and the next (No. 22) for the third member of our personal party, Alexander Norris. These three claims proved to be the richest in the district.

A meeting of the miners was called on September 12, 1864, and a new district organized. At this meeting, as already mentioned, Mr. Shorthill was elected Recorder and I was appointed Deputy Recorder. I now have in my possession the original by-laws adopted at this meeting. Thereafter, the old or lower district was known as the Curry District, and the new discovery as the "Shorthill District," and the gulch, thus taken possession of by men of Bridger's and Coffenbury's emigrant trains, came to be referred to as the *Emigrant's Gulch*. A number of the miners from the unprofitable lower district later joined us and purchased claims in the Shorthill District. Among these was Dr. Hull, the Recorder of the Curry District, who secured claims No. 5 and 6 "Below Discovery," which were worked by him and his son, the present well-known



David B. Weaver

Alexander Norris

David R. Shorthill and Wife

William H. Hackney

John S. Hackney

Congressman from Iowa, *Hon. J. A. T. Hull. Later, however, these claims proved an unprofitable venture. After a time Tom Curry, himself, came up and joined us. He brought his blankets with him and slept all of the night of May 31st, 1865, on Claim "No. 9 Above Discovery," so as to acquire title by re-location under our by-laws, which provided that a claim should be deemed abandoned if the original claimant was not on it upon June 1st. Curry thus became legal owner of this Claim No 9. Some of the other miners, however, continued their labors in the lower or Curry District, even into the summer of 1865. It was these men who did the work referred to by Professor Hayden, when he wrote, "A large amount of money was expended at one time in sinking a shaft and digging a ditch for the purpose of reaching bed-rock." (Preliminary Report of the U. S. Geological Survey of Montana, 1872). They did not, however, reach it, because of the large quantity of water which percolated through the gravel formations and with which these miners were not prepared to cope; and with the exhaustion of their funds and food, they had to abandon the work entirely.

I mentioned that we held a meeting on September 12th, 1864, at which the Shorthill District was formally organized. The Secretary at that meeting was William H. Hackney, one of our party of eight Pennsylvanians who had crossed the plains together. This meeting was held on the afternoon of the 12th and as it was getting late someone made the motion to adjourn and meet again to finish up the laws. The Secretary did not, therefore, sign the by-laws at that time. The adjourned meeting was never held, for the simple reason that the men were too busy washing out gold to attend meetings. But, at my request, Hackney (now residing at the Soldiers' Home in Los Angeles, Cal.) signed the report, 42 years after the meeting was held.

*John A. T. Hull has served his native state, Iowa, in official capacities for more than twenty-five years, and is now Representative in Congress of the Seventh Congressional District, having been elected to that position for ten successive terms.

The mining season for 1864 lasted about seven weeks for us. The work was kept up as long as practicable, but we were forced to close down on October 20th, on account of the ice freezing in our sluice boxes. We then took from our cabins such articles as we were likely to need during the approaching winter and "packed" these down the valley to a place where a little town was already springing up, following the discoveries of the rich dirt in the Shorthill District. This new town bore the pretentious title of "Yellowstone City." A considerable number of men were preparing to make it their winter quarters. They were erecting one-story log cabins which had a roof or covering consisting of a layer of pine poles, then grass, topped off with soil. The ground served as a floor, but it was frequently "carpeted" with fresh elk skins.

The winter of 1864-5 was a long and a hard one for many of the inhabitants of the new "city." There had been little opportunity to bring in supplies, except such as the men originally brought with them in the wagon-train. The consequence was extraordinary prices for many necessities. Flour sold at \$28.00 gold per sack (about \$56.00 per sack in "greenbacks.") These were, however, the half-barrel, or 96-lb. sacks. Many necessities were not obtainable at all, and others proportionately high. For example, tea sold at \$2.00 per pound, coffee at \$1.00 per pound, and common salt \$.75. Plug tobacco retailed at \$5.00 a pound. Curiously enough, however, the most exorbitant price that came to my attention was not for an article of food, but for a so-called "luxury." I heard it stated by the men that smoking tobacco sold for a while "weight for weight" with gold; that is, the gold dust was put on one side of the scales or balances, and the tobacco in the other.—an ounce of gold for an ounce of tobacco. As gold was reckoned at about \$18.00 per ounce, this made the price of the tobacco nearly \$300.00 a pound in gold, (or about \$550.00 in "greenbacks.") We paid carriers thirty-seven cents for taking

a letter from Yellowstone City to Virginia City (a distance of a little more than 100 miles), and seventy-five cents for bringing a letter in from Virginia City.

Conditions with reference to the food supplies, more particularly flour, became especially bad in the late spring of 1865, before fresh supplies could be brought in. Our own immediate party was better provided in this respect than the others. But we found that even our supply would be insufficient, and so we sent Shorthill with a companion, in the early spring, to Virginia City to get flour. On his arrival there he found that the news of the "bread riots" in that city had gone south; and that the traders who were on their way to Virginia City with supplies of flour from Salt Lake City, had halted on the way, fearing to proceed to Virginia City, lest their loads should be seized. So Shorthill had to continue towards Salt Lake City until he met the traders, before he could get any flour. This, of course, meant considerable delay; and before he got back I had hunted up the empty flour sacks that had been thrown aside and thoroughly dusted them out, for the few precious spoonfuls of flour clinging in them. A little incident illustrates the hardship that some of the men must have experienced, in this regard. One day, in May, 1865, I was going down to Yellowstone City to get supplies to take up the gulch, and as I was passing beneath some trees of the pine or fir variety, I was startled at hearing a scratching and moving sound up in one of the trees. I say startled, which expresses it very mildly, for in that region a man instinctively associated such a noise with just one thing,—grizzly bears. I wasn't prepared to deal with grizzlies, and was on the point of taking to my heels without waiting for any developments, when I was greeted by a friendly voice from the tree. It was a fellow named George Stuke. He accompanied me to the city and explained that he had been gathering some of the "pitch" or chewing-gum from the tree. Their cabin, he said, had been out of flour since March, and it was then May. He

had found that chewing this gum relieved the craving for flour foods.

Indeed, but for the abundance of wild game, I fear that winter would have been tragical, in the frontier town. Fortunately, no one need to be without meat. The snow falling on the mountains above, drove the wild animals down toward the Valley; and the people had all the meat they could use—antelope, black-tail deer, Rocky Mountain sheep, common deer and elk.

Many interesting events occurred during these early days in the Yellowstone country, but I will not extend this article to too great length with matters of perhaps more personal than general interest. I will, however, refer to two incidents, which for the sake of the historian of the future, ought not to go unrecorded.

In the Curry District, about half a mile from the valley and on the right-hand side of the gulch, a large pine tree, about 20 inches in diameter, stood all alone on a level grassy plot of ground. Around the base of this tree, there had been placed some fifteen or twenty large elk horns with the concave side of the horns facing the tree. The horns had been piled quite close to the tree; and the growth and expansion of the tree had caused the horns to lock and bind around the tree so tightly, that it was impossible to pull any of them apart, without breaking the horns. It was a matter of much speculation among us, as to who had put those horns there, for they had obviously been in this position for many years. Captain Fridley took up his winter quarters, not at Yellowstone City but in Bozeman, where he built a log house in the fall of 1864. His place in Bozeman became a sort of rendezvous for travelers; that is, the wayfarer spread his blanket on the ground, and slept beneath the roof. The "guests" one night included my companion Richard Owens, and a number of other men who had just come in from Emigrant Gulch, and their conversation turned to the curious arrangement of the elk horns

subject and in which he
shall secure for each claim
fifty cents, that all disputes
between mining claims in
his district shall be settled by
his mine, and such district
resolves that the time of
settling later on this matter
during the coming month
shall be the 1st day of Feb.
and further that the time to
meet, according to law, to
be the 1st day of June, 1866 -
proceed that claimants
bring claims as to open
their own claims if by them
discovered by present, if by them
discovered, that the River to
shall call a meeting of
the miners before which
if their claims of gold
be settled.

Sept 1st 1866

National Soldiers Home
Los Angeles Cal. etc.

9-12-1866

This is to certify that at a miners
meeting held in the Short Hill
district in Emigrant Gulch
Montana Sept. 12-1866 I
was elected Secy. of said
meeting & under the same
by laws; but as there was
some unimportant business
when the meeting adjourned
I did not sign them then
but do now 42 years later

W. H. Haskney

around this pine tree. At mention of this, old Jim Bridger, who was lying on the ground at the time, immediately spoke up and said, "I helped put those elk horns around that tree 25 years ago." Now if this statement of Bridger was true, it would indicate that he was among the first white men to reside in this part of the Yellowstone Valley, for his assertion would fix the date at about *1840. I never heard any explanation for his presence here at that early date. But it is very likely that his party were trapping for beaver along the river, and Emigrant Gulch afforded a much more secure refuge from Indian attacks than the exposed lower Valley.

The other matter I wish to mention is the so-called "Mission Creek Murder," the exact history of which I have never seen in print.

In the late fall of 1864, a party of six, including myself, took an ox team and went down the valley on a hunting expedition. About seven miles before reaching the lower canyon, we fell in with a couple of other hunters, a man named Hughes and his partner, who had come from Virginia City with an ox-team. We now felt strong enough to venture closer to the Indians, and drove down through the cañon on the east side of the river, and then crossed over to what is now called Mission Creek, about twelve miles from the Yellowstone River. Here we found game in great abundance. But we had been on the ground only a few days, when one morning we discovered the tracks of Indians, who apparently had been lurking around our camp. Our hunters were hastily called in and we immediately drove back to the Yellowstone. Here Hughes and his companion separated from us and remained behind, while my own party returned to Yellowstone City.

One day in the following May (1865) I came down to

*Lawrence Walsh, of Marysville, Montana, who was in Emigrant Gulch in 1874-5-6, says he saw while there a tree on the headwaters of the east fork, known as Bridger's Tree, which bears the name of James Bridger and the date 1838 cut in the tree. Chittenden in his work on the Yellowstone National Park credits Bridger with being in the Yellowstone country as early as 1830.—W. S. B.

Yellowstone City from the mining claims, to lay in a supply of provisions, and heard that there was a man in one of the cabins badly used up by the Indians. Before returning, I dropped in, in the neighborly spirit common in mining communities, to see how he was doing, and was greatly surprised to find, not a stranger, but my hunting companion of the previous fall, Hughes. He seemed greatly pleased to see some one he knew. One of his arms was badly swollen, the result of an arrow wound through the fleshy part of it. He had also a bullet wound across the forehead, and was pretty badly "knocked out." He gave me the following account of his adventure:

It seems that he had returned to Virginia City after we had left him the preceding fall. He there fell in with two companions and together they purchased a prospecting outfit, including a riding horse and a pack horse for each of the party. They went East intending to camp on the same creek on which we had had our hunting camp in the fall of 1864, and prospect for gold. They reached the creek, (now called Mission Creek), just as night was coming on, and had dismounted from their horses. Hughes' two companions were a little in advance of him. When they were near the bushes along the creek a lot of Indians rushed out and attacked the two men nearest them, with a volley of arrows. The men realized that their only hope lay in reaching the protection of the brushwood; but the Indians closed around them too quickly and shot them down. Meanwhile, Hughes, himself, made a dash for the bushes, and with better luck than his unfortunate companions. The Indians fired at him with their arrows, one of which pierced him arm, but he succeeded in reaching the bank of the stream. The Indians pushed through the brush close behind him, but when they were closing in on him, he wheeled suddenly and with his revolver shot three of them through the bodies. It was the Indians' turn to be surprised, and they lost no time in retreating. Hughes jumped into the creek,

and hid himself in some driftwood that had collected against a small tree. He was wearing at the time a light colored hat, which one of the keen-eyed savages quickly detected. A gunshot sounded, and the bullet plowed across Hughes' forehead. He now knew that they had at least one gun in their party and that they knew how to use it. What they didn't know, fortunately for Hughes, was that his revolver was now empty, as all his ammunition was on his riding horse, which the Indians had captured. He quickly got rid of the conspicuous hat, and trusted to the approach of darkness as his only salvation. As it grew darker and his chances of escape thereby improved, the Indians tried to lure him out by calling to him; "Good evening, Charlie," "Come out Charlie," "Won't hurt, Charlie," "How'dy do, Charlie," etc. But Hughes didn't care to be on any closer terms with the redskins just then. He kept concealed until well after dark, then went down the creek in the water, for about a mile, turned west and traveled all night. He had thrown his rifle into the water. About daylight he reached the Yellowstone canyon, where he was fortunate enough to meet a man on his way to Yellowstone City, and was given a ride in the wagon. Hughes had lost all his property and was pretty well discouraged when I saw him, and was most anxious to get back to his family in Keokuk, Iowa. We raised a purse for him, and he left the next day for Virginia City.

The foregoing is the version of the Indian murder on Mission Creek in 1865, as I received it from Hughes himself. He probably gave me the names of his two companions who were killed, but they have escaped my memory.

In the spring of 1865, mining was resumed in the Short-hill district as soon as the weather would permit, and as soon as the necessary food supplies, particularly flour, could be brought in, which was not until May. While miners might be willing to live on wild game, it was another proposition to work on an exclusively meat diet. In my anxiety to get busy on our rich claims, I got Owens and another man to

go with me to the mines and begin work, before Shorthill got back from Virginia City with the supplies, etc. Owens stood the diet of meat for breakfast, meat for dinner, and meat for supper for two days; and then he threw down his tools and declared that if the gold was no good to buy flour, he didn't want the gold. But supplies were soon rushed in, attracted by the high prices and the reports of the rich discoveries which had gone out from the Gulch. Traders began to arrive, stores were opened, and Yellowstone City began to bustle with all the activity of a live mining town. The disposition of the American citizen to have a hand in the management of government had not disappeared; so in October 1864, within two months after the discovery of the Shorthill district, an election was held in Yellowstone City to elect delegates or representatives to the first Territorial convention.

During the winter of 1864-5 considerable work was done by the men toward improving the "trail"—for such it could only be called,—between Yellowstone City and the mining claims in the Shorthill district. I mentioned that cold weather stopped mining work between October 20th and 30th; and the laborious work of "packing" bedding, cooking utensils, etc., on the backs of the men, over this trail and down to the winter quarters at Yellowstone City had shown the great need of a better road. The distance from Yellowstone City to the Shorthill district was about six miles. With the exception of the first mile, it required a lot of work to make the road passable even for pack horses. During the winter, whenever the weather permitted, a number of men would turn out voluntarily and work on the pack-trail. By spring-time the trail was in condition to be used by horses, and a man named Gage who had seven donkeys established a regular business of transporting goods between the "City" and the mines, charging for the service at the rate of three dollars per hundred pounds.

I will now mention some of the early settlers on the Yel-

lowstone. In the fall of 1864, there arrived at Yellowstone City, four or five freight wagons, loaded with Indian trading goods and merchandise, belonging to Augustus Archambeau and Frank Cin Cin, two Frenchmen. They erected a large log building, in which they opened up the largest store in Yellowstone City. They also constructed cabins, in which to live. Mr. Archambeau was a highly respected citizen, and well spoken of by all his fellow townsmen. He seemed to fully justify the good opinion of him formed by Captain Fremont, the Rocky Mountain Explorer, twenty years before, when he says, in his Narrative of June 1st, 1844: "Here I was fortunate to secure in my service, Augustus Archambeau a young man of the type of Carson and Godéy." Archambeau's partner was likewise a whole-souled jolly Frenchman.

Another prominent settler was John J. Tomlinson, known as the "mill man." Tomlinson had brought across the "plains" machinery for the erection of a circular saw-mill. He selected a location for his saw-mill about nine miles down the Valley from Emigrant Gulch, on what has since been called "Mill Creek," deriving its name from this mill. He erected the mill on the bank of the Yellowstone, secured his water by making a ditch or "head-race" from a point on the north side of the Creek some distance above its junction with the river. His purpose was to supply lumber for the construction of boats to carry men and goods down the Yellowstone River. He sold lumber in the fall of 1865 for quite a number of such boats. Tomlinson's wife gave birth to the first white child born in the settlement, a boy who was named "Philo."

Another man with whom I became well acquainted was Doctor Frank Wier. The Doctor had had an eventful political career. When Kansas was organized as a territory, President Franklin Pierce appointed him United States District Attorney for the new Territory,—a rather stormy position in early Kansas days. Wier held the office, I believe,

until Lincoln became president. His official career is the subject of some observations in the book "Beyond the Mississippi," by Albert D. Richardson (pp. 82-83). Doctor Wier came up to the Shorthill district and purchased claims Nos. 2 and 3, "Below Discovery" from the Garrett brothers. He re-sold the claims for \$500.00 to "McClure & Company" on 90 days time, and the purchasers mined out the gold during these 90 days and then told Wier to go ahead and foreclose on his mortgage.

With the resumption of the profitable work in the Shorthill district in the spring of 1865, and the failure of the lower district to show paying results, nearly all the men who had families moved up from Yellowstone City to take cabins for the summer in the Shorthill district. The families that came up were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGonigal, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. McClain, William Moore and his wife Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Stevens. Stevens had with him his two children, Charlie and Willie, who were the only children in the Shorthill district during the three mining seasons, 1864-5-6. Two families, however, still resided in Yellowstone City; Joseph Davis, his wife and children, and John J. Tomilson, with his wife and infant.

In the spring of 1865, my party (Owens, Shorthill and myself) hired William Moore to work on our claims as a laborer, paying him four dollars (in gold) per day and board; his wife Sarah agreed to do the cooking for us in compensation for her own board. She also did some laundry work for other miners, for which she received 25 cents for each piece or article washed. When Mrs. Moore left the East with her husband on the trip across the Plains, her mother gave her a supply of garden seeds. With the approach of warm weather, the instinct of the farmer's wife to "make garden" began to show itself and Mrs. Moore looked around for some place to start a "truck patch." She knew it would not do to plant her seeds along the creek bot-



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Stevens
Charlie and Willie Stevens

tom; for this ground would have to find its way into the sluice boxes, so she selected a sloping piece of ground some distance away from the Gulch and planted her seed. None of the stuff seemed to grow with the exception of some sweet-corn. This had attained a height of about a foot and was the source of much pride to Mrs. Moore, when unfortunately for plans and expectations it developed that her garden was planted in "pay-dirt"; and both soil and corn were soon being shoveled into the sluice-boxes. Thus ended the only attempt at gardening in Emigrant Gulch, so far as I am aware, during the summers of 1864, '65, or '66.

The exact amount of gold taken out of Emigrant Gulch in the early mining operations is necessarily only a matter of estimate. Professor Hayden in his interesting and valuable "Preliminary Report" to which I have already made reference, estimated the output of the Gulch "somewhere from \$100,000 to \$150,000 in gold." I am inclined to think, however, that these figures even the lowest are a little too high.*

Professor Hayden, it will be recalled, wrote his "Preliminary Report" in 1872, only six years after I did my last work in the Gulch (which was in the fall of 1866); and I doubt if very much gold was taken out of the Gulch between

*My estimate of the output of the different claims in the Shorthill district, is as follows (all of the claims, except the first mentioned being "Above Discovery").

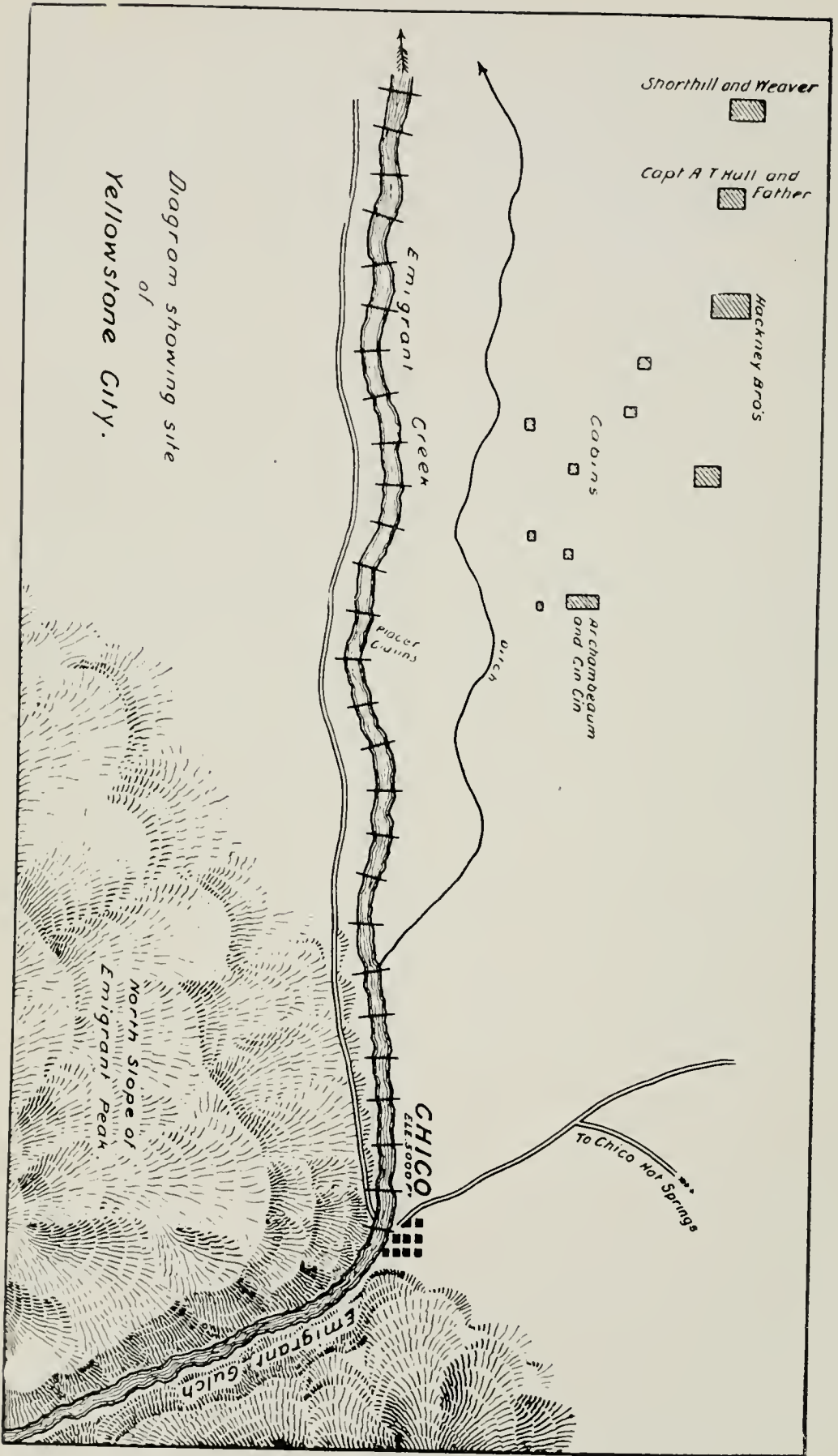
Nos. 2 & 3	("Below Discovery")	\$2,000
Nos. 1, 2 & 3		500
Nos. 4 & 5	Kremer and Stephens	600
Nos. 6, 7 & 8	Cook and Sterling	300
No. 9	(At the Falls; very little gold found).	
Nos. 10, 11 & 12	Hiram and Jos. Bennett, and Richard Skinner.	400
Nos. 13 & 14	Fitzpatrick; not much gold found.	
No. 15	Hackney Brothers	950
No. 16	Joseph Davis	600
No. 17	Dutch Fred Company	900
No. 18	Henry L. Jones and William Lowe	1,700
No. 19	Dr. Stratton and Company	1,800
No. 20	David R. Shorthill	2,700
No. 21	David B. Weaver	2,100
No. 22	Alexander Norris	3,500
No. 23	Stephens & Kremer (a fractional 60 ft. claim)	1,000
No. 24	Victor Content	1,200
No. 25		1,000
No. 26	William McDonnell	900
No. 27	Joseph Britt	1,200
No. 28	Michael McGonigal	600
No. 29	Jacob Smith	700
No. 30 and higher claims		2,000

the time of my leaving and the date of the "Preliminary Report." I estimate the total production of the Gulch up to the close of the mining season of 1866 at about \$28,000 to \$30,000. As my estimate is based upon knowledge of the exact amount produced on many of the claims, I do not think these figures are much out of the way.

I have already mentioned Shorthill's good judgment in picking out three claims, one for Alexander Norris, one for himself and one for me. Norris's claim was the richest in the Gulch, producing \$3,500, Shorthill's the next, with a production of \$2,700, and mine was the third richest claim with an output of \$2,100. The largest nugget was taken from Content's claim, "No. 24 Above Discovery," the nugget weighing $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ounce. The largest day's run in any sluice-box was made by Stephens and Kremer on "Claim 23 Above Discovery;" they took out \$118.00 in one day. Shorthill and I took out \$60.90 one day and \$61.00 on another day on "Claim 20." These were the best days' runs made by us. Our average day's run for the season of 1864 was \$13.00 per working man, and the largest nugget found on our claims was worth about four dollars.

The original or "Discovery Claim" had a tragic history. No mining was done on this claim during the season of 1864. In the spring of 1865, an immense snow-slide buried this claim under from 30 to 40 feet of snow; so that it could not be worked that season. The next spring (1866), William Lowe, George Gibboney and Richard Skinner started to work the claim, and had their sluice boxes set when another snow-slide came down. Lowe, who was posted on the opposite side of the Gulch to warn the men if the snow started, barely escaped with his life, while Gibboney and Skinner were buried under the avalanche. The miners succeeded in digging out Skinner's body, and gave him a burial; but it was not until some months later that Gibboney's body was found.

Yellowstone City reached its zenith in the summer season



of 1865. The Shorthill district was showing good results; business was booming and I was one of the people who believed that the town-site would have a lasting value in the great Valley,—and invested my money in town lots. Unfortunately the town was located on lands of the Crow Indian Reservation. The valley Indians, irritated over the white invasion, were restless, and ugly. By the spring of 1866, the population of the Gulch and of Yellowstone City had so decreased that it became a serious question whether we could safely resist an attack from the hostile Indians. Some of us considered prudence the better part of valor; and Joseph Davis and family, Charles Hopkins, Isaac Dawson, Benjamin Strickland, the two Hackney brothers, and myself got together our teams and pulled out of the Yellowstone Valley, most of us heading for Helena. When we left, there still remained perhaps ten or a dozen men up in the Shorthill district, who were reluctant to abandon the “diggings” which were still paying well. Among those remaining behind were Captain Cremer, William Lowe, Richard Owens, Henry L. Jones, an old trapper named Smith and some others whose names I no longer recollect. Soon after our wagons had crossed from the lower canyon to Bozeman, a party of five men started down the Yellowstone River, in a boat, for “the states.” They had gone only a short distance when they were ambushed and attacked by the Indians, who were scattered along the banks. One of the party, Lawrence, by name, fell at the first volley fired by the Indians. The other four men hastily landed, and abandoning everything except their guns, hurried back up the river and warned other parties who were preparing to descend. As soon as the news of Lawrence’s killing reached the miners we had left in Emigrant Gulch, they quickly collected what few things they could “pack” out of the Gulch, loaded an ox-cart at Yellowstone City, and took the Trail Creek route to Bozeman, thereby avoiding the danger of an Indian attack while passing through the lower canyon.

By the month of August, 1866, the Indian alarms had quieted some, so that John S. Hackney and I fitted ourselves out at Helena with a riding horse and a pack horse each, and returned to Yellowstone City. We found the place absolutely deserted, there was not a living soul in the town. We then went up on our old claims in the Gulch; but not a man was to be seen there, either. Tools, sluice-boxes, cabins, everything was just as the miners had left them when they made their hasty departure upon hearing of the killing of Lawrence. Hackney and I went to work, with the choice of the cabins, claims, and sluice-boxes. We had, however, not been at work long, before other men began to come in; for the purpose, as they explained, of making what they called a "grub stake" for the coming winter. That is, they said if they got only gold enough to buy their flour and salt for the winter, they could then live well upon the abundance of wild game.

Hackney and I continued mining until the 13th of October. On that day a heavy fall of snow put an end to further operations for the season. We got our horses and returned to Helena. When I left Yellowstone City (for the last time) on October 15th, 1866, the former empty cabins were again occupied, by men who had come there to pass the winter and live largely upon the plentiful wild game.



Gen. John Gibbon

Battle of the Big Hole.

By Gen. C. A. Woodruff.

While my address is upon Indian warfare, I desire most earnestly to impress upon you the fact that the soldier does not desire war and that our Army was no more responsible for these wars than is the Church for the sins against which it battles or the surgeon for the disease which he cures with the knife. I will go further and say that our Army and Navy have neither caused nor been responsible for bringing on a single one of our great wars; though they brought every one of them to a successful conclusion.

The army has had no part in making or breaking the long list of treaties; was not responsible for the constant crowding of the Indian by the onward march of the settler and miner; nor can the oppression of the weaker race by the stronger be charged against the Army.

The soldier was the buffer between these hostile forces and was only called in to preserve peace and protect all parties after the civil authorities had admitted their absolute helplessness. The campaigns I shall discuss originated in a request by the Interior Department for the Army to force certain tribes upon reservations that were objectionable to them.

In June, 1898, when I was working from 16 to 18 hours every week day and 10 hours each Sunday, a party connected with the press said to me: "Well, there is one good thing about this Spanish war, it gives you Army fellows a chance to earn your pay for once." I paid no attention to this and he repeated it,—the remainder of the interview was not altogether pleasant.

Therefore, when honored by an invitation to address you, I thought I would select a topic that would show that, in times of "profound peace," as our Thanksgiving Proclamation puts it, some Army fellows render a moderate return for the wealth lavished upon them.

In his annual report for 1877, General Sheridan said.

"During the last two years the ratio of loss of officers and men in proportion to the number engaged in this Division in the Indian Wars, has been equal to or greater than the ratio of loss on either side in the present Russ-Turkish campaign or in the late Civil War in this country. I take pleasure in saying that both officers and men throughout the Division have shown a thorough and commendable devotion to duty, and deserve the approbation of the Country."

I propose to speak of events that came under my personal observation during these two years, with only such side lights as are necessary to make my story intelligible. While I shall be a might free with the personal pronoun, I really do not want you to think that I was alone in Montana—there were others.

The newspapers tell us that "advertising pays"—I think it does. That Regular Army officers, as a rule, do not advertise, you will realize when I tell you that during these two years, while part of the Army was engaged in quelling one of the most widespread series of railroad strikes this country had ever seen, another portion was looking after the disturbances incident to the Hayes-Tilden election and also while there was Indian fighting by the troops under General Pope, Ord and Kautz. The number of soldiers killed in the Departments commanded by Generals Terry, Crook and Howard was greater than the number killed in the Philippines, from May 1, 1898, to September 30, 1899, and nearly twice the number of soldiers and sailors, regulars and volunteers, killed in Cuba and Porto Rico during the same period.

As 'this bit of forgotten history' relates to Indian

troubles, my views should be known in order that you may justly weigh my words. I am not one of those so prejudiced as to believe that all good Indians are dead ones, nor am I so blinded by sentiment as to consider that the Indian is capable of representing the highest types of manhood produced by the civilization of our century. I regard him as I find him, often a savage and at best only half-civilized after three centuries of contact with the white man.

In February 1876 the Interior Department asked that Sitting Bull's band of 30 or 40 lodges and not exceeding 70 warriors, and Crazy Horse's band not exceeding 120 lodges with about 200 warriors be forced upon their reservation. It is well to remember that the Interior Department estimated the hostile warriors at about 270—before the end came the troops faced more than 4,000 warriors.

General Crook took the field from Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, with 500 men; General Gibbon from Fort Shaw, Montana, with 200 men and a week later joined by 200 men from Fort Ellis, Montana; Terry with the 7th Cavalry and 6th Infantry, about 800, from Fort Abraham Lincoln, North Dakota. The country included between these four points and the British line is 200,000 square miles, equal to the area of New England and New York, with absolutely no settlement; no roads, no traces of civilization.

General Gibbon's command, to which I belonged, left Fort Shaw March 17, 1876, at noon, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero; that night, and the succeeding night it fell to forty degrees below; while on the Rosebud in August the thermometer registered one hundred and eleven degrees in the shade; in other words, we experienced a variation of one hundred and fifty-one degrees, with no change of outer clothing. In warm weather we went in our shirt sleeves, in cold weather put on our overcoats. You could tell the kind of flour we used by reading the brand on the sacks used for reseating our trousers; and I have seen a general officer wash his underclothes in the Yellowstone and

sit on the bank, wrapped in meditation, while they were drying. We were absent until October 6th and for five months of this time we never saw a house or building of any kind, and during this period we had no fresh meat except a few buffalo and deer and very few fresh vegetables; during the summer's operations the cavalry marched 1,500 miles and the infantry 1,700, besides 900 more by portions of the cavalry and 500 more by portions of the infantry. We had a few small encounters, discovered and buried Custer's dead (there were 270 of these, but 16 bodies we could not find); dispersed the Indians, numbering from 2,500 to 5,000 warriors; rescued Reno's command and carried the wounded, 53 in number, sixteen miles to the steamer that had pushed up the Big Horn.

While the details of this year's operations, especially incidents connected with the movements of the two columns during the three days immediately preceding the battle, the particulars of the battle, how the Indians had deliberately settled down to exterminate the last man of Custer's regiment, and our discovery and rescue of the survivors under Reno, might not be uninteresting, lack of time will prevent. Of Custer's fight, suffice it to say that owing to a heavy fire from the opposite bank, when he approached the river, it was impracticable to cross the river in a strong line, and charge the Indians, who are gathering in swarms to defend their village which was now in plain view, therefore Custer's column of five troops, 20 to 1, moved to the ridge and along it for a mile or more, fighting part of the time hand to hand; the wounded actually dragged from under their comrades' carbines and butchered before their eyes and still there was no flinching. At the end the little remnant, confronting a surging mass of half-naked, hefeathered, yelling, bloodthirsty, demons, gathered around their wounded chief and fought and died.

“Their breasts with wounds unnumbered riven,
Their backs to earth, their faces to heaven,”

sublime witnesses of the valor, endurance and discipline of the American soldier.

One of our officers, who fell at my feet the next year, mortally wounded, wrote this in his diary:

“A survey of the Custer battlefield is horrible in the extreme. All but Custer were mutilated. He was stripped only. Captain Keogh had left around his neck an *Agnes Dei*, suspended by a golden chain, and he had evidently not been further mutilated after its discovery. It is sickening to look at the bodies stripped. Here a hand gone, there a foot or a head; ghastly gashes cut in all parts of the body; eyes gouged out; noses and ears cut off and skulls crushed in. One sees at a distance a dead horse lying on the plain near the river, and, upon nearer approach, the gleaming white skin of a dead and naked cavalry soldier, the body badly cut and mangled beyond description, is brought in view.

I will close this account of the first year's operations with a short extract from General Gibbon's report:—

“It gives me great pleasure to testify to the cheerful manner in which the whole command performed the long marches and arduous duties of the campaign. Starting out in the depth of winter, with the expectation of an absence of two or three months they submitted to the tedious delays, long marches and exposures of an unprecedentedly wet and cold season during six months, with a soldierly cheerfulness worthy of the highest praise.”

Thus far this paper has dealt with some of our troubles with the Sioux, a tribe that has always been hostile to the United States. They assisted the British in 1812; they were the scourge of the overland route from its inception until after the Union Pacific was built; they committed the most horrible outrages in Minnesota in 1862, five hundred were tried by Military Commission and 321 were convicted of having been present at one or more of the murders or outragings and sentenced to death, but humanitarian sentiment prevailed and only 39 were actually hanged. They mas-

sacred Major Fetterman's command of 84 in 1866, and generally deserved no sympathy. The only peaceable Sioux were dead ones.

The remainder of my remarks describe, in considerable detail, a campaign against Indians for whom I have always had the greatest sympathy. I knew them well before the outbreak, and eight years later issued them food for several months, to keep them from starving, on a desolate reservation where the Interior Department had placed them without making any provisions for their subsistence.

Of all the Indians I have ever met I consider the Nez Perces, with whom this part of my paper deals, second to none of our wild Indians. They were polygamists, but when we consider that the squaws did all the work, you realize that polygamy was a blessing to the women, in that it divided the drudgery and didn't diminish the affection bestowed upon them. You know the quotient is the same whether 0 be divided by 1 or 3. They would steal horses occasionally, but that was a weakness inherited for so many generations that it had become a manly excellence, but they had more virtues and less vices than generally belong to wild Indians.

Of them General Howard said: "The Nez Perces have never been, up to the present time, hostile to our people."

General Miles said: "The Nez Perces are the boldest men and best marksmen of any Indians I have ever encountered"

Nine months before the events I am about to describe, some of these same Indians gave a sham battle at General Gibbon's post and with rifle and fire rehearsed the very tactics that were enacted in this real tragedy.

The Nez Perces had been inoculated with the Catholic, the Methodist and the Presbyterian religions. It had "taken" in each instance; no "case" was a severe one, but it generally prevented them from engaging in the awful barbarities that usually characterize Indian hostilities.

In 1868 a treaty was made by the United States with three Chiefs of the Nez Perce's tribe, by which they agreed to relinquish certain lands, including the Wallowa Valley, Oregon. Chief Joseph repudiated this treaty and refused to be bound by it. In time he was joined by White Bird, Looking Glass and Tul-hul-hul-sote and several hundred warriors. These were called the "Non-treaty" Nez Perces.

In 1875, by executive order, Wallowa Valley was opened to settlement and the trouble began. Wrongs were perpetrated on both sides and it was decided to force the Indians upon the reservation. In this case, as usual, when the Indians were ready a number of defenceless white men and women were killed, and a small body of troops was sent to the scene of hostilities. At White Bird Canyon they were attacked by overwhelming numbers and defeated with a loss of one officer and thirty-three enlisted men killed.

General Howard took the field in June '77 with a strong force; after several skirmishes and two lively fights, resulting in severe losses to both Whites and Indians, the latter scattered and thus evaded the troops. They afterwards concentrated, to the number of about 400 warriors, 150 women and as many children, and started for Montana, by way of the "Lo Lo Trail."

It had been the custom, each year, for large bands of these Indians to cross the mountains to Montana for the purpose of hunting buffalo (I have hunted with them myself), so that, while they were forced by the presence of troops into unusual routes, the country generally was familiar to them. As soon as General Gibbon, who commanded the District of Montana, learned that the Indians were heading his way, he made preparations to meet them. Gathering three companies of his scattered regiment, Comba's battalion, he took the field at their head and, starting from Fort Shaw, crossed the Rocky Mountains at Cadotte's Pass, on foot, with pack mules for transportation. The transportation was so limited that only one blanket was allowed to each individual;

no separate mess for officers, but all lived on bacon, hard bread and coffee. By forced marches he reached Fort Missoula August 3d, covering the distance(150 miles, over the roughest kind of mountain trail, in 7 days.

Here he was joined by three more companies, one of which had come 259 miles with wagons. Leaving Fort Missoula August 4th, with 17 officers and 146 men with wagon transportation, he pushed on in rapid pursuit of the hostiles, whose trail coming out of the Lo Lo pass was struck, 4 days old, 6 miles beyond Fort Missoula, going up the Bitter Root River.

While in this valley Joseph was joined by 18 lodges under Chief "Poker Joe." His stock of ammunition had been nearly exhausted in his fights with Howard, and, strange as it may appear, along the Bitter Root he found white men who sold him all the arms and ammunition he wanted, taking in payment gold red with the blood of men, women and children in Idaho. The Indians seemed in no great haste. White Bird is said to have scented danger, and urged a more rapid movement. One of their "medicine men" had cautioned the chiefs that death was on their trail. "What are we doing here?" he asked. "While I slept my medicine told me to move on; that death was approaching. If you take my advice you can avoid death, and that advice is to speed on through this country. If we do not, there will be tears in your eyes" But Looking Glass replied:—"We are in no hurry; the little bunch of 'walking soldiers' at Missoula are not fools enough to attack us." Gibbon pushed on, covering 30 to 35 miles per day. He ascertained by personal examination of their camp grounds, about how many Indians there were, and that he was covering two of their daily marches with one of his. He was joined by 34 citizens, who did not sympathize with those who had supplied the wants of the hostiles. When the command reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains at Ross' Hole, the head of the Bitter Root, and found the Indians had crossed the mountains,



Gen. Charles A. Woodruff

many of our citizens became discouraged; they were out of provisions and their affairs at home demanded their attention. But the General assured them that he meant business and should strike the Indians a terrible blow, once he should overtake them. He told these volunteers that they should have all the fighting they wanted: (they got it). Also that they might have all the horses that could be captured save enough to mount the command, and that his men would divide their last rations with the citizens comrades; and the latter decided to follow their gallant leader, and they did it with honor to themselves and credit to American manhood. Most of these volunteers were veterans of the Civil War and during the next few days they all showed the heroic spirit of '61.

On the night of August 7th Lieutenants Bradley and Jacobs, with most of the mounted men, soldiers and volunteers, (about 50 in number), pushed on over the mountains to locate the village and try to stampede the stock, the Indians having about 2,000 head of horses; but daylight found them still on the trail and they concealed themselves in a secluded ravine. Lieutenants Bradley and Jacobs now did a piece of reconnoitering for which they deserve great credit. Leaving the camp in charge of Captain Catlin of the Volunteers and Sergeant Wilson, Bradley and Jacobs, keeping under cover as much as possible, went forward until they could hear the sounds of axes in the woods where they were. Then crawling along until they could distinguish the voices of the squaws, who were cutting lodge poles, they climbed a tall tree and a few hundred yards from them saw the Indian camp. Knowing that Howard was far in the rear, and fearing no other foe, the Indians were resting and preparing a supply of lodge poles to replace those thrown aside in Idaho. Joseph was joined at this point by 25 Bannack warriors.

I would here remark that Lieutenant Bradley located Sitting Bull's village, a short time before Custer struck it, and but for an unforeseen incident, Gibben would have attacked

it. Bradley was the one also who discovered the remains of Custer's column. I remember well how he rode up to Gibbon, saluted and said: "General, I have the honor to report that I have counted 194 dead bodies; I presume they are soldiers, but they have been stripped and some are badly mutilated."

At 5 o'clock on the morning of August 8th, the command started up the main divide of the Rocky Mountains. There miles of hard climbing was before them—three miles of steep mountain trail, filled with rocks and fallen trees. Teams were doubled and dragropes manned and at 11 o'clock, after six hours of hard, unremitting toil the summit was reached. Just before the last wagon was up a dispatch from Bailey was received stating that the trail was "hot"; that the Indians were moving and that if discovered he would be in great danger. The General read the dispatch and simply said: "Keep the column closed," and pushed down the mountain. From time to time "played out" mules were left along the trail, but the men never flinched. At bad crossings, axes, shovels and picks were plied with desperate energy; their comrades in front were in danger. It seems as if the men were doing all that nerve and muscle could do, but when later in the day a second courier met us with the news that the village was located, renewed life was thrown into the step and at sundown the column filed into Bradley's bivouac. After a scanty supper of hard bread and raw bacon, the tired men lay down to rest. The genial camp-fire, stimulating coffee and soothing pipe were forbidden. After making his dispositions for the purposed attack, General Gibbon ordered his Adjutant to call him at 11 o'clock and lying down under the spreading branches of a pine tree slept as peacefully as a child.

The train was carefully parked near the creek, so that, if attacked, there might be no trouble in getting water and in the corral thus formed, all the animals save two horses (for the general and his adjutant) were secured and left in charge

of a small guard. Overcoats and canteens were discarded, nothing but arms and 100 rounds of ammunition per man was taken.

In silence the column was formed, and at 11 o'clock the little band, 182 all told, filed down the trail through dark groves of pine and fir; now through tangled underbrush, anon wading the cold mountain brook and struggling through deep marsh. The only light, a few stars amid the bank of clouds. Pointing to one of these, Gibbon whispered to his Adjutant "Old Mars is smiling upon us tonight, that's a favorable omen." Five miles were stealthily covered when the narrow valley of Trail Creek opened into what is known as the Big Hole Basin. A mile ahead, the soldiers saw the smouldering camp fires of the enemy; heard the baying of his hungry dogs, responding to the howls of prowling coyotes, and saw the flickering lights, the smoky lodges of the warriors. The trail now leads along the bluffs that bound the left bank of the river, passing through a grove of second growth pine (with which we shall become better acquainted later on) and emerged upon a steep side hill covered with grass, upon which an immense herd of ponies were grazing. Slowly, for fear of disturbing them, the column moved through the herd. It was thought that they were in charge of a guard who must be sleeping near by, and for fear of alarming the Indians, no attempt was made to capture the herd at this time.

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the command arrived opposite the village, which was in the valley about 150 yards from and 50 feet below the trail. There were 89 lodges, pitched in the form of a "V" with the angle upstream, which was between the bluff and the village, the intervening valley being traversed by a slough and covered with bunches of large willows; beyond the village was a long stretch of open, rolling prairie.

Comba's and Sanno's companies were quietly placed in skirmish line at the foot of the bluff, covering about half the

front, the upper half, of the village. Bradley with the volunteers and about 15 soldiers was on the extreme left, as we faced, and somewhat detached, so as to be able to strike the lower end of the village. Rawn's, Browning's and Williams' companies in line behind Comba and Sanno; Logan in line ready to strike the extreme right flank; the plan being to force the Indians out of the village on to the open plain away from their animals, where with our long range rifles and superior discipline they would be at our mercy, but unfortunately we didn't have men enough to cover the whole front of the village. Save the barking of the dogs, the occasional cry of a wakeful child and the gentle crooning of its mother, as she hushed it to sleep, all was quiet.

The thoughts of that little band were serious, they knew that day would bring with it a reveille of blood, still there was no flinching, but the suspense was trying. They longed for fight, for action.

Unless you have experienced it, one can hardly realize the nervous strain attendant upon the waiting for a battle to commence. Few men go rejoicing to a bloody conflict, but anything is preferable to the suspense, when you realize that it must come; and once "in" there is little romance in the actual hero, midst the melee of a hard fight, face seamed with the lines of brutal passion and grimed with dust, perspiration and smoke. Half human, half brute. These men had a human hatred of bloodshed; yet they knew that the hard but single road to full duty demanded it.

A distinguished officer said: "It is not precisely those who know how to kill, but those who know how to die, who are all powerful on the field of battle." You will see that these men know how to kill and how to die.

At last the eastern sky begins to take on the rosy hue of the coming day; one by one the tops of the lodges come into view above the blackness of the valley. The hour had come. Quickly the whispered order is given for the two skirmish lines to "forward, guide centre;" the men tighten the grasp

on their rifles as they give a trial glance along the sights. While they are silently moving forward a solitary Indian going out to look at the herd approached the volunteers. He leans forward on his horse to try and make out, in the dim light, what is before him. Two rifle shots ring out; the Indian falls dead; the battle is on: "Charge." The remaining companies are ordered in on the run. The Adjutant bounds on his horse and gallops to Bradley (who runs to meet him, so eager is he for the fray), shouts the order: "Go in and strike them hard," and, followed by a shower of bullets, returns on the run to his chief, who is coolly watching the movements, unconscious that his position on the hill renders him a conspicuous target, but the Adjutant is troubled by no such imperceptibility and advises an instantaneous advance to the valley. And they are soon with the line.

The troops plunge through the river, in places waist deep, and strike the village. A lovely peaceful valley is in a moment changed to an inferno. The Indians, aroused by the first shots, rush from their lodges half clad, but fully armed, and fortunately for us, a little dazed and nervous from the shock of surprise. Men, white and red, women and boys, all take part in the fight, which is actually hand to hand, a regular melee, rifles and revolvers in full play, men are powder burned, so close are they to death dealing guns, the dingy lodges are lighted up by the constant discharge, the ground is covered with the dead and dying, the morning air laden with smoke and riven by cheers, savage yells, shrieks, curses, groans. No one asks or expects mercy—our only commands are: "Give it to 'em, push 'em, push 'em."

In a few minutes the upper end of the village is ours and we sweep down the stream, expecting every moment to see Bradley's column at the lower end of the village—but this was not to be. After receiving his order, he had scarcely gone twenty yards before he was shot dead, and his men, without a recognized leader, naturally drifted up stream

and joined the main command.

Soon from willows in the rear we receive a fire; the Indians from the lower end of the village have taken the brush and passed around our left flank. Lines are quickly formed and we sweep the willows—it is literally brush whacking. They are driven back to the hills and we return to destroy the village. But soon from all directions is heard the sharp crack of rifles—the enemy invisible. The Indians have recovered from the shock of surprise. They now know how small is the attacking force, and are fighting for everything that man, civilized or savage, holds dear. The village has become the hottest place in the vicinity, and the general reluctantly gives orders to retire to the wooded point before mentioned, about a thousand yards up the river; and taking the wounded with us, the movement is deliberately executed. The General is severely wounded and his horse killed. It isn't a very healthy place for an unmounted man; the Adjutant recognizes this fact and urges him to accept his horse, the only one left, and wounded at that. This generous offer is kindly but firmly declined.

When the command reaches the point of timber, it is found in possession of the hostiles, but a determined charge changes its ownership. We wanted that timber and we wanted it badly. A barricade of logs and an active use of the trowel bayonet soon makes the command feel secure. In a short time the Indians return to the village and hurriedly pack up, stimulated by an occasional shot, and started east. We thought that they were willing to call it "quits," but we were mistaken; they wanted revenge; and the warriors returned to get it. They tried sharpshooting a while, but soon got discouraged at that, for the revenge account kept on increasing. Soon great clouds of smoke came rolling over, and fine ashes dropped down among us. They had fired the grass hoping to have it run into the timber, and do what they can, cannot drive us out. Matters begin to look serious.

“And with a whispered fear each strong man sees
That smoke is curling toward us o’er the hills,
And fire is wafted onward by a gentle breeze,
And shouts of triumph the thick air fills.”

But the General is not discouraged. He said: “If the fire reaches us, we will charge through it to the river, taking our wounded with us, and then, from the cover of the banks, send the redskins to a hotter place than they have prepared for us.” Fortunately the wind shifted and we were saved from that danger; but while it lasted the situation was very trying. More than one wounded man examined his weapon to see how to work it, when the muzzle was pointed his way, to be ready in case the worst should come.

Scattering shots are constantly falling inside the barricade, and every little while a “dull thud” tells of mangled flesh or shattered limb; but they are having no picnic themselves, for our best shots are giving them as good as they send us. Night closes down upon the scene, but the fight continues. The Indians try a few feeble charges, but individual courage, unsupported by discipline, isn’t suited to that kind of work. About 11 o’clock, most of them withdraw to follow the fast moving camp. It seemed as if daylight would never come. The nights are cold in the mountains, even in summer; the men have no covering; their clothes have been soaked in crossing and recrossing the river. More than one-third of the command are killed and wounded; they have no medical attendance, and some of the wounded suffer intensely and their groans are very trying. In addition to all this, the yelling and shooting of the Indians during the first part of the night, didn’t add to the comfort of the survivors. Billy Edwards, one of our citizen comrades, volunteered to carry dispatches to Deer Lodge; it was a brave deed and gallantly performed. He left us at 11 P. M., Thursday, crawled through the encircling line of Indians, walked forty miles to French’s Gulch, obtained a horse and rode forty more. at 10 A. M., Saturday was in

the telegraph office at Deer Lodge.

After daylight fires were lighted and the Adjutant's horse, killed by the hostiles within the barricade, furnished a much needed breakfast, the first mouthful of food since our cold supper 36 hours before, after which the men buried their own and the enemy's dead. During the day a detachment returned for the wagons, which were brought up and then with plenty bedding and an abundance of food, we were as comfortable as could be expected.

At the risk of trespassing upon your generosity, I will relate two incidents of a personal nature.

I was passing along the skirmish line just before the attack was made and saw an officer (a colonel during the Civil War, with a gallant record) rubbing black mud over his trousers, which were of white corduroy. Being asked what he was doing he answered: "You see, Woodruff, my boy (I was younger then than I am now) as we are about to attack, it has occurred to me that these trousers will be a trifle conspicuous in this light, and I am trying to tone them down a bit." I had somehow gotten a reputation of knowing about wounds, and in the midst of the fight in the village, one of the men came up to me and exposing his breast showed me where a bullet had entered and said: "Do you think I will live, Lieutenant?" Knowing from the bubbles of air in the flowing blood that the shot had entered the lungs, I told him to let me see his back, where I found the ball had come out. I described the nature of the wound and said: "Alberts, you have a severe wound, but there is no need of your dying if you have got the nerve to keep up your courage." Two years later Alberts, a hotel runner, was the first man I met in getting off a train at St. Paul. He rushed up to me, grasped my hand and luggage and said, "You see, I had the nerve, Lieutenant."

The second day after the fight, at 10 A. M., General Howard arrived with a detachment of twenty soldiers and seventeen Indian scouts. His movement was a heroic one—even

though the results proved it was unnecessary. Hearing that General Gibbon was surrounded and cut off from water, he took his little command and pushed on to the rescue, ordering the men to fill their canteens and on no account to use any of the water, as it would be needed by Gibbon's beleaguered troops.

He said: "I was intensely anxious for Gibbon's command till I came in sight of it. His wagons were then near his fortified camp; his men were bathing and washing their clothes at the creek and the horses quietly grazing in the bottom. There was no sign of an enemy in the vicinity. On reaching his position, which was on a wooded point just above the willow bottom, we found Colonel Gibbon's command covered by small barricades, within which were many wounded, including Colonel Gibbon himself, but all were cheerful and confident as troops were wont to be who have remained in position and slept on the field of battle"

Of the seventeen officers, fourteen bullets found their billets in their bodies. Three were killed or died of wounds and four were severely wounded. The entire command lost thirty-one killed or mortally wounded, and thirty-eight wounded (all but five severely) a larger percentum of loss than that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, but Gibbon had not blundered. It was magnificent, but it was war.

The Indians left eighty-nine dead unburied on the field, and Joseph admitted a loss of two hundred and eight killed or mortally wounded; twenty-six more than Gibbon took into the fight. Someone was commending upon the fact that every officer killed and wounded was a married man when a bystander remarked, "Well, it would take a sharpshooter to find a bachelor in the Seventh Infantry."

Owing to the rapidity of the movements for concentration, the command was unable to secure the services of a surgeon, and received no professional attendance, until the arrival of Howard's medical officers three days after the fight, on Monday, four days after the battle we started home via Deer

Lodge, the wounded in army wagons.

The army wagon is not a luxurious vehicle, but as an exercising machine for invalids, it has "few equals and no superiors" and as there were no roads, and the route lay across a bunch-grass country you can imagine that the wounded did not enjoy the excursion. Their bodies were full of aches and their hearts of delight when we met a party of citizens from Butte, Deer Lodge, and Helena, accompanied by doctors and supplies of every conceivable kind of spring wagon. We had forty miles to go before reaching a house or road. After that, our journey was almost a triumphal procession; the people vying with each other in their efforts to cheer and comfort the wounded.

As an illustration, a wagon containing three wounded officers, halted at a ranch kept by a kind old lady, who prepared a dinner that would have done credit to a "quarterly meeting." Two of the officers were helpless as to locomotion, the other, who was badly wounded in the head, and severely in the side, though he could manage to get around, asked for the bill. She replied, "Nothing for those poor wounded fellows, but 75 cents for you."

Twelve days after the fight, at the end of a 240 mile ride we reached our post and home.

Of the action, General Gibbon, in his official report, says:

"Desire to speak in the most commendatory terms of the conduct of both officers and men. With the exception of Captain Logan and Lieutenant Bradley, both of whom were killed, very early in the action, every officer came under my personal observation at one time or another during the fight, and where all were so active, zealous and courageous not only in themselves fighting but in cheering on the men, but in prompt obedience to every order, I find it out of the question to make any discrimination, and will simply mention the names of those who were present in the battle."

Commenting up General Gibbon's report, General Terry said:

"I think that no one can read this report from Colonel Gibbon without feelings of great admiration for him, for his officers, for his men, and for the citizen volunteers who fought with them."

And General Sheridan said:

"Colonel John Gibbon, commanding the District of Montana, at once took the field at the head of 146 men, and 34 citizens who joined as volunteers, and on the 9th of August attacked them near Big Hole Pass, Montana, and, after one of the most desperate engagements on record, in which both sides lost heavily, he succeeded in driving them from the field. For the details of this engagement I refer to Colonel Gibbon's report. When it is borne in mind that the Indians outnumbered the troops and citizens who attacked them more than two to one, and were equally as well armed and equipped, the good conduct of Colonel Gibbon and his men will be appreciated. Our loss was 3 officers, 27 soldiers, and 6 volunteers killed, and 4 officers, 30 soldiers, and 4 citizens wounded—including Colonel Gibbon—being over 40 per cent of the men engaged."

After this battle these Indians knew that there was no safety for them in Montana; they led General Howard a lively chase over 300 miles more. Then Sturgis just missed them by a scratch. Next General Miles struck across the country, by forced marches, with 600 men, intercepted steamboats and made them ferry his command across the Missouri, attacked and surrounded Joseph and after four days' fighting captured hundreds of ponies and compelled the surrender of Joseph and all his band, except those under White Bird, who escaped through his lines and fled to British America.

To General Miles is due the honor of ending the Nez Perces War. But Mr. Shields, a writer of some note, says:

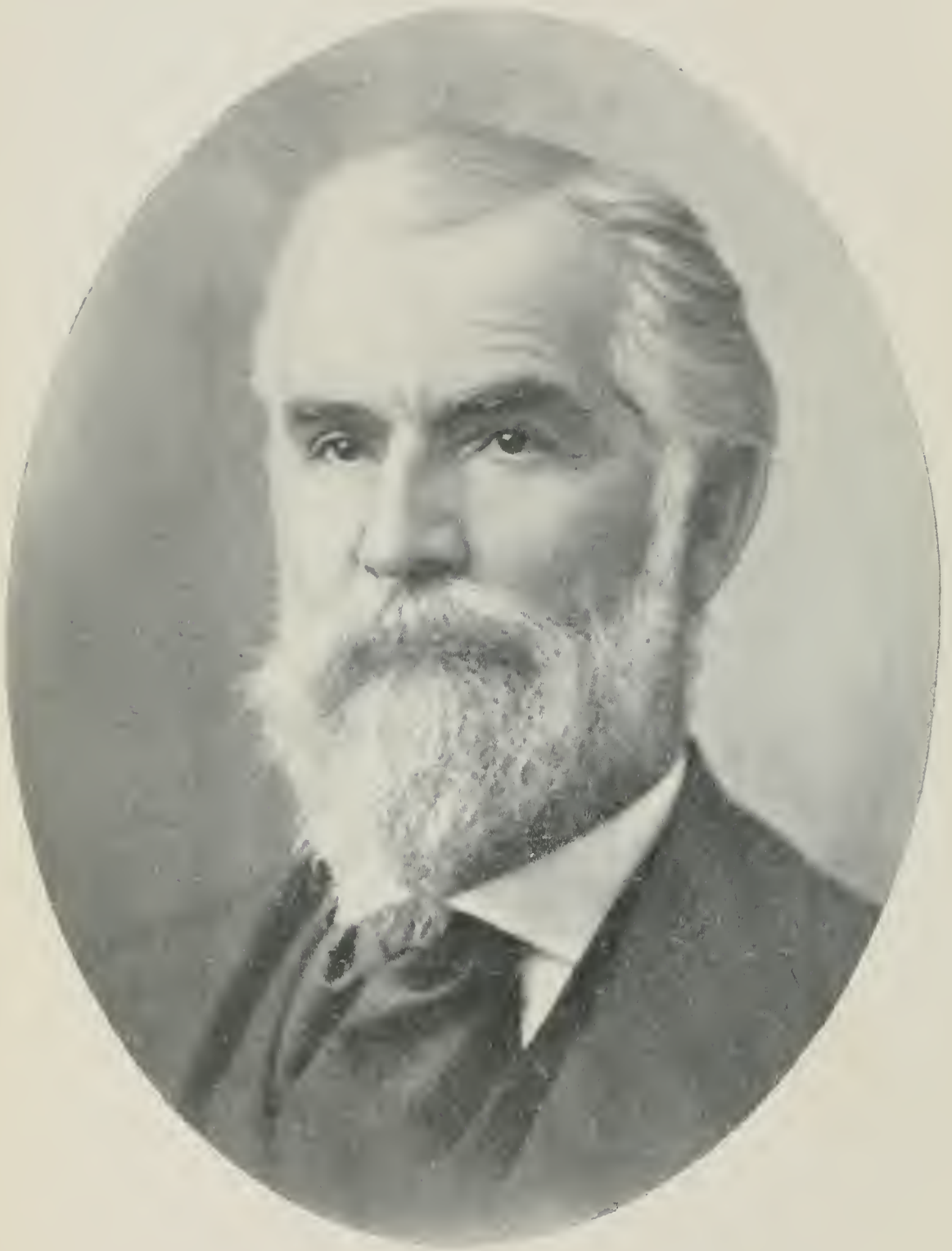
"To Gibbon's command, more than to any and all others who pursued and fought Joseph and his men, belongs the honor of having broken the proud spirits of these dusky

warriors; of having killed their best men; of having defeated them on their chosen field. To Gibbon and his brave men, in short, belong the laurels of the Nez Perce War of 1877."

Howard never flagged in his long pursuit; for 1,400 weary miles, over two mountain ranges, in sunshine and storm, through good and evil report, he clung to the trail of the hostiles, as they passed through the National Park, across the Judith Basin, and over the Missouri and joined Miles with a small escort, before the surrender.

I cannot close this story better than by giving Chief Joseph's reply to General Miles' final demand for surrender which was sent to his camp by two of Howard's friendly Nez Percés scouts; he said:

"Tell General Howard, I know his heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Too-hul-hul-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my Chiefs! I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."



Capt. J. B. Catlin

Review of the Battle of the Big Hole.

By Amos Buck.

On this the first commemoration of the anniversary of the battle of the Big Hole, it is meet and proper that some participant should give as briefly as possible a veracious account of the happenings of those summer days of 1877. Much has been written about the battle of the Big Hole and the events leading thereto, but mostly for magazines by other than witnesses, and, in many instances, truth has been sacrificed to fiction. Surely the real events are sufficiently graphic without resorting to the imagination.

At the time of the Nez Perce outbreak at Mount Idaho, in June, 1877, the Bitter Root Valley was but sparsely settled, but already its fame as a farming section had gone abroad, and each year saw many additions to the number of brave and hardy pioneers who had made its wonders known. At that time the white population was perhaps only about 500—men, women and children—and as many more Indians of the Flathead tribe. The only settlements were at Stevensville and Corvallis; Florence, Victor, Hamilton, Grantsdale and Darby being as yet unthought of.

News in those days traveled slowly. The nearest railroad was at Franklin, 65 miles north from Ogden and 500 miles from the Bitter Root, and Fort Benton was the head of navigation on the Missouri. The nearest telegraph line was at Deer Lodge.

The news reached here about the middle of July that Chiefs Joseph, Looking Glass and White Bird, with 800 followers were on the Lo Lo trail headed toward the Bitter Root valley and were on the warpath. This was their usual

trail in times of peace to the Yellowstone or buffalo country.

The Bitter Root valley, though the most beautiful in this western country, had never been the scene of violence or bloodshed between the Indians and whites, the Indians being at all times friendly and allowing the settlers to take up their homes here without molestation or hindrance, and it was a new experience to have to provide against the hostile savages.

But the settlers at once took the necessary precautions, so far as was in their power, by quartering their families at Fort Owen, near Stevensville, and building mud forts near Corvallis and near what is now Grantsdale. After having taken these precautions all the able bodied men in the valley, practically, went to Lo Lo with the intention of heading off the Indians there and giving battle. There were several companies formed of settlers and upon arriving at Lo Lo they were placed under the command of the captain of the regulars from Fort Missoula. Just here, in passing, I will state that the United States government, recognizing the services of these volunteers, paid them years afterward the munificent sum of \$1 per day for the time spent in this connection.

About the 25th of July the news came that the advance guard of Chief Joseph's band had reached the Lo Lo and the 100 citizens from the valley, together with about 40 men and officers from Fort Missoula and about 350 men from other parts of the state, who had assembled at the request of Governor Potts, from Helena, Butte, Deer Lodge and Missoula marched up the Lo Lo about five miles, where Captain Rawn called a halt and ordered all hands at work throwing up fortifications. Governor Potts came down from Helena and established his headquarters for the time being at this place. We then numbered 500 men all told. In the meantime Chief Joseph and his entire band had moved down to the Woodman flats, about four miles above our camp. Reports came



Amos Buck

to us that Chief Joseph desired to surrender. Captain Rawn under a flag of truce, marched up to within a mile of the Indians camp, where he met Chiefs Joseph and Looking Glass, who had come down under a like flag of truce, to hold a council with the white men. Captain Rawn told them that he was sent there by the Great White Chief to ask them to lay down their arms and cease hostilities. Chief Joseph replied that he did not come there to fight the white man; that, if left alone, he would not molest a thing belonging to the white man; that he had been driven from his home in the Lapwai, and that he was going to the Yellowstone to find a new home for his people.

Nothing could induce the Indians to surrender, and a meeting was arranged for the next day. Captain Rawn said he would talk to his people in the meantime and would report at the next council. No better results were obtained at the next meeting. For three days the council was kept up without results. At the last meeting Chief Joseph said to Captain Rawn: 'Tomorrow morning at sunrise I shall move on. I will never turn back. I do not want to fight, but if the white men insist I will fight, and fight hard. My people will never surrender.'

During all this time the Flatheads had remained steadfast in their friendship for the whites, and Chief Charlot had sent word to Chief Joseph that if he or his braves harmed the person or property of any white man in the Bitter Root valley they should have to answer to the Flatheads and their allies therefor. And that night, after the final pow-wow on the third day, the little band of Flatheads in our camp, under Chief Arlee, their war chief, held a war dance, which must have been observed by the Nez Perces from the neighboring hills, and was, no doubt, the reason why the whites in the Bitter Root valley were entirely unmolested by the Nez Perces in their march through what is now known as Ravalli county. To the unswerving friendship of the

Flathead Indians is undoubtedly due the fact that every white man, woman and child in the Bitter Root valley was not destroyed, as will appear from subsequent events.

True to his word, the chief, with all his camp following, moved the next morning, and by sunup most of them were beyond the camp and between it and the valley, where all the women and children had been left, practically unprotected. The Indians had come down the canyon within three-fourths of a mile of our entrenchments and then turned up a spur of the mountains and passed around us. As the sun came up a long line of horses and Indians could be seen on the top of the rise passing by.

A few stray shots from the Indians, spent bullets, found their way into our camp, but no one was hurt. The Indians moved on down the LoLo and turned up the Bitter Root river and camped for the night on the north side of Carlton creek. As soon as the Indians were seen on the mountains and it was found that they were on the other side of us, we broke camp, and the march of the soldiers and settlers commenced, not knowing but what every bush concealed an Indian and that none of us would get out of the trap we had voluntarily gone into. When we reached the valley unmolested the settlers from the Bitter Root were left to proceed up the valley, not knowing what might be their fate. The soldiers from the fort and the volunteers from the other parts of the state left us to our fate and went the other way. No, there was one exception, Judge W. J. Stephens came on up the valley with us and remained with us until he found that no harm was to come to us from the Indians we had been out to fight. On crossing the creek, while returning home, we found ourselves right in the Indian camp, but we were permitted to pass on without interruption, except to be told that no one in the Bitter Root valley would be disturbed, so long as they refrained from molesting the Indians in their passage through the valley. Thus ended our first campaign at Fort

Fizzle on the LoLo trail. There never was a time after the Indians came up with us on that trail but what they could have annihilated us, with little or no loss to themselves, and our women and children up the valley would have been at their mercy. No fear of the white man or the soldiers deterred them, but the fear of the friendly Indian and that alone prevented one of the greatest massacres of modern times.

The Indians then moved on through the valley by easy marches. They committed no depredations until they reached the valley, where they killed some cattle belonging to the settlers and ransacked the house of Billy Edwards. There came very near being an outbreak at Stevensville however. They camped just over the river from town and came over to trade. They found all the stores closed, but Chief Looking Glass represented that they had money to pay for what they bought and would do so. Looking Glass represented that his people needed provisions and, if refused sale, would take all they wanted anyway. Whereupon the stores opened their doors and sales commenced.

All ammunition had been stored out of sight as a precautionary measure, and, although, it was the chief article desired, they did not succeed in getting any. They did buy extensively and paid in gold. While the trading was going on some miscreant, who valued a dollar more than the lives of all the people in the valley, furnished the Indians with whiskey and it made some of them insolent. One young buck went to the back door of the house where Mr. Herman, the blacksmith, lived, and was inclined to be rude to his wife and upon Herman resenting his conduct the greatest excitement prevailed, and only the most heroic efforts on the part of their war chief, Looking Glass, were sufficient to prevent the outbreak then and there. He used his whip and harangued them until he succeeded in getting them quieted and out of town.

As they were making their way leisurely through the valley with General O. O. Howard about a week behind, General Gibbon, in command of the United States troops, was making forced marches from Fort Shaw to intercept them. At Fort Missoula Captains Rawn and Logan of the Third Infantry joined him and they marched up the valley. While General Gibbon and his command were camped in Rye creek, Captain John B. Catlin, who had raised a company of 34 volunteers from the valley, tendered to General Gibbon the services of himself and company. The General very cordially thanked Captain Catlin and told him that he and his men might come along, and, if they desired, could take part in the campaign.

As this was practically the beginning of that memorable event which will be known in history as the battle of the Big Hole, I will here give the names of those who composed the company of citizens under Captain Catlin. They were: Dave Morrow, Sam Chaffin, Newt Chaffin, Al Lockwood, Myron M. Lockwood, Alex. Mitchell, Oscar Clark, Amos Buck, Anthony Chaffin, V. Burch, Sam Dunham, Riley Cooper, Lind C. Elliot, Fred Heldt, John Armstrong, Jacob Baker, Campbell Mitchell, Barnett Wilkerson, 'Bunch' Sherill, Thomas Sherill, Billy Edwards, John Shinn, Charles B. Hart, Eugene Lent, Joe Hull, Billy Ryan, Jerry Wallace, Harrison Wilson, Mike Wright, Luther Johnson, Otto Leifer, George Wade, 'Squire' Madding and John S. Chaffin.

There was some criticism at the time, and there has been some since, of the citizens who participated in the battle, by reason of the fact that the Indians had gone through the valley without disturbing anyone or committing any depredations. It will be remembered, however that before reaching the Bitter Root the Nez Perces had been just ordinary savages on the warpath and had killed and burned indiscriminately among the old settlers over in Idaho, and



S. O. Chaffin

M. M. Lockwood

S. S. Maden

"Bunch" Sherrill

T. C. Sherrill

the further fact that it was through no love of the white man that these Indians had refrained from murdering and burning on this side of the range, but solely to the fact that the local Indians were friendly to the whites; then adding to this the fact that there was too much of the good red blood of the revolutionary forefathers running through our veins to permit these ruthless savages to get off scot free, after the wrongs they had committed on the settlers at Mount Idaho, if it were in our power to strike a blow in retaliation, and you have our answer to all such harping critics.

Captain Catlin asked General Gibbon if he would fight the Nez Perces if he overtook them. The general replied that he would but feared the Indians were too far ahead to be overtaken.

General Gibbon then ordered Lieutenant Bradley, with a few men, and Captain Catlin, with a few of his men, to go ahead and try to locate the Indians if possible, and to report to him without delay. These two officers lost no time in fulfilling their mission. They crossed over the divide and on down Trail creek to within about two miles of the Big Hole valley. There they came in sight of the Nez Perces village.

After, viewing the surroundings they returned and made their report. General Gibbon in the meanwhile, had moved his troops over the mountains into Ross Hole. Every one in the camp was now eager for the fight. On the 8th day of August General Gibbon moved his command over the main range down to within about three miles of the Indian village. Here he made a halt and had coffee and issued to each soldier 300 rounds of ammunition. After making a small detail to guard the camp, Captain Catlin having designated Anthony Chaffin, Joe Hull and Eugene Lent of his command to remain, we were ready for the march. The line of march consisted of Lieutenant Bradley in front, then Captain Catlin and his company, followed by the remainder

of the command in the rear. This was about 11 P. M. on the 8th of August. General Gibbon had one piece of artillery in his command which he ordered brought down as soon as daylight came.

About 1 o'clock on the morning of the 9th of August the command arrived and formed a line of battle on the left bank of Ruby creek, on the base of the hill covering the entire length of the Indian village, which was situated on the opposite side of the creek and about 300 yards from the line of battle. Here General Gibbon had a talk with some of his officers and was planning to send 50 men up the mountains to capture the Indians' horses, of which there were about 2,000.

Mr. Bostwick, General Gibbon's scout, remarked to the general: 'General, you had better keep your command together; you are not going to fight Sioux now.' There were but few sent up to the mountain. Lieutenant English came down the line and asked Captain Catlin to make out a small detail of his men to go out on the skirmish line. Captain Catlin replied 'All right' and remarked further: 'My men are ready for business and are ready for anything.' Captain Catlin took a few of his men and advanced about one third of the way across the swamps toward the Indian village. A skirmish line of soldiers was also sent out which extended the entire length of the line of battle.

At 3:30 o'clock, just as morning commenced to show, Dave Morrow asked Captain Catlin, 'shall we wait for orders to shoot?' Captain Catlin replied, 'Shoot the first Indian you see.' We had not long to wait. The first Indian to make his appearance was a large, well-built fellow who proved to be Cul-Cul-Se-Ne-Na, their great medicine man, who was coming directly towards us, mounted on a large iron-gray horse. The Indian did not notice our men until he was within a few yards of us; he then put spurs to his horse and attempted to ride through our lines. Four shots were fired

almost simultaneously and the great Nez Perce medicine man was no more. General Gibbon then ordered the command to fire. Three rounds in quick succession were fired when, 'Forward Charge' came in clear ringing tones from the general. The line moved forward quickly, firing at will.

The Indians tumbled out of their lodges like sheep, running in every direction, as it seemed to me; the squaws with their Winchesters doing as much execution as the bucks. But it was not long before White Bird, their great war chief, had rallied his forces from their momentary confusion, they having been taken completely by surprise, and our men began to feel the result. We were now in the Indian village and firing had almost ceased when we heard V. Burch yell at the top of his voice 'Look out, boys, they're getting in the brush behind you.' Burch was one of those who had been up the hill with a few others, and had taken refuge behind a big double pine that grew on the hillside. He was correct; the Indians were in the brush and were giving merry hell. We charged through the brush and swamp and were met at every hand by the merciless savages. It is true that our men dealt death and destruction everywhere they went, but the Indians were too numerous for us. For two and a half hours we held the field. By this time Captain Rawn was out on open ground, driving a force of Indians toward the hills on the right hand bank of the creek. His fight was hard but he was gaining his point at every round.

At this stage of the fight our forces, taken all told, were badly whipped. General Gibbon then rode up on the right bank of the creek and ordered a retreat. Our forces then fell back one-half mile up the creek to a point where the mountain extends down to the creek bottom. Here General Gibbon ordered a halt and told his men that we would make this place our final stand. Let me say here that, even in the midst of battle, things occur that would make almost anyone smile. Our men were mad and were desperate. When

Captain Catlin came up he took in the situation at a glance and remarked: 'Who in hell called a halt here?' When told that General Gibbon had ordered it he said, 'I don't give a dam; it is a hell of a place to camp.'

Here we began to throw up intrenchments. The Indians quickly surrounded us and were firing from every side, while we were digging and firing. We lay there all day in the hot sun, with not a drop of water nor a mouthful of food, with the Indians pelting us from all sides, until 11 o'clock that night. During the night we threw up a strong breastworks and were able to stand a long seige.

After dark General Gibbon called for a volunteer to take dispatches to Deer Lodge, the nearest telegraph station, and to get teams and physicians to come and care for his wounded. Billy Edwards of Catlin's company said he would go, and, though a number of others also volunteered their services for the hazardous trip, Edwards preferred to go alone. The general gave Edwards a few dollars and told him he did not have a mouthful of provisions to give him. With a 'God bless you' from the General, Billy Edwards passed the outer guards, perhaps to see the face of white man no more, with a distance of 60 miles to make without a mouthful of food and the country infested with merciless savages, risking his life for the sake of others. Edwards made the trip successfully. By the morning of the 10th the Indians had nearly all disappeared. About 15 of their best warriors still hung around our breastworks, firing occasionally. During the time we were penned up behind our hastily and rudely constructed breastworks there was an Indian that had succeeded in getting behind a log within 40 yards of us and was making things very unpleasant. Our men repeatedly fired at him but were unable to get him until finally Leifer took a shot under the log and there was one more good Indian.

The Indians also set fire to the grass and tried to burn

us out, but were unsuccessful. My attention was called at one time to Fred Heldt, who sang out: By golly! I am all shot to pieces! On examination his clothes were found to be pretty full of holes, but his injuries were slight. There were eight killed during the time we were behind the breastworks, and not a man escaped without one or more holes in his clothes.

On the evening of the 10th Hugh Kirkendall, who had charge of the transportation for General Gibbon, came down with the teams and provisions. Then we had our first mouthful of food since leaving the camp for the battle the Wednesday night previous.

On Saturday we were ordered to go out on the battle-field and bury the dead. In Captain Catlin's company there were five killed and five wounded. The killed were Lind Elliot, Campbell Mitchell, Dave Morrow, John Armstrong, and Al Lockwood. The wounded were Myron M. Lockwood, severely; Jacob Baker, slightly; Fred Heldt, slightly; Billy Ryan, slightly; and Otto Liefer, severely; Liefer, however, was wounded by accidental discharge from a soldier.

The artillery that was ordered to come down at daylight on the morning of the battle fired only two shots and was then captured by the Indians. The gunner was killed and the other two men escaped into the mountains and finally made their way back to Fort Ellis. Of the casualties to the regulars I can only refer you to General Gibbon's report to the war department.

In due time physicians and teams came with an abundance of provisions from Deer Lodge and Butte and cared for the wounded and took them to the Deer Lodge hospital. On Saturday General Howard's Indian scouts, under Captain Robbins, came into our camp and assured us that Howard was still on the trail. Strange to say, when the Nez Perces buried their dead, they would not touch their medicine man. He was left on the battle field unburied. When Howard's

scouts were taken to him they jumped off their horses and each gave a kick, saying, 'No good medicine man.' The loss to the Nez Perces was, according to reports, 208 killed and wounded. The number of killed and wounded on our side was 66 out of 194 all told.

Though we were whipped, we broke the back of the Nez Perce nation. They never rallied again. Looking Glass was killed in a battle somewhere on the Yellowstone. Chief Joseph surrendered to General Miles near the British line. White Bird never surrendered but escaped to Canada.

As to General Gibbon, we have nothing but kind words, notwithstanding the fact that when he made his report to the war department he failed to give Catlin's men that just praise which duly belonged to them and they will ever look upon that with regret. It was Captain Catlin's man who fired the first shots and brought down the great medicine man, whom the Nez Perce tribe were so confident could not be killed. It was Catlin's men who, in the dead of night, without food or blankets, carried dispatches through a country infested with merciless savages to Deer Lodge. It was Catlin's men who fought three days, side by side with soldiers, and shared alike their dangers and trials, and yet General Gibbon failed to mention them in his report that went out to the world.

As an aftermath of the Nez Perce uprising in 1877, it may be mentioned that there was a band of about 20 Indians that had escaped into Canada at the time of the surrender of Chief Joseph to General Miles who the next year returned to their old home in Idaho. When passing through the upper valley they came across Jerry Fahey and his pack train, which they appropriated to their own use. Word was sent to Fort Missoula and a small squad of soldiers, accompanied by a number of settlers, started out in pursuit, with the intention of regaining Jerry's pack train for him and administering some chastisement to the marauding

Indians. As soon as the pursuers got close enough for the Indians to know that they were followed, it was impossible to get any closer to them, for the reason that they were traveling over a rough mountain trail and all had to go single file, and the Indians could make just as fast time as their pursuers. After following them until their scanty provisions were gone, it was determined to work a ruse on the Indians, which proved successful. After camping at night on the top of the mountains, where the Indians could plainly see what was going on in the camp of the whites, all the settlers the next morning took the back trail, except Fahey, who remained in hiding with a handful of soldiers. The Indians, after they saw the returning settlers, got careless, supposing that all their pursuers had returned and consequently, that day at noon, the soldiers overtook them and surprised them, recovering Jerry's pack train without the loss of a man.

It was said at the time that the report sent in to the department spoke of the engagement as a sanguinary one, but it was the common belief that the only person hurt was Gus Nelson, who was shot through the arm, by Stubblefield, who was acting as guard at the time, and, in his nervousness, took Gus for an Indian.

But time is passing and the ranks of those who took up arms in defense of their homes in the early days and made it possible for later generations to live peacefully in this earthly paradise are thinning, and it was deemed meet and proper that there should be a reunion on this anniversary of that bloody battle of the Big Hole to compare notes and get the straight of the matter for future generations. Next year and each succeeding year thereafter it is expected we may be able to meet on that historic battlefield, where, through the efforts of our distinguished senator, who is here today with us, there has been erected a monument to commemorate that historic event.

To our honored dead: May no wanton hand ever disturb their resting place; may their remains ever rest in peace beneath the shadow of these grand old mountains that they loved so well.

Note: This review of the Battle of the Big Hole is a copy of the speech delivered by the Hon. Amos Buck, at Hamilton, August, 9th, 1908, at the first reunion of the settlers that engaged in the battle.

At the date of this address, the following members who participated in the battle were yet living:

V. Burch, Stevensville, Mont.; Bunch Sherrill, Corvallis, Mont.; Thos. Sherrill, Corvallis, Mont.; Alex. Mitchell, Corvallis, Mont.; Newton Chaffin, Corvallis, Mont.; Myron M. Lockwood, Hamilton, Mont.; Samuel S. Madding, Corvallis, Mont.; Barnett Wilkerson, Corvallis, Mont.; Fred Heldt, Darby, Mont.; John B. Catlin, Missoula, Mont.; Amos Buck, Stevensville, Mont.; Chas. B. Hart, Hamilton, Mont.; Samuel Chaffin, Corvallis, Mont.; Riley Cooper, Salmon City, Idaho.

Communication from Gen. Woodruff.

Relating to the Battle of the Big Hole, Which Answers the Complaint of Mr. Buck that Gen. Gibbon, in his Report of the Battle, Failed to Give Proper Credit to the Volunteers.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas,

September 14, 1908.

Hon. Amos Buck,
Hamilton, Montana.

My Dear Sir:—

Had I known that there was to be a re-union of the Citizen Volunteers who were with General Gibbon at the battle of the Big Hole, I should have been with them. I was in Montana at the time and visited my old post, Fort Shaw, on the 31st anniversary.

I enjoyed reading your able paper, as published in the Missoula Herald, but desire to invite your attention to a few matters wherein I think you are mistaken. I appreciate your kindly remarks respecting General John Gibbon, but I think you do him an injustice when you say "It was Catlin's men who fought three days, side by side with the soldiers and shared alike their dangers and trials." (that is true) "and yet General Gibbon failed to mention them in his report that went out to the world."

In his report dated "Headquarters District of Montana, Fort Shaw, Montana, September 2, 1877" he said among other things:

"The next day" (after leaving Fort Missoula) "we made 30 miles and were joined by a number of citizens from the upper valley, who volunteered as scouts and to join us in the fight if we should overtake the Indians."

He then complimented Mr. Joe Blodgett, who acted as guide, most highly. He spoke of Lieutenant Bradley making a night march to locate the Indian village and stampede the stock—"some twenty-five of the Citizens volunteered to accompany him."

"At that hour," (11 o'clock P. M.) "the command, now consisting of seventeen officers, one hundred and thirty-two men and thirty-four citizens, started down the trail."

"The thirty-four citizens who volunteered to accompany us, being joined to Lieutenant Bradley's command, the advance was given him."

"After proceeding about three miles the country opened out into the Big Hole Basin, and, still following the trail, guided by one of the citizens, who knew the locality."

"As the light increased Comba and Sanno were ordered to move forward, then Bradley and his citizens on the left."

"Suddenly a single shot on the extreme left rang out clear in the morning air, followed quickly by several others."

"In closing this report, I desire to speak in the most commendatory terms of the conduct of both officers and men."

To show you how this report struck other military men at the time, I will quote Generals Terry and Sheridan, to whom the report was sent.

General Terry said: "I think no man can read this report of Colonel Gibbon without feelings of great admiration for him, for his officers, for his men, and for the citizen volunteers who fought with them."

General Sheridan said: "Colonel John Gibbon, commanding the District of Montana, at once took the field at the head of 146 men, and 34 citizens who joined as volunteers, and on the 9th of August attacked them at Big Hole Pass, Montana, and, after one of the most desperate engagements on record, in which both sides lost heavily, he succeeded in driving them from the field. When it is borne in mind that the Indians outnumbered the troops and citi-

zens who attacked them more than two to one and were equally well armed and equipped, the good conduct of Colonel Gibbon and his men will be appreciated. Our loss was 3 officers, 27 soldiers, and 6 volunteers killed and 4 officers—including Colonel Gibbon—30 soldiers, and 4 citizens wounded, being over 40 per cent of the men engaged.”

I was Adjutant in the fight and intimately associated with General Gibbon for years afterwards, was present in fact when he died, and he always spoke in the warmest terms of the services of your gallant band of volunteers. I prepared a paper upon this engagement and I used this expression: “Our citizen volunteers followed their gallant leader with honor to themselves and credit to American manhood.” I submitted it to General Gibbon and he said: “That is right, you can not give those men too much credit.”

In Helena recently I spoke to Hon. Martin Maginnis about this matter, he replied: “I do not understand that; why, General Gibbon worked early and late to secure pensions for the wounded citizens and always spoke highly of the services of the volunteers with him.”

I have been thus prolix upon this matter because I loved General Gibbon and do not wish that any one of the men who served so gallantly under him should imagine he did not appreciate their heroic services.

One or two errors: We did not have coffee the night of August 8th. You will remember, no lights or fires were allowed. It was the Adjutant, not Lieutenant English, who spoke to Captain Catlin about a detail for the skirmish line. It was exactly 4 o'clock when the Adjutant gave General Gibbon's order to Comba and Sanno to move forward and then he rode to Bradley, with orders for him; Bradley ran to meet the Adjutant, so eager was he to attack. It was hardly a minute later before the first shot was fired.

Billy Edwards made a wonderful trip through the lines

and to Deer Lodge, of course I took some credit for that, as he wore my boots.

Don't think I am boasting, but I was the one who furnished the whole command with a horse meat breakfast August 10th.

Was surprised to learn that any one had criticised your conduct in volunteering—I always considered it most creditable, public spirited, heroic, and patriotic for you to do so.

I remember that Myron M. Lockwood was terribly wounded, and have often wondered how he was getting along. I was shot three times myself. It may interest you to know that of the seventeen officers in the fight only six are living.

Should you desire to write me, my address after October 1st will be: 2415 Warring Street, Berkeley, California.

With kindly remembrance to and best wishes for yourself and all who were with us at the Big Hole, I am sincerely,

(Signed)

C. A. WOODRUFF,

Brigadier General, U. S. Army, Retired.

On Custer Hill.

BY WILBUR EDGERTON SANDERS.

Tread thou with rev'rent foot this mound
Where heroes grandly died;
This soil is consecrated ground;
By their blood sanctified.
Enmeshed and doomed, they nobly fell,
Their path of duty trod;
Nor one returned the tale to tell—
So passed their souls to God.

And wailing Winter's winding shroud
Enfolds them with the years;
Above them drifts the summer cloud,
To fall in mournful tears;
While o'er their mouldered forms below,
In sad and endless strain,
The sighing winds breathe, faint and low,
A requiem of the slain.

Oh, Fateful Crest! By that dread day
That gave to thee a name;
By that remorseless, deadly fray
Thy grave-strewn slopes proclaim;
We read a tale of daring high
From Fame's emblazoned scrolls,
Of men who died as heroes die,
Of brave and knightly souls.

Here dashed on them the banded Sioux,
As bursts the hurricane;
Of them a khamsin tempest blew,
Flashed red the fiery rain;
And here flamed high the battle-brand
And War's wild echoes pealed;
Here Custer sank with all his band
Upon a stricken field.

From yonder vale the hostiles swarmed,
As forth that brave command
Swept upward to the crest and formed
For their immortal stand,
And saw beneath, on every side,
Their foes upon them pour;
Upon them dashed an angry tide,
A raging torrent bore.

As that barbaric vengeful throng,
In all its dread array,
Full thrice a thousand warriors strong,
Came crowding to the fray,
Twelve-score brave troopers, tried and bold,
To dauntless valor steeled,
Beheld its mighty strength unfold
And knew their doom was sealed.

And, knowing, dared the foe defy;
Aye! Face to face with death,
In thund'rous cheers their battle-cry
Broke o'er the earth beneath;
And thrice it rolled the skies along,
And thrice it died away;
Now pealed the war-hoop, shrill and strong,
Now joined the mortal fray.

And louder yet the tumult rang,
As crashed the leaden hail;
In strident notes the echoes sang
War's stern, heroic tale;
A heave, a toss, a frenzied yell,
And foe with foe engaged;
In wild confusion, fierce and fell,
The savage combat raged.

As in that shock two races clashed
And grappled, battle-crazed,
Blood-red the livid lightnings flashed,
Volcanic hell-fires blazed.
Portentous burst the sheeted storm
To wither as it wailed,
While Carnage, grim and multiform,
The thinning ranks assailed.

In whirlwind gusts Destruction blew.
Swept fateful torrents then,
As stormed the Ogallala Sioux,
Wild Brule, fierce Cheyenne,
As dashed the Uncapapa horde
Of naked, painted braves,
And Sans Arcs, Minneconjous poured
In overwhelming waves.

What time that maelstrom's mighty flood
Surged o'er the flaming crest;
When ran these trampled slopes with blood
From many a dauntless breast;
'Neath drifting smoke, as to and fro
The eddying conflict reeled,
Death swung his scythe with deadly blow
And reaped the gory field.

Still Crazy Horse sent forth his might
To swell the thick'ning fray,
Where in their last heroic fight
Stood Custer's ranks at bay;
Where Gall's fierce warriors breathed full soon
The combat's fiery breath,
From bloody work with brave Calhoun
And gallant Keogh's death.

And still the remnant, undismayed,
Faced that resistless tide;
Fought Custer like a lion bayed,
His brother near his side;
And with him Smith and Cooke and Yates
Their troopers, one and all,
Braved here the dread and frowning fates
And fell as heroes fall.

So sank they down to death;
Their bed immortal Glory's throne,
Where on them Fame her radiance shed
And claimed them for her own.
And Peace and Honor o'er them keep
Sad vigils by each grave,
Where rest in their eternal sleep
The bravest of the brave.

How an Early Pioneer Came to Montana and the Privations Encountered on the Journey.

BY FRANK H. WOODY, OF MISSOULA, MONTANA.

I have often been urged to write up a series of articles concerning matters which transpired in the early days of Montana, and of which I had a personal knowledge, but up to the present time have, for various reasons, neglected to do so. Recently I have been urged by some old-time friends and pioneers to write an article to be published in Volume VII of the Contributions to the Historical Society, and have reluctantly consented to do so, giving an account of my journey from the Missouri river, to what is now the State of Montana, and some account of the many difficulties met with in the journey.

In 1854 Congress passed the Kansas-Nebraska Act, organizing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, and in the spring of 1855, there was a wonderful emigration to these new territories, and especially to Kansas. In the month of April of that year I joined the rush for Kansas, and arrived at Leavenworth City about the 19th of April, 1855, with about \$35.00 in my pocket. Leavenworth City then contained seven or eight buildings, all built of green cottonwood boards.

On my way up the river on the steamboat I made the acquaintance of three or four young fellows of about my own age, and all of them of my limited means. We kept together, looking to see what we could do, and soon our money was all gone, and something had to be done. During this time one of our number, a young man from Memphis,

Tennessee, died with the cholera and things began to look serious for us.

We heard that the U. S. Quartermaster at Fort Leavenworth wanted men to drive mule teams from Fort Leavenworth up to some fort on the Missouri river, and we thought we would like the job, though none of us had ever driven a mule team. We went up to see the quartermaster and he directed us to go down to the government corrals, about three miles below the city, and report to the man in charge, and that he would employ us. We went down, but before reporting to the man in charge, we concluded to look into the nature of the employment. We stayed there a few hours and saw them breaking in teams of big, wild mules, and concluded we did not want any of that kind of work, so we did not ask for a job, but returned to the city.

When we returned to Leavenworth, we there found a Mormon, named John Waddell, who was intending to outfit a large train of wagons to haul merchandise to Salt Lake City. He had bought a portion of his cattle and was still after the others. We hired to him at twenty-five dollars a month and were put to herding cattle on foot just back of Leavenworth City, and did herd them, day and night, on foot, up to the latter part of May. He had established a camp back of what was then Leavenworth, and about a mile from the river, where our tents were then located. At that time there were but three stores in Salt Lake: Livingston & Kincaid, Gilbert & Gerrish and Hooper & Williams; all of them, at that time, about out of goods. Waddell had a contract to haul goods from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City for Livingston & Kincaid.

About the latter part of May we commenced getting up our cattle and branding them, which took several days. We then proceeded to get them up and yoke them, and in order to do so, most of the cattle had to be lassoed and snubbed to a post, the majority of them being wild cattle, and a majority of the hired men who had been hired as

teamsters, were Mormon emigrants. Waddell had, however, a few experienced teamsters, and several of us green Americans, who knew nothing about ox teams. About the last of May it commenced raining and it rained for about eight or ten days, until the ground was perfectly miry. Along in the early days of June we had got the wagons loaded and were preparing to start on our journey. The morning on which we were to start the order was given to the teamsters to yoke up their teams. A few of the old teamsters, knowing the gentle cattle, selected good teams, leaving the others for the Mormons and the green Americans to hitch up. The wagon-master finally interfered and made these experienced teamsters turn some of their gentle cattle over to the other teamsters and take, in their place, some of the wild, unbroken cattle. We had forty-six wagons in our train, running from two to six-yoke to a wagon. Not one of these Englishmen and very few of the green Americans had ever driven an ox and knew nothing about oxen or ox-teams. We had three wagon-masters, the head man, Dan Patterson, was a Cherokee breed, who had been across the plains a number of times and was an experienced man, and it turned out that Livingston & Kincaid, for whom Waddell was freighting, had promised Patterson a considerable bonus if he would get that train of merchandise in Salt Lake City in advance of the other trains. His first assistant was a man named Perry Dillon, the second assistant was a young fellow named Simpson. Dillon had been across the plains a number of times and was an experienced wagon-master. but both he and Patterson were overbearing and brutal to the men.

We started from camp on the fifth of June, and of all the teaming that ever was seen, I presume that beat all. These Mormons and the green Americans knowing nothing about the work, did not know how to handle their teams or to make them pull. The result was, we were from early morning until dark in making three miles to Salt Creek.

I remember very well the team I was driving was a four-yoke team. The pair of leaders was old, and would not keep out of the way of the others. The wheelers were fairly good, while the two yoke in the middle were wild. In those days wagons had no brakes on them, but lock chains were used altogether. We had to pass through a lane in the government farm at Fort Leavenworth, and in doing so had to pass down a long incline, not very steep. I could not make my wheelers hold the wagon back, and when I locked it, I could not make them pull it, so, in order to get on, I unlocked it and they ran into the government fence, and tore down about ten rods of it, when the wagon-master came back and pulled me out. After two or three days, we had things in better working order, and got along fairly well. We arrived at the Little Blue River, where a little town had been started, called Marysville, and this was the last of civilization that we saw, except old Fort Laramie and Fort Kearney, and one trading-post, until we arrived at Salt Lake City. Patterson, in order to earn his bonus, drove us late and early, and the men were worn out. We would start early in the morning and drive till about eleven o'clock, corral our wagons, turn our cattle loose, wait until about two o'clock, then drive the cattle in, hitch up and drive till dark; then by the time we got our supper and got to bed, it was quite late, and we were called in the morning about four o'clock. The result was that in a short time the men were tired out and nearly dead for sleep.

The wagon-master and his first assistant used to abuse the Mormons fearfully. I have seen them beaten severely with ox-bows and offer no resistance whatever, but they never tried this on the Americans.

After we had passed through Fort Kearney, we struck the buffalo country and for about three days travelled through a section of country where we were never out of sight of buffalo. The plains were dotted with them. Things

went on in this way until we arrived at a point on the Platte river about eight miles above old Fort Laramie, where we camped for that night. That afternoon rations had been issued to the various messes (there being seven in number) for one week. Each teamster was furnished with a gun, which was strapped on the outside of the wagon, the guns being known as the government Yagers, or Mississippi rifles. Each teamster had also a liberal supply of ammunition. This for protection against the Indians, as the Sioux that season were hostile and on the warpath, and the road, or a portion of it, was patrolled by government troops, and later in the season, Gen. Harney had a fight with the Sioux, at Ash Hollow, and defeated them. When we arrived at this point on the Platte river, about eight miles above Fort Laramie, we encamped for the night. In our party of young Americans was a young man, a medical graduate from Rush Medical College, Chicago, named Bates, who was acting as commissary for the train. Patterson, the head wagon-master, had a liberal supply of whiskey aboard and kept drunk a great portion of the time. After we arrived at camp that evening, he and Bates had some difficulty, and he drew his pistol upon Bates, but did not shoot. That evening or that night, our crowd of young Americans and one Englishman, to the number of nine, held a consultation and concluded we would stand their abuse no longer. We would not stand being driven night and day, and decided we would leave the train. So that night, after all hands had gone to bed, we took all the mess-kit belonging to one mess, and all the rations that we could carry, with our blankets, each man being loaded with about 150 pounds, and silently stole away from the camp, climbing a bluff two or three hundred feet high, which overlooked the camp, deposited our plunder, put out a guard, laid down and went to sleep.

Early next morning it was discovered that a part of the teamsters were missing and we were discovered on top of

this bluff. Patterson sent two or three Mexicans he had to us for the purpose of bringing us into camp and compelling us to go on. We piled up our flour sacks and blankets and got behind them. We then told the Mexicans to go back, if not, we would fire on them. They saw we were determined, and soon returned to camp and left us alone. Then there was commotion in the camp—nine teamsters gone. They commenced to chain up their lighter wagons to the heavier, and finally, about ten o'clock, proceeded. After they were well out of the way, each man gathered up his load and we all went down to the Platte river, went into camp, put out a guard and went to sleep. We had the intention, when we hired to Waddell at Leavenworth, of driving the teams to Salt Lake, and then, with the money that was coming to us, club together, buy a few pack animals, and go to California. Up to this time we had been paid nothing, but some of the boys had some money. There was a trading-post, kept by Ward & Guerrier, about a mile from where our train had camped the night before. We had the idea we could buy some pack animals from them, to pack our stuff, and, being well armed, could proceed on foot. We sent a delegation of two of our boys up to Ward & Guerrier to see if they could buy some horses, but Ward & Guerrier refused to sell them any, even refused to sell them anything out of the trading-post, saying that Dan Patterson had left instructions not to sell us any horses or anything else, and not to allow us to camp anywhere near the trading post. He believed that we would be forced away from the post and would then be attacked by the Sioux and cleaned out, as, at that time, the Sioux were roaming over that whole country. When our boys returned and reported this condition of affairs, we held a consultation as to what was best to be done under the circumstances. The next morning each man took his load and started back on the road to Fort Laramie. This was in July, and the weather ex-

tremely hot and the sand in the road deep, so that traveling with a big load was anything but pleasant. With the load we had to carry we could not go over a quarter of a mile without stopping to rest, and we made camp early that day, put out a guard, cooked, ate and slept until next day.

The next morning we started on towards Fort Laramie again, carrying our loads and stopping to rest when we were tired. We kept close together and put in another night in camp on the river, using the same precautions as before. Next morning we broke camp and started for Fort Laramie, traveling under difficulties the same as before, until late in the afternoon, when, just as we came in sight of Fort Laramie, we met an emigrant train of some fifteen or twenty wagons, traveling west. The train was splendidly equipped and they were driving a lot of loose cattle. When we met them, the man in charge, who was an old German doctor, held a consultation with us, learned our condition, and as we were traveling through a hostile country, and we were well armed, they asked if we wanted to go on west, and we told them we did. Then they said they would haul our provisions and plunder if we would travel with them as guard against the Indians; that they had a number of milch cows, and we could have plenty of milk for the milking. We gladly accepted their offer and started with them. It was a German colony from Shelby county, Missouri, going through to Shoalwater Bay, Washington. We traveled with them till we got high up on the Sweetwater, out of the Sioux country. Then our company commenced falling in with other wagons and traveling on, until a man by the name of White and myself were finally left. I had been taken sick at the last crossing of the Sweetwater, and was unable to travel, so White remained with me. Several days later a party of four Mormons, with a four-horse wagon, who had been out prospecting on the Sweetwater (now in Wyoming), were returning to Salt Lake, and White made arrangements for

them to take me to Salt Lake City. He paid them some little money that he had, and I gave them what blankets I had. When we arrived in Salt Lake City, which was about the 15th of August, 1855, I was in a very exhausted condition. At that time I had in my possession three half-dollars and two old-fashioned copper cents. White stayed on the Sweetwater to wait for some other train, and what became of him I never knew.

I stayed in Salt Lake City a day or two and finally met an old gentleman who was a Mormon, and who lived down in a ward known as Sugarhouse ward, south of the city. I do not recollect the manner of our meeting in the city, but do remember his asking where I was from. I told him North Carolina, and he said he was originally from somewhere in the western part of that state. Seeing that I was in a weak condition, he said if I would go down to his place I could stop there for a week or two. He had a field of corn that the blackbirds were eating up, and said that if I would keep them off, I could have my board for my trouble. I readily accepted this proposition, and went home with the old Mormon and watched his patch of corn three or four days. In the meantime the old man had hauled down from the mountains some dead fir logs, hard and twisted, and he set me to scoring and hewing these logs for an addition to his house. I was not able to do this work, but kept at it a day or two and then said I thought I would travel. My possessions, at that time, consisted of an old oil-cloth carpet bag, with a few trinkets in it, among them a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which I had used at school. I left the old man and went on up to the city, stayed overnight, and then started north with the intention of striking the emigrant road near what is now the Idaho line, and trying to find some emigrants going to California. Just how I subsisted in getting up there, I do not now remember, but I do remember that when I arrived at the edge of the settlement, then called

Willow Creek, now called the town of Willard, I stopped at a house and asked for some bread. They said they had none. There was a field of potatoes close to the house. I asked if I could have some, and they said to go and help myself. I dug some and putting them in my carpet sack started on and traveled until dark, when I came to a corral where there was a strawstack, in the outskirts of what is now Brigham City. I crawled into the strawstack and slept that night. Next morning I started on through Brigham City and when I came to a little stream I stopped and built a fire. I do not remember whether I had any matches or not, but I built a fire and roasted some of the potatoes and made my breakfast of potatoes, without salt. Starting on from there, in the forenoon of that day, I met a man with a wagon hauling a load of salt, that he had gathered up on the shores of Salt Lake. I asked if I could have some. He said "Yes," and I took a handful of it. I then went on till some time in the afternoon. This was in the latter part of August. As I have before stated, I arrived in Salt Lake about the 15th of August. The road was very dusty and I was not very strong and was very tired. I met a man with a wagon load of old iron, old wagon tires and other iron from broken-down wagons. He stopped me and asked where I was going and I told him I was seeking the emigrant road, with the intention of joining some emigrant train and going with them to California. He said he had been out on the desert gathering up this old iron from broken-down wagons, that there were no emigrants, and that I could not get through to California. He said the Indians were bad on the Humboldt, and the emigrants had all passed. But he said if I would go back with him to Willow Creek, he would give me work. I considered the matter and concluded it was folly to proceed, and got on to his wagon and rode back with him to Willow Creek. At that time my left arm had an abscess on it, caused, I think, by the alkali water. I went back

with him and the next day he put me to work doing some things around the place. Then the next day, I think it was, he set me and another man to making sun-dried brick or dobies. We had to walk about two miles from his house to make them. While I was with him, our living was anything but good. For breakfast we would have boiled potatoes, a little butter, some light bread and "coffee," which was made from parched crusts of bread or roasted peas. When we went to work they gave us a bucket of skim milk and some bread, with a very little butter spread on it. That was our dinner. The work consisted of making these sun-dried bricks. There were three of us at the work. One made the mortar, another moulded the brick and I carried them into the yard. Two bricks, each one 12 inches long, about 6 inches wide and 4 inches thick, could be made in one mould. With that abscess on my arm and in my weakened condition, I put in the days from early dawn until late in the evening, carrying bricks into the yard, and meantime living on that poor food. In two or three weeks we had made as many bricks as he wanted, and he said he wanted some charcoal burned. He was a blacksmith. Up on the side of the mountain about three miles there was a cove or depression, in which there was some straggling timber, some rock maple, a very hard wood. I think for the work I did for him he paid me at the rate of \$15 per month, giving me hickory shirts at \$3 apiece. He said if I would go on the mountain and burn him some charcoal, the burning of which I had some knowledge, he would pay me 12½ cents a bushel and I board myself. I went up the mountain, cut that rock maple, and burned charcoal there at 12½ cents per bushel, for about six weeks. I then came down to his house, having completed the job, and settled with him. In the meantime I had gotten a pair of pants made of elk-skin, for which he charged me \$11, I think, one or two pairs of socks and a couple of hickory shirts, and he balanced the account with me, and said, as it was getting

a little late, I had better look for some place to work for my board during the winter.

I then undertook to find a place where I could get my board for my work during the winter. My wardrobe, at that time, consisted of my elk-skin pants, two hickory shirts, no underwear, a couple of pairs of socks, my one pair of shoes and an old cloth coat, badly worn, and one hat, badly tattered and torn and of no use whatever. This was not a very good supply of clothing to stand the rigors of the Utah winter. I started out in the morning and traveled all day and in the evening found an Englishman and applied for work, asking if he would keep me during the winter for what work I could do for him. He told me to stop a few days and he would see what he could do for me. I stayed there that night, and in the morning he yoked up his ox-team and said we would go out and get a load of fencing poles. We went up to the mountains some seven or eight miles, where the snow was deep, and got a load of poles and came home. I continued there three or four days, doing such work as he had for me to do, and living on such scant fare as the family provided; bread, a little butter, potatoes and pea coffee. Then he told me he could do nothing for me, and I had better seek some other place to winter. So after traveling all day again, I came to the house of a farmer, who lived about three miles south of Box Elder City. I told him my condition, and that I wanted some place to winter where I could pay for my board by such work as I could do. He told me he had but little house room, having only one house with one room in it, which answered for bedroom, living room, kitchen and dining room. He, however, told me to go over about a half mile to another farmer's house and see if I could stay there all night, and find out if Mr. Allen, which was the farmer's name, would keep me through the winter. If not, I was to come back in the morning and he would see what he could do. So I went over to Mr. Allen's and stayed

all night there, stated to him my condition and what I wanted, and he told me that he could not keep me, that he had no work to do and was short of provisions. The next morning, after breakfast, I went back to the other house, which was kept by a Mr. William Tibbitts, a New York man. He was not in very good standing with the Mormon church, although he was a Mormon. The Mormons, in building the usual mud fort around their settlement in Box Elder, had levied an assessment on him, which he refused to pay, because he did not live within the city limits. The church authorities had taken two yoke of his cattle and sold them to pay his assessment for building this mud wall. This had angered him very much, and he was down on the Mormons and the Mormon church, although his wife was a staunch Mormon. He had a family of six children, all little girls, the eldest about 14 years of age and the next two old enough to go to school, but there was no school for them to go to. I told him I had been teaching school for two or three years, and we finally agreed that he should keep me that winter, and I should help him with his work and teach the little girls. For a sleeping apartment I was assigned to the granary, where I was furnished with a straw mattress and rather a slight quantity of bed clothing. I stayed with the old gentleman all that winter, doing such work as he had for me to do, going up the canyon with him, hauling out logs, and cutting and hewing them and helping him to put up an addition to his house. His wife was very kind to me, in fact very motherly. She took my old coat, tore it up, and out of the remains constructed a cap, which I wore during that winter. As I had no coat, she then took a piece of heavy Mormon-made cloth, containing about one and a half yards. This she put on my shoulders and put strings on it which were tied in front, and this I wore all winter in lieu of a coat. The family fared fairly well. There was plenty of bread, potatoes and meat and occasionally a cup of coffee.

During the winter I taught his little girls the best I could with the limited supply of books he had, and remained there until along in early spring.

In the meantime I saw advertised in the Deseret News two letters for me in the postoffice at Salt Lake City; due on each of them five cents. Now I wanted those letters badly, but how to get them was a problem. Living about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Tibbitts was a family named Perry, from Missouri, who had come out in the fall of 1855, and bought the improvements on a piece of land. They were recent Mormon converts and Americans. In the same paper in which I saw my letters advertised there was also one advertised for Mrs. Perry, with five cents due on it. It was 60 miles to Salt Lake City, and 15c postage to pay to get these three letters, and the trip to be made on foot, through snow from 12 to 18 inches deep and only a part of the road broken. That was a very severe winter in Utah and the snow had fallen very deep. In conversation with Mrs. Perry, she told me if I could manage to go to Salt Lake and get these letters she would give me half a dollar with which to pay the charges on them. I took the half dollar and started, and lived off of the Mormons on the road until I reached Salt Lake City, went to the postoffice and got the letters, the first I had received from home since early in the spring of the year before.

Now, I was in Salt Lake City with 35c in my pocket, an absolute stranger, and I had to eat and sleep, and how to procure these necessities I was at a loss to tell. In rambling around the city, I struck on three or four Americans, who had come in with an ox-train the fall before and who, stranded in the city, were living in an adobe building in the 19th ward. Getting into conversation with them, they found I was an American and a non-Mormon, and was, like themselves, stranded and destitute. They invited me to go to their house and partake of their hospitality

while I was in the city, and I very cheerfully accepted the invitation. We went down to the house. All they had was the one room with a fireplace. No furniture excepting two or three stools, and no cooking utensils except a kettle and a skillet and a tin pan, and the supply of bedding was very limited. Along in the evening they proceeded to get the supper ready. They had some corn meal, which they mixed with cold water and baked in the skillet; we roasted potatoes in the hot ashes, and on this we made our supper. They were about destitute of money; had only about enough to pay their rent and buy a little cornmeal and a few potatoes. After supper, they said to me, "Now, you will have to go out and help to get wood for the night and morning." As Salt Lake City stood in a plain, with no timber within eight or ten miles, I naturally asked where we were to get it. They told me three or four of us would spread out and travel in different parts of the city, until he found good wood-piles, and then each would shoulder a load and bring it to the house. The city of Salt Lake is laid out in blocks of ten acres, so the blocks are large. I struck out on a street and traveled three or four blocks, until I came to a good, large woodpile, lying on the edge of the street. There I shouldered a dead cottonwood log, ten or twelve feet long, and of pretty good size. It was about all I could shoulder, although I was then robust and strong. After considerable labor I got it back to the house, where I found the other boys had each returned with a load of wood, and we had fuel enough to do us two or three days. But the devil would have been to pay had the Mormons caught me with that log on my shoulders. I stayed with these men two or three days and again started back to my wintering place. Just how I got back I hardly remember, but I lived upon the Mormons and foraged my way back to Mr. Tibbitts'.

I must digress here and tell a little about some of the privations that the Mormons suffered that winter. In the

summer of 1855 the grasshoppers and crickets had eaten up the crops, and they were all on short rations that winter, and, to make matters worse, in the summer or fall of 1855 there had been a large emigration of English and Danish Mormons, that had come to Salt Lake. A large portion of the Danes had settled in Box Elder City, about three miles from where I was living. That winter was an unusually hard one and the snow very deep. At that time there was no settlement up in Cash valley (now one of the most populous valleys in Utah), and the church had there a herd of several thousand head of cattle. During the winter the snow was so deep that these cattle had to be driven out and down through Box Elder canyon, passing about a half mile from where I was stopping. They were being driven down to the shores of Salt Lake, where the snow was partly off. These cattle were so poor and starved that many of them fell and died while being driven, and a number of them lay down and died near where I was living. I saw the Danes in Box Elder come down in numbers, skin these poor cattle that had died of starvation and carry the meat back to their homes to live on.

During this winter my old shoes gave out and Mr. Tibbitts took me to Box Elder, to a shoemaker there, and had a pair of shoes made for me out of some Mormon-tanned leather. This leather was tough, but it was so porous that the water would come through it like a sieve. I remained with Mr. Tibbitts till along about the middle of April, when the snow had disappeared and the grass began to come up, and one day he said he had no further work for me, and that the best thing I could do would be to strike out and see if I could not find some place where I would get something for my work. I took his advice. Of course when I left, I had to leave this piece of cloth I had been wearing for a coat all winter, so I put on my extra hickory shirt, as I had two of them. Wearing my elk-skin pants, my socks, the old cap and the pair of shoes, I started out in light marching order, hardly knowing where to go. I took the

road south towards Salt Lake City and traveled during that day. Where I stopped and whether I got anything to eat that night, I do not remember. Next morning I passed through the city of Ogden, and after walking two or three miles, I overtook two men who were traveling in the same direction. One of them had a single blanket, the other carried a rifle, shot-pouch and powder-horn. I enquired as to where they were going, told who I was, and where I was going. We found we were all in the same box. They had come in with a late freight train in the fall of 1855, and, having been paid off, they traveled to what was then known as Ogden Hole, now called North Ogden, and there struck a man by the name of Blodgett, with whom they made a contract to keep them until spring. They turned over what little money they had to him, how much I do not know, for which he was to board and lodge them till spring. One of these men was Jim Tingsley, from Indiana; the other, Sam Ballingee, a native of Kentucky, who had been living a few years in Missouri. Jim thought it would help him to get through the winter if he joined the Mormon church. This he did, not in good faith, however, but merely thinking it would help him. They had stayed with this man Blodgett till the latter part of March, when Blodgett informed them their money was all used up and they would have to seek other quarters. So they took their one blanket and rifle and went down to the mouth of the Weber river, where it emptied into Salt Lake, and where there was a considerable quantity of box elder timber, and there they established a camp. There was a considerable number of wild geese coming in at that time, and as Sam was an excellent shot, they lived on wild geese in their camp there for about two weeks. Then they struck out to find better quarters, and were on their way when I overtook them. We held a consultation, and I might say formed a trust. Sam put in his rifle and pouch and powder-horn, Jim his blanket, and I, my experience. We had all heard that Dr. Hurt, U. S. Indian Agent for

the Utah Indians, was opening a farm for the Indians on Spanish Fork river, about sixty miles south of Salt Lake City, and was employing some men. On consultation, we decided to try to reach that point, but it was about a hundred miles from where we were then, and then the problem came up as to how we were to subsist on that long journey. After some discussion, we agreed we would subsist on the Mormons by passing ourselves off as Mormons and begging our way. On the start, we drew straws to see who should make the attempt to get something to eat, and the first one to whom the lot fell to do this was to continue in that business during that day, then one of the rest was to do the same the succeeding day, and the other one on the third day. I think we were the first three original tramps in the United States, and we followed the methods very closely that are pursued by the tramps of the present day. My recollection is, it fell to Jim's lot to provide provisions and a sleeping place for the first day. The houses along the road were scattered, but we never passed one without asking for something to eat. Occasionally we would get a small piece of bread, but never any meat, that being an unknown quantity with us at that time. In this way we succeeded in getting enough bread to keep our hunger down to a certain extent and finding some place where we could lodge, which was usually in an outhouse. We passed on through Salt Lake City, and after walking about fifteen or twenty miles, we stopped one day, just after noon, at quite a farm house on the side of the road for the purpose of trying to get something to eat. This was Jim's day to provide. We went to the house and found three or four ladies there and a number of children, but no man was to be seen. Now Jim had gall the equal of any man I ever saw. We went around to the kitchen and Jim told that we wanted something to eat. One of the ladies said they did not have anything to give us, that they were short of provisions themselves and people were traveling

by all the time and asking for something to eat. Jim stepped inside and sat down on a chair while Sam and I sat on the steps outside. Jim entered into familiar conversation with this lady, and tried to induce her to give us something to eat, but without any success. Again and again I attempted to urge him to come on, as I saw no prospect of our getting anything. Jim would say, "Don't be in any hurry; let's rest." There was a cooking stove in the room with a fire in it. We stopped there some little time, and finally, the lady opened the oven door and took out three or four loaves of bread, and, with very ill grace, gave us a small loaf, which we took, and thanking her, started on. After we left I asked Jim, "What did you wait there so long for?" He said, "I knew that woman was baking bread, and I was going to stay there until she either took that bread out or burnt it up." We traveled on that afternoon and got to a place I think must have been American Fork, which was quite a settlement. Just before that, I said, "Where are we to stop tonight, Jim?" He replied, "We can go down to this settlement and stop with the bishop." I protested, telling him it was dangerous to stop with the bishop; as we were passing ourselves off as Mormons, he would be sure to put us through an examination, and we would be shown to be imposters and like as not we would be killed, as the Mormons were anything but friendly to the Gentiles. But Jim said, "That's all right, we can stand an examination; and then the bishops live better than anyone else." After dark we reached the settlement. At that time all these small Mormon settlements were surrounded with a high mud wall, a regular fort, and they were called forts. We approached the entrance and as we got to the gate, someone came out. Jim enquired if the bishop lived there, and was told that he did, but that he was not at home; he was at his farm about half a mile from there. Jim said, "We will go up there." I still protested, but Jim insisted, "We will go up there

and get something to eat." Finally, we found the bishop's house, halloed, and the bishop himself came out. We told him we were three travelers on our way to Spanish Fork, where we expected to get work for the government; that we wanted a place to stay all night and something to eat. The first questions he asked was, "Were we members of the church?" and of course we told him we were. After a slight hesitation he told us to come in and probably he could accommodate us. We went into the house. The family had just finished eating their supper. There were four women in there, his four wives, I suppose, and about a half-dozen children. Now, the Mormons at every meal ask a blessing and they have a stereotyped formula they use at all times, and generally wind up with, "God bless the Presidency of the Church, even Brother Brigham. Amen." The bishop told the women to give us something to eat, and they put on the table some potatoes and a lot of meat, the first we had seen for a long time. We sat down to the table, and Jim, drawing down his face, asked the regulation stereotyped Mormon blessing, to which we both said "Amen," and then "fell to," and filled ourselves up. After we had eaten our meal, the old bishop, just as I expected, opened the racket, taking Jim first. Jim passed muster all right. Then came my turn. He asked me where I had lived? where I was from? I told him. He then said, "When did you first hear about Mormonism?" I told him a good many years ago. He said, "Where did you first meet any of them?" I said, "Back in Mormon Grove, Kansas." It had happened that while we were herding cattle just back of Leavenworth, there was above that point a Mormon outfitting post, called Mormon Grove. I knew one of the bishops by the name of Snow, who was in charge of it. So when he asked me where I joined the Mormon church, I said, "At Mormon Grove." And when he asked who baptized me, I said, "Brother Snow." He turned to Sam, and he got through, too, in pretty good shape. We

talked awhile, had family prayers, and we all said "Amen." Then he put us into a little lean-to, built of slabs and covered with slabs, and at one end of which there was one or two slabs missing, so the chickens could come in and out. There was a straw tick and an old quilt or two. It did not take us long to disrobe, for all we had to do was to take off our shoes. We then piled into bed and slept good and soundly. The next morning Jim was up first and made his toilet, which consisted of putting on his shoes, before Sam and I got up. He then commenced to rummage around the room. In one corner were two or three sacks of oats, and behind these he discovered a hen's nest with three eggs in it. He got the eggs out and commenced to break the shell and suck them. I remonstrated with him and pointed out that he would be sure to get us into trouble, but he said, "That's all right; they will never know the difference." So Jim swallowed the three eggs and put the shells back in the nest. We went to breakfast and the old bishop asked the regulation blessing, to which we all said "Amen," as usual, and while we were eating, and Jim and the old man were keeping up an animated conversation, a little boy came into the room with those egg shells in his hand, and said: "Mamma, what do you suppose has sucked these eggs?" I was never so scared in my life, and I looked for some place to get into, but Jim never even blushed, and the woman said, "I guess it must be the cat sucked them," but the little boy said the cat did not make as big holes as that. I was so nervous that I was almost sweating blood. As we were getting ready to go the old Mormon said, "I wish you would see, if you can, that the government pays me for your entertainment last night." Jim promised faithfully to do so, and as Sam and I were anxious to get away, Jim finally broke loose and came on.

From there we went down to Spanish Fork and were hired by Dr. Hurt for the government at twenty dollars

a month. They were building a dam and big canal to irrigate the farm they were making for the Indians on this greasewood land. The work was hard and we worked about twelve hours a day. For the first two or three weeks all we had to eat was beef and potatoes. We were allowed $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of beef and $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of potatoes for each man. But after being continually hungry for six or eight months, this did not satisfy us. We had no bread whatever. So, one day about eighty of us went up to the office. Dr. Hurt was not there, but there was an old gentleman by the name of Kerr, a good-natured old Virginian, in charge. He asked what was the matter and we told him we wanted something more to eat. He said, "Aren't you getting $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of meat and $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of potatoes each every day?" We told him we were, but that was not enough. He said, "How much do you think you could eat?" We told him we thought about 3 lbs. each of potatoes and meat. He said, "Go to work; you shall have it." They issued us that ration for a couple of weeks, and by the end of that time we had gotten filled out and it was a little more than we wanted. By this time they had gotten a little cornmeal and added it to the rations of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of beef and $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of potatoes. There was something over eighty men, divided into four messes. I was made the cook of one mess and Sam was made cook of another. In the meantime, we had drawn a little money and the Mormons were bringing in a little butter, and Sam and I, our messes being adjoining, bought two or three pounds of butter, and about this time they issued a small ration of flour, just enough to make one biscuit a day for each man, and we would cook the biscuits for supper. After Sam and I got this butter, we would make up our dough and pinch off enough to make about three biscuits for each of us, and would bake and eat them before the other boys came in, thus making their rations somewhat shorter, but as the most of them were Mormons, we were not particular about that.

We stayed there and worked for quite a while, when Ballingee and Tingsley got an opportunity to go with some parties who were going to California, but I stayed there and worked until the last of August, 1856, when a man by the name of Bill Madison, a Wisconsin man, and I, quit, to go to Salt Lake City. We had an order on the firm of Hooper & Williams for our money, each having about fifty dollars coming. We had the idea of getting in with some emigrant train going to California. But when we arrived at Salt Lake City we found there was very little emigration that year and all of it had already passed; that the Indians had been unusually hostile down on the Humboldt and it was dangerous traveling. The only settlement in what is now Nevada was a small one on the Truckee river, just below the present town of Reno.

We stayed in Salt Lake City a few days, endeavoring to find some way of getting out of Utah. While we were there I saw five of the leading Danites, or, as they were called, "Destroying Angels." They were the notorious Porter Rockwell, the chief of the band, Lot Smith, Bill Hickman, Lot Huntington and Al Huntington.

After being in the city a few days I went one day to Hooper & Williams' store to draw a little of the money I had there, and saw Capt. Hooper, the senior member of the firm. He asked me if I could drive oxen and I told him, "Yes." He then asked me how I would like to take a trip out to the Flathead country. Now I had not the most remote idea where that country was, and so asked him, and he said, "Up north, on the headwaters of the Columbia river." He said there was a man in the city who wanted to go to the Flathead country, to trade with the Indians for horses, and wanted to take two ox-teams, and he wanted two ox-teamsters. He asked me how I would like to take such a trip, and I said, "I am willing to go anywhere to get out of this God-forsaken country." He said the man wanted two teamsters to go on the trip, and I told him

there were two of us who would go. So he said to come down to the store that afternoon, and the man would be there. That afternoon we met the man, whose name was Van Etten, a Mormon. We made a bargain to drive teams for him to the Hell Gate river, in the Flathead country, five or six hundred miles north from Salt Lake City. He was to pay us fifteen dollars per month, and to sell us any goods we needed at Salt Lake prices, and we were to start within two or three days. The next day we commenced to get our wagons loaded, and everything ready for a start, and early in September, 1856, we left the city of the Saints and started on our journey to the Hell Gate river, in the Flathead country, which we found to be a point on the river about two miles below the present city of Missoula.

Our outfit consisted of two wagons loaded with goods for the Indian trade, each drawn by four yoke of oxen. The firm of Hooper & Williams sent in company with us, three wagons also loaded with goods for the Indian trade, one wagon drawn by four mules and the other two each by four yoke of oxen. The Van Etten outfit consisted of himself and four men. The Hooper & Williams outfit consisted of six men. We traveled north up the east side of Salt Lake, crossed Bear river, near the point where the town of Corinne was afterwards located, on the Central Pacific railroad. We then continued on north, up the Malade valley and river to the head of that stream, and crossed Bannack mountain and followed down a stream called Bannack river, a tributary of Snake river. After following this stream for some distance, we left it and turned north to the Port Neuf river, which we crossed and continued on north until we reached Snake river at Fort Hall, an old Hudson's Bay Company trading post. We then followed up the left or south bank of the Snake river, six or seven miles, to a place where we found it could be forded with our wagons. We forded it, crossing to the north side of the stream. We followed up that stream to a point

somewhere near where the town of Idaho Falls is now located. We then turned and traveled north by Market Lake, until we struck Medicine Lodge creek, at a point a short distance west of the present town of Dubois, on the Oregon Short Line railroad. We then followed up an Indian trail, along Medicine Lodge creek, to the summit of the Rocky mountains, which we crossed without any difficulty, and came down on what I believe was a tributary of Red Rock creek, now in the present county of Beaverhead, in Montana. As near as I can remember, our entrance into what is now the State of Montana, was on or about the first of October, 1856. We then crossed Horse Prairie and Big Hole Prairie, and followed up a creek which I think is now called Trail creek, to the summit of the Continental Divide, which we crossed at what is now called Gibbon's Pass, and came down into Ross' Hole, in the extreme upper end of Ravalli county. The road across the mountains at Gibbon's Pass was the most difficult piece of road over which we traveled throughout the entire journey. From the summit of the mountain down to Ross' Hole, was some two miles, with no road except an Indian trail, through the timber, and much of the way the descent was very steep, and in many places quite abrupt. In order to get our wagons down, it was necessary to lock both of the rear wheels and put rough-locks on them, by wrapping log chains around them, and also by hitching two yoke of cattle to the rear end of each wagon, with a man at their heads with a club, to make them pull back, and then came down the mountain at railroad speed. These were the second lot of wagons ever brought over this trail. In the fall of 1855, two or three wagons, lightly loaded, were brought over this trail, piloted by an old Mexican trapper named Emanuel Martin, generally known as and called "Old Manwell, the Spaniard."

From Ross' Hole we were compelled to make a detour, and cross another mountain, as there was no road down

the canyon, where the road is now established. After crossing this last mountain, we were in the Bitter Root valley, proper, and from that point had no great difficulty in getting our wagons through.

The first sign we had of habitation was at the mouth of Willow creek, just below the present town of Corvallis, where there were some log buildings, put up in the fall of 1853, for winter quarters, by Lieut. John Mullan, under orders of Gov. Isaac I. Stevens, the first Governor of the Territory of Washington. Stevens was making an exploration for a transcontinental railroad from St. Paul to Puget Sound, and directed Mullan to put up these buildings and with a small number of soldiers to remain there during the winter, for the purpose of getting acquainted with the Indians and to gain all possible knowledge of the country, climate, &c. These buildings were called Cantonment Stevens. Some of these buildings were occupied by a man named Henry Brooks, who had charge of a number of horses and cattle belonging to a man named Neil McArthur, who had temporarily located at that place.

The next sign of a building that we saw was Fort Owen, near the present town of Stevensville, which consisted of a log stockade, with some buildings inside. This was a trading post, established by Major John Owen. There were a few small log cabins built outside of the stockade and occupied by some Indians and half-breeds. There were only three white men at the Fort. Henri M. Chase was in charge of the place and the other two men were Al Tallman and Louis Robonin. All three of these men had been living in the Nez Perce country, near where the present town of Lewiston is now located, but in the summer of 1856, the Indians of that particular locality had become decidedly ugly, and these three men, with their Indian families, had come to the Bitter Root valley for the good of their health.

Major John Owen, the owner of the Fort, with a French-

man named Pierre M. Lafontaine (now living in the Bitter Root valley), and a Delaware Indian called Delaware Jim, were absent from the Fort, having gone to Fort Benton for a supply of Indian goods. We arrived at the end of our journey on the Hell Gate river, about two miles below the present city of Missoula, about the 15th day of October, 1856.

At that time, there were encamped on the ground where the city of Missoula is now located, some 300 lodges of Indians, who were on their annual trip to the buffalo country, on the Yellowstone, Judith and Musselshell rivers and were waiting for these traders to arrive, to procure their supply of ammunition, blankets and other Indian goods. At that time the only places where buildings had been erected and were occupied by white people, within the limits of the present State of Montana, were those at Cantonment Stevens: Fort Owen, a small Catholic Mission, at the present site of St. Ignatius Mission; a few small buildings at the mouth of the Jocko river, where a temporary Indian Agency was established; Fort Benton; and Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone river. There was but one white woman in the entire country. Her name was Mrs. Minnie Miller, who, with her husband, was domiciled at the aforesaid Indian Agency.

The foregoing is a rambling statement, written from memory, of how I happened to come to Montana, with some of the incidents and difficulties which I encountered during that journey.

The reader will remember that I left the Missouri river at Leavenworth City early in June, 1855, and, after sixteen months' wanderings, I arrived in what is now the State of Montana, one of the grandest states in the Union.

As the readers of this narrative may wish to know what became of my two tramp partners, Sam Ballingee and James Tingsley, I will say that I do not know what became of Jim, the man with the superabundance of gall, but as

for Sam Ballingee, he is now living, or was on the 15th day of November, 1909, in Lemhi county, Idaho, as I recently received a short letter from him, dated Carmen, Idaho, Nov. 15th, 1909, in which he said: "I well remember the night we stayed with old Brother Draper, and you and Jim asked the blessing."

The Execution of "Bill" Hunter.

BY WESLEY P. EMERY.*

In the fall of 1863, after having been in Alder Gulch since July, and as the surface mines were being closed down on account of the approach of cold weather, I, like many others, knowing that there would be but little work to do until the following spring, concluded to leave there for the winter. I bought a horse and gun with a good supply of ammunition, and after making a couple of trips, returned to Virginia City in the fore part of December. There I bought as much flour, bacon and other necessary articles as I thought my pony could carry, and started out for the Gallatin valley, with the view of possibly locating on a farm.

The route from Virginia City at that time passed by the Warm Spring, above Red Bluff, and down on the west side of the Madison river, to about twelve or fifteen miles above the Three Forks, where it crossed to the east side and continued on down to Gallatin City.

A few miles above Gallatin, a man by the name of Morris had located and built a cabin, and at this time three men, Vincent Moore, Jim (or Bill) Sullivan and Wiley Huffaker, were staying there with him. The latter I understand was afterwards killed in the Belt range, north of Bozeman, by a tribe of Sioux Indians, who raided this portion of the country.

Dennis Riordan, a man for whom I had mined in the

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fall of '63, in company with Albert Tullock, and the Jim (or Bill) Sullivan mentioned above, had moved over to the West Gallatin, where each had made locations for farms, and it was with these three men that I intended to locate for the winter. Their place was on what was called the Island and not far from the bench on the west side of the valley, and just east of a small spring creek that formed the west boundary of the island. In a grove of cottonwood trees they had built three cabins only a few rods apart and in the form of a triangle, so that their farm locations cornered in the triangle between the cabins. This arrangement was for better protection in case of trouble with the Indians. The Northern Pacific railroad crosses the West Gallatin valley only a short distance to the north of where they were located.

Of the three cabins only one had been finished, and it was in this cabin that three of us spent the rest of the winter. Sullivan left the day that I arrived, and did not return that winter, and about the first of April, Riordan and I returned to Alder Gulch.

Some time in the latter part of January, '64, a man named George Krattcer, who had located about a mile and a half up the valley, was returning from Virginia City with a dozen Jacks, when he was overtaken by one of Barney Hughes' partners, Fairweather, I think. This was the time of the Alder Gulch stampede.

Our information about this stampede was, of course, very meagre, but we imagined that the strike must be up in the Gallatin canyon. It was short work for us to prepare and with two other men from the Krattcer place, we were soon on our way, and the next forenoon reached the Gallatin canyon. About noon a small party of men came down the canyon from Virginia City and they were followed by others in squads and platoons, so that by 3 o'clock one hundred or more men had gathered, all anxious to find Barney Hughes and the rich gulch it was reported he had

found. After giving this crowd as much information as we could, Dennis and I started back down the river, intending to look along the base of the mountains for the trail, but as we found none we concluded that Fairweather had not come toward the Gallatin at all, but had gone on down the Madison. We started home and night overtook us about fifteen miles down the valley. That night we went into camp with four other men, George Kelley, whom I got to know in later years as "Bummer" Kelley, and whom no doubt many of the old-timers will remember. Van Austrin was Kelley's partner. The other two men were French Canadians, one of whose name was Charles Ledoux, and the other's name I have forgotten.

As early as 3 o'clock the next morning, Van Austrin and Kelley had breakfast, saddled their horses and left us. Dennis and I set out shortly afterward, going on down the valley, and when the sun came up we were within three miles of home. In the meantime the clouds had thickened and before we reached the cabin it was snowing hard, and it continued to storm until the next morning.

When we reached the cabin, we found a man there whom Kelley and my partner knew as they had worked with him on adjoining claims in Spring Gulch. Spring Gulch is a tributary of Alder Gulch, joining it on the east in the Pine Grove district. I soon learned, however, that the man occupying our cabin was one of the men wanted by the Vigilantes. Before we went on the stampede George Krattcer had told me about the man, who, by some unknown means, had escaped from the city on the night that the Vigilantes took it upon themselves to rid Montana of one of the worst gangs of thieves, cut-throats and murderers that ever infested the west. He was one of the road agents—not one of the hold-up or murder gang, but a spy who reported to the gang, whenever a man with much money was going out of the country, and he would forthwith be waylaid, robbed and murdered.

Following is the story of the escape and capture of "Bill" Hunter, on the night that was so fatal to his companions, the story as near as I can remember it after a lapse of forty-six years. Hunter was familiar with the fact that we knew he was wanted by the Vigilantes and so talked to us without reserve; but at no time did he acknowledge his guilt to us.

Through some of his friends, Hunter heard that the Vigilantes had organized and that they were determined to rid the country of this band of desperados, and that the committee had a list of all the members was a foregone conclusion, so, aided by the fact that he was not so well known as the others, he managed to hide until after dark and then worked his way down the gulch and managed to get into an open drain ditch. He worked his way through this drain ditch, and either because the guards were stationed too far apart or because they were lax in their duty, he managed to pass the outer guard, and now his sole object was to put as much space between himself and Virginia City as possible.

He started across the divide for the Madison valley. As the ground was covered with snow and the weather cold, he frosted both of his feet quite severely; so that it was difficult for him to travel. He managed to get food from the few settlers who lived in the valley and from hunters camped along the trail, and proceeded on down the Madison as fast as his frozen feet would allow him to travel, and finally reached the Morris cabin, that I have mentioned above.

Hearing that Dennis Riordan was located on the West Gallatin, and thinking he would be much safer in that locality, Hunter set out for our cabin and arrived there on the same day that we had started on the stampede. As Tullock had left his blankets behind and there was plenty to eat in the cabin, Hunter planned to stay here until his feet got a little better, and then work his way down to

Fort Benton, where he thought he would be safe from capture by the Vigilantes. This explains how we happened to find the man occupying our cabin when we returned from the stampede. When Kelley left us for Gallatin, Hunter expected that he would send him a horse and outfit with which to get out of the country. He told us about the Vigilantes being after him, and he knew that if caught, his fate was death. All the time he protested his innocence, but admitted that he was acquainted with all of the gang that had been captured and hung. He also admitted that he had, at one time, carried a message to some of the gang down on the Stinking Water, but that that was the worst he had done. He carried a Colt's revolver with him all the time and declared that he would not be taken alive. Little did he know that at the time he was telling this story the Vigilantes were close on his trail.

Barney Hughes was at Gallatin City and a large part of the stampedeers had gone on down to that place. Some of the Vigilantes, always alert for news of Hunter or his whereabouts, were with the stampedeers. (I have even heard that the stampede was started for the purpose of his capture). Kelley and Van Austrin and the two Canadians were at Gallatin City, and I suppose it was through some of them that the knowledge of Hunter's whereabouts became known. Anyway that night the Vigilantes were out searching for our cabin, but failed to find it. They returned to Gallatin where they secured a guide, and about midnight they surrounded us.

Being rather a light sleeper myself, I was awakened by the tramp of horses, and thinking it might be our animals that had returned to the house, I got up and as I opened the door and stepped outside a man said, "Good evening." I answered, "Good something, I don't know whether it is evening or morning." "Can we come in and get warm?" he asked. "Certainly you can." I said, and, as it was a cold night (about zero, I think), I turned back into the

cabin, threw a few sticks of wood on the fire, and went back to bed. I took these men to be a party just down from the canyon, so I asked them about the weather up there and about the crowd of stampedeers, and other subjects connected with the stampede. Then they asked if they could stay until morning. I told them that they could if they could find room in the cabin, which they proceeded to do, and how they managed it I hardly know as there were thirteen of them and the cabin was only ten by twelve feet in the clear. I noticed the men all had guns, which they brought into the house with them.

I got pretty well acquainted with one of the men afterwards and he asked me if I knew that there were thirteen guns drawn on me that night when I stepped to the door. I told him "No," and that I thought it quite unnecessary to draw guns on a man who had on nothing but a shirt and when the weather was at zero.

In our cabin the chimney was in the northwest corner and the door in the northeast corner. All along the south side there were arranged three single bunks; the one in which Dennis slept was nearest the ground in the southeast corner; the other two bunks were two and a half feet above this one and reached entirely across the south side of the cabin, so that the uppermost bunk was about four feet from the ground which served as the floor in our cabin. Hunter occupied the bunk over Dennis, and I slept in the third one with my head in the opposite direction from Hunter. I did not sleep much the balance of that night and I noticed that some of the men in the cabin were up all the time. Hunter pretended to be asleep, but the overcoat that he had used for a blanket, I noticed, he had pulled into the bed with him. Dennis had made himself known, and talked with the men, so that they knew he was not the man they were after; but as for Hunter no one will ever know what his thoughts or feelings were, or how his guilty conscience must have tortured him. The tell-tale soldier overcoat was

on the bed when the men came in and he pulled it under cover during the night, which proved that he perhaps entertained some suspicions as to who our visitors were.

Just at daylight they prepared to leave without having had any breakfast, and as soon as their horses were saddled one of the men, who appeared to be the leader, came over to my bunk and asked in a whisper if I had seen a man around there in the last few days, who appeared to be about twenty-four or five years old. He had a moustache; his pants were fancifully foxed* with buckskin and he wore a soldier's overcoat. This was the description of Hunter at the time he left Virginia City, but on his arrival at our cabin he had clipped his moustache so that it looked no longer than the few days' growth of beard he now had.

I asked the man if it was "Bill" Hunter that he wanted, and when he replied, "Yes," I indicated Hunter's bunk and said, "I believe that's your man," but I warned him to be on his lookout because Hunter had a revolver in bed with him and swore he would never be taken alive. He replied, "We will look out for that." He went outside and soon returned with all of the other men, who arranged themselves around the room with guns ready for quick action. Twelve men, all ready to shoot, and only one against them, and he in bed with the cover pulled over his head. The man who had spoken to me went over to Hunter's bunk, and placing one arm across Hunter's body he bore his full weight upon it, at the same time pulling the cover from Hunter's face and saying, "Hello, Bill, wake up; I want to talk to you." Hunter said, "If you want to take me back to Virginia City and give me a fair trial, I will go with you, but if not, I won't go." "You shall have a trial," said the man, "so get up and come with us. Have you a gun in bed with you?" "Yes." "Give it to me," said his captor, "and get up and prepare for the road." While

*In the early days it was quite common to put buck-skin patches on the knees and seat of the trousers, and strips of buck-skin around the bottom and along the seams on the outside of the leg. Hunter's trousers had the fancy patches both above and below the knees.—The Author.

Hunter was dressing, he protested his innocence of any complicity in the crimes for which the most of the gang had just been hung at Virginia City. He was told that there was a horse for him to ride, and when they left he was on one of the horses and one of the men was on foot.

I watched them cross the little spring creek near the cabin and enter the brush and timber on the other side, where the trail led out toward a bench farther on. That was the last time I ever saw "Bill" Hunter.

The trail which they took led directly into an opening showing to the left open bench land and to the right an old slough, in which the water stood in pools. The right hand side of this slough was lined with cottonwood trees, alder brush and willows. On this bank and near the edge of the slough stood a cottonwood tree, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter. In the top, which was partly dead, was an old crow's or hawk's nest, and about twelve feet from the ground one large limb grew out horizontally over the slough. It looked as though it might have been made for the purpose it soon was to serve, for the party of thirteen men with their captive halted in front of this tree, and when they left each man had a horse to ride.

Hunter's body was found the next day by some hunters who were camped about a mile below. A slip of paper, on which were written the words, "Bill Hunter, executed to satisfy the strict requirements of justice." was found pinned to the body of the executed man.

The hunters cut the body down, carried it to the top of the bench, dug a shallow hole and in it they put all that was mortal of William Hunter. I do not know whether the body was placed in a coffin or not, but there was a rude board at the head of the grave, which bore Hunter's name and to which was pinned the slip of paper which had been found when the body was taken down.

In the fall of '64 I was at the grave for the last time and discovered that some animals had been molesting it.

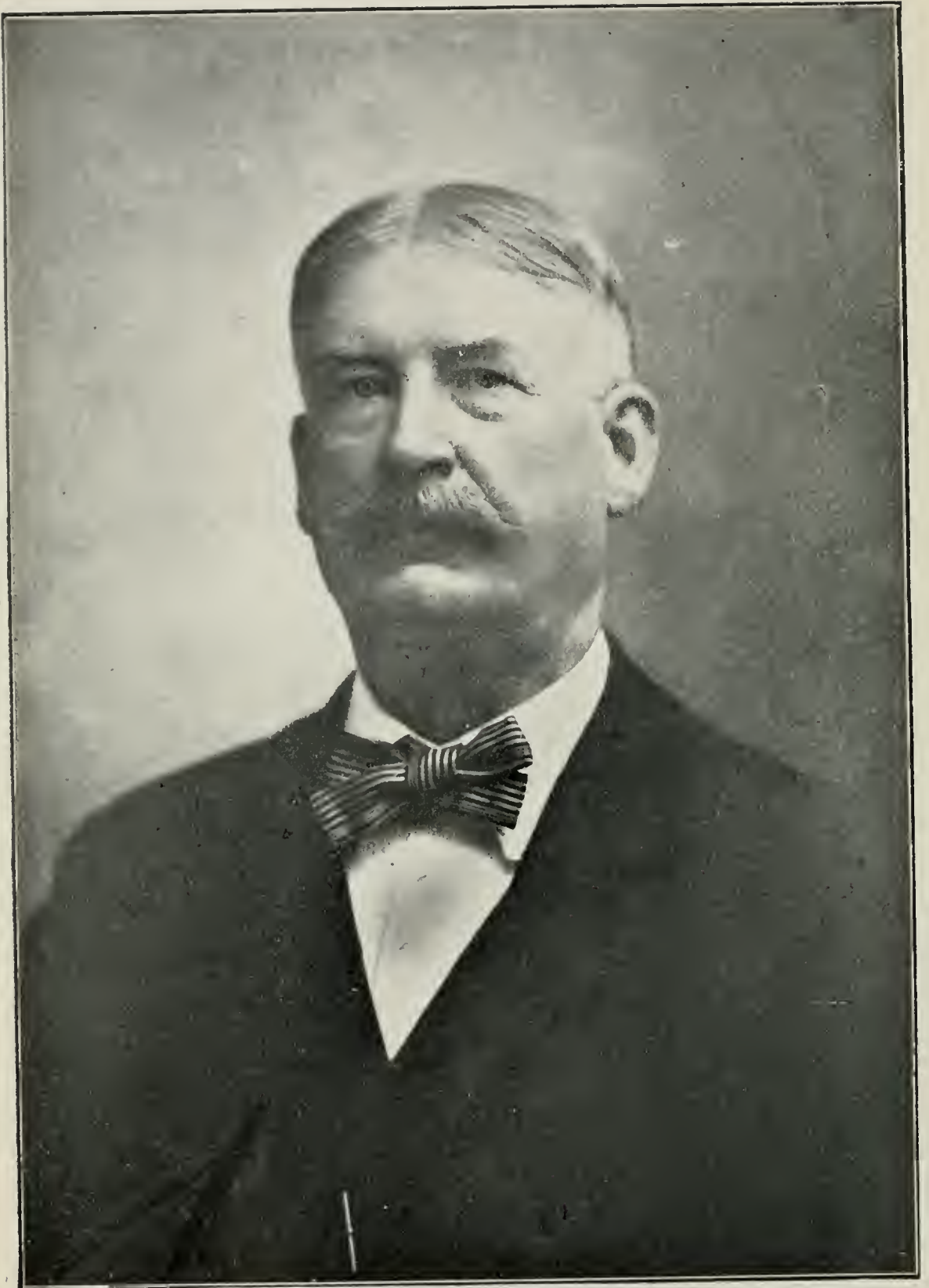
During the time that Hunter stayed at our cabin, he did not impress me as being a bad man. He was rather good looking and possessed an average degree of intelligence, but he seemed inclined to be vain and very fond of dress, and as he was not a lover of hard work, he took to gambling and finally became one of the band that caused him to fill a felon's grave.

During the years following the days of the Vigilantes I have heard the Vigilantes soundly and violently cursed on many occasions, but I will take this opportunity to say that the persons who did the talking were those whose doings would not bear too close a scrutiny, or those who had been warned by the Vigilantes.

Let the reader remember that this was at that time a newly settled country, and that there was not a legally constituted court nearer than four hundred miles. We had a court in each mining district, for the purpose of settling the disputes between miners and for the handling of thieves and murderers. The court was composed of the miners of the district, and it was presided over by the president of the district. From their decision there was no appeal to guns or to a higher court, where a verdict might be set aside on technical grounds. There was no chance for a reversal of judgment, so that a proven criminal could escape, as they frequently do under our civil laws today.

At Bannack the people had elected their officers for the enforcement of justice. They had elected a sheriff, whose duty it was to arrest offenders and bring them before the people's court for trial, but the sheriff was Henry Plummer, the leader of a band of outlaws, whose robberies were becoming bolder every day. It was unsafe for a man to be caught off the public thoroughfares; they even held up and robbed a man in Bivins Gulch, who recognized them at the time they were committing the robbery. Under such conditions there was nothing for the better element to do

but rise up and rid the country of this band of outlaws, and all reasonable, right thinking people believed that they were justified in doing so. I was a resident of Montana for many years after the events mentioned in this chapter took place, and I will say that there was not a more peaceable, law-abiding community in any part of the United States than in the Territory of Montana for the next ten years.



George W. Irvin, II

George W. Irvin II.

BY CHARLES S. WARREN.

George W. Irvin II was born in Chicago, Illinois, February 22, 1844, and died at Butte, Montana, March 18, 1907.

The advent of George W. Irvin to the Territory of Montana reads like fiction. He was in Kansas as a boy during the border ruffian days, but the spring of '63 found him at Fort Laramie on the North Platte river ready for adventure, where he became acquainted with that interpid explorer, James Bozeman, who undertook to pilot a wagon train, over an unknown wilderness, to North Idaho, but when about 100 miles north of Fort Laramie, they were intercepted by a large band of hostile Indians, they concluded to turn back and take the old Sweetwater route for their destination. A council of war was held and Bozeman, Irvin, the late Samuel Word and seven others, making ten in the party, concluded to strike out along through a hostile Indian country about 700 miles. This was a desperate undertaking, but after untold hardships, traveling by night, they reached the top of the Belt mountains, between the Galatin and Yellowstone rivers, and there the subject of this sketch named the famous Bozeman Pass. From that hour until the hour of his death he was one of the leading citizens of this commonwealth. He reached Alder Gulch on August 22nd, 1863, and actively engaged in mining. In 1865 he was appointed one of the clerks of the Commission to codify the laws of the territory. In 1866 he was appointed Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue, with headquarters at Deer Lodge. He was the first postmaster of Deer Lodge in 1866-67. He had the contract for surveying Flint Creek

and Bitter Root valleys in 1871-72-73. He was under sheriff of Deer Lodge county in 1873-74-75 under Charles S. Warren as sheriff; public administrator of the county in 1876; clerk of the Second Judicial Court in 1879, and when Silver Bow county was set off from Deer Lodge, he removed the clerk's office to Butte and retained the same until his election as sheriff of Silver Bow county in 1882.

All these years he was engaged in mining, being manager of the Amy & Silversmith mine at Butte and being interested in the Elkhorn mines in Beaverhead county, placer mines in Deer Lodge and other parts of the territory. He was appointed by President Harrison as United States Marshal in the Territory, which office he resigned in 1890, being the last United States Marshal in the Territory and the first one in the State.

In 1893-94 he was State Commissioner of Mineral Lands. At the time of his death he was serving his third term as postmaster of the city of Butte.

Surely few men have been more honored than he by the people of the State. He belonged to but one secret order, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, of which he was a charter member of Silver Bow Lodge No. 240. He was also a charter member of the Silver Bow Club, having been president of the same. His religious faith was that of the Episcopal church.

The various histories of the State of Montana have lengthy sketches of his life. He was the first secretary of the Pioneer Society of Montana. In Deer Lodge valley, on October 23rd, 1867, he was united in marriage with Miss Bettie Irvine, daughter of Thomas H. Irvine Sr., one of the prominent pioneers of the Territory. Of the marriage ceremony and accompanying festivities, a local chronicler recorded that "three hundred citizens of the Territory attended the reception at the Deer Lodge hotel, among whom were many Indian women, wives of the set-

tlers." The affair was one of those joyous ones peculiar to the time and place and one that never can be duplicated in modern Montana.

He was of a kind and cheerful disposition. Of fine literary attainments, modest and unassuming in manner, with a large fund of reminiscences and anecdotes. He was a most charming character. He contributed very freely to the press. Among his best efforts was the story he wrote about four years ago of the Bozeman trip from Fort Laramie to Alder Gulch. This story is surely worth preserving.

In politics he was an ardent Republican and was always one of the leaders of that party. In fact he was one of the organizers of that party in the very first days of the party in Montana, and was a member of nearly every home, county, Territorial and State convention during his life. He was a fluent, ready speaker and very convincing in argument. The Republican party of Montana has much to thank him for.

During the Nez Perce Indian war in 1877 he was a conspicuous figure, first by being a member of Captain Thomas Stuart's company from Deer Lodge, and afterwards an assistant to Governor Potts and Captain James H. Mills, Secretary of the Territory. He was for many years associated in mining enterprises with Patrick Clark, the late Marcus Daly, B. C. Kingsbury, Jos. K. Clark and many other of the leading miners of the Territory and State. He made and lost fortunes in the mining industry like many others. He also was connected with the early building of the Utah & Northern railroad into Western Montana. In fact, there can hardly be any enterprise of note mentioned in Western Montana that he was not directly or indirectly interested in. He always was a booster for the country. He never knew what defeat was and ever looked on the bright side of life.

Mr. Irvin was a member of the famous Vigilante Com-

mittee and was present at the hanging of George Ives, December 21st, 1863. He was very active, assisting Captain James Williams, Col. Wilbur F. Sanders and other leaders of the Committee who stood for law and order at all times. There can be no doubt but that this Committee saved the Territory from anarchy. The Committee did not let up until it had the Territory purged of murderers and highwaymen. They continued to hang them wherever caught until law and order was firmly established, and then they gave their assistance to the officers of the law.

In all his public and private life his career was honorable and upright. Generous, high spirited, chivalrous, the soul of honor, noble and true. George Irvin never gave any man cause to feel toward him any other sentiments than those of respect and good will. No friend or human being in distress ever appealed to him in vain for sympathy or for aid, and hundreds of eyes were dimmed as they read the news of the death of him whom they had cause to remember so gratefully and tenderly. He was an affectionate and loving husband, a liberal public spirited citizen, as charitable in opinion as he was humane and benevolent in views. The writer may be permitted to repeat of him with a deep feeling of its truthfulness a trite quotation, "None knew him but to love him; none named him but to praise."

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the meeting of the Society of Montana Pioneers held at Billings, Montana, Sept. 27, 1907:

IN MEMORIAM.

George W. Irvin II., Recording Secretary of Society of
Montana Pioneers.

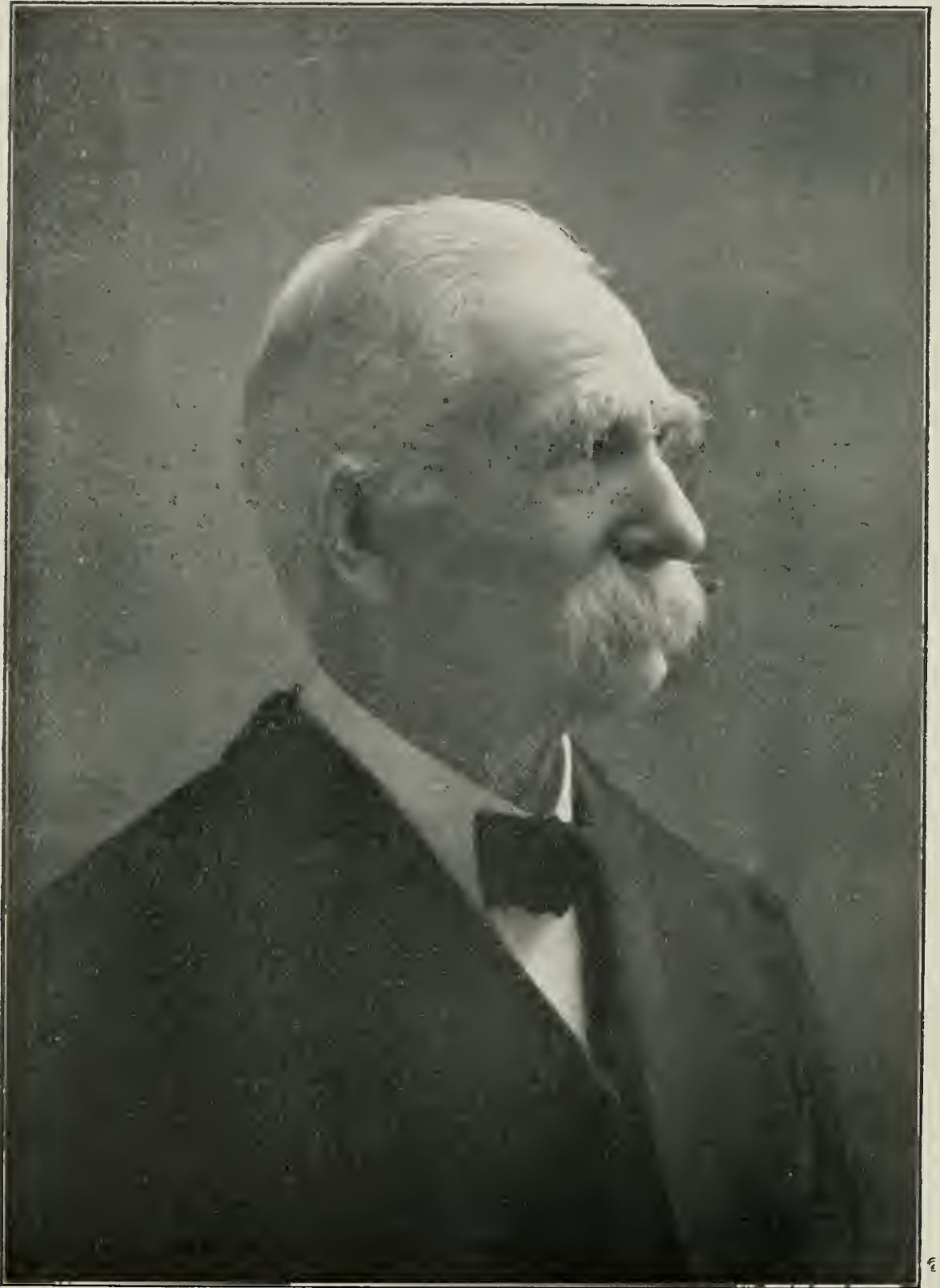
Assembled as we are, to renew friendships begun years ago, to grasp the hands of those whom we learned to know and esteem in times when the true badge of manhood was manly worth and integrity, to rejoice in the presence of one another, it is but meet that we should give thought to the memory of those who have preceded us to the world beyond, who have pioneered the way for us who still tarry here below. Since our last meeting one whom we all knew and loved has left our realm; his soul has winged its flight to a land where the sun shines perpetually, where peace is never ending and sorrow is unknown. His name is indissolubly interwoven in the pioneer history of the State, the record of his achievements will forever endure as a monument to his unflinching rectitude, his honesty, his moral courage and his physical bravery.

When the future historian shall transcribe the valorous deeds of the men who transformed the West from a wilderness into an abode for civilized man, he may well ponder long before he writes the name of George W. Irvin II. In review before his mind's eye will pass a chain of stirring events, the shadowy past will be peopled again and forms long vanished from earth will take on the substance of life and become actors in the most stirring drama ever enacted on the world's stage. The plains for the foreground, the dark, mysterious mountains as the background, throwing out in bold relief the personages in that thrilling, soul-absorbing play, luminous and grand will be the figure of George W. Irvin II., and majestic the part assigned to him. Standing for the right when it meant sacrifices greater than those who followed him will ever know, de-

fending the oppressed and befriending the poor, he was a fit companion, a proper mate of the immortal Wilbur F. Sanders, a name emblazoned for all time in the history of Montana.

This is the man of whom I speak and to whose memory I fain would pay the tribute of a friend of almost a life time. But no words of praise I might utter could fittingly express his worth and no language can convey an idea of his real greatness as a man. When the mountains he loved as a child loves its mother shall have crumbled away and become a part of the dreary plains across which he plodded his way when the vigor and virility of early manhood lent buoyancy to his step, his life's record will endure and the world will be better because it once contained him. To the youth of Montana we commend his memory and ask that they ever cherish his name and take him as an example of all that is noblest and best in exalted manhood. You, Pioneers, who knew him, who trusted and believed in him, drop the silent tear and from your hearts let ascend the prayer that only true men address to the Divine Creator and implore eternal rest and sweet repose for his soul.

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Cornelius Hedges

Cornelius Hedges.

BY WYLLYS A. HEDGES.

The subject of this sketch was a resident of Montana for almost forty-three years. He was known to the people of every county in the State; in every city or town of any considerable size he numbered his friends and personal acquaintances; while no one, so far as is known, bore him any personal malice or ill will. Universally respected in life, crowned with many deserved honors, in death the many eulogies from all parts of the commonwealth testify to the widespread love and esteem in which he was held by all classes of citizens.

Cornelius Hedges was the only son, the third child of Dennis and Alvena (Noble) Hedges, born in Westfield, Massachusetts, October 28, 1831. His father was a sturdy blacksmith. This branch of the Hedges family had moved from Middletown, Connecticut, many years before, and settled at "Feeding Hills," near Springfield, Massachusetts. Later Dennis Hedges worked at his trade of blacksmithing, at Westfield, a prosperous town, so called because located west of the older settlement of Springfield. Cornelius received his early education, as did two older sisters (the younger dying in tender years), in the public schools and at the "academy" in his native town. Here he fitted for Yale college. This institution, while in the neighboring state of Connecticut, was easily accessible. New Haven being only sixty miles south, was the southern terminal of the New Haven and Northampton canal, and later of the railroad, which, from following the banks of the old canal, was called the "Canal" railroad. As a boy, he was more inclined to study than to the strenuous work of farm

life and blacksmithing, as conducted by his father in those days of the "scythe," the "cradle," and the "hand-bellows." He entered Yale at eighteen years of age, stood well in his class, was a "Delta Kappa Epsilon" man (a D. K. E. pin is still treasured among his personal effects), and graduated in the somewhat illustrious class of '53, having thus as classmates Andrew D. White, Cornell's famous president and later minister to Berlin; Wayne McVeagh, attorney general under President Garfield; late Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court Shiras; the poet Steadman, and many other men of state and national repute.

From Yale he went to Harvard Law School. Benjamin F. Butler was a member of the examining board through which came his diploma and degree of B. A. from this institution, by which he was admitted to practice law in his native state. His older sister Frances practically spent her entire life in Westfield, marrying Leonard Atwater, and rearing a family of five children there. The second sister, Margaret, married Asa B. Clark, and went to Iowa to live. Mr. Clark was one of the pioneers of '49 by way of the Isthmus of Panama to California. But he did not long remain there, returning to his home at Independence, Iowa. It was to this place that Cornelius Hedges went, fresh from law school, and after marriage in July, 1856. Here he began the practice of his profession. Here he made his first home, with his wife, Edna Layette Smith, of Southington, Connecticut, whose acquaintance he had made in New Haven; she attending York Square Ladies' Seminary, while he was a student at Yale. Here his sons Wyllys A. and Dennis H. were born, on July 3, 1857, and June, 3, 1860, respectively.

He went back to New England in the latter part of 1860, visited both his own old home and his wife's, teaching at the Sally Lewis Academy at Southington from 1861 to 1863, and losing his son Dennis, aged two years. Returning

to Independence in 1863, in addition to his law practice he found it convenient to enter the field of journalism, and edited for some time the "Civilian" of Independence, Buchanan county, Iowa. He was not only editor, but set a good share of the type most of the time; exercising on the old-fashioned hand-press to get out the issues. He was a Democrat politically, by inheritance, until the causes leading up to the Civil war and the election of Abraham Lincoln, made of him an ardent Republican. He was thoroughly imbued with that spirit which made Iowa so loyal to the Union in time of war, and so thoroughly Republican since.

Here, by initiation into Independence Lodge No. 87, he was made a Mason on October 27, 1858, the day preceding his twenty-seventh birthday and the day President Roosevelt was born. From here he brought with him "across the plains" the teachings of that order, which became so much a part of his after life. Many teams passed through Independence in those days, traveling to Council Bluffs, which was an important meeting place for several years for many emigrant trains to cross the Missouri and start on the "long trail" across the prairies to Oregon and Idaho. In April, 1864, he left Independence in company with Timothy Wilcox and Henry H. Clark, ostensibly for the Bannack mines supposed to be in Idaho; but before they reached their destination, the Territory of Montana had been created by congressional act of May 26, 1864. He was a participant in the stirring events of those early days, taking an active part in the establishment of law and order; assisting by wise counsel and active support the wresting of peace and safety from the terror of Henry Plummer and his gang of "road-agents." At no time, and in no sense one to appeal to force, he was so great a lover of peace and civil quiet, that he felt it a necessity of the times that a few lives of notorious renegades should be sacrificed, in order that the many law-abiding citizens

whom he felt should and would come in to possess this great "land of promise" might build up the homes he longed to see here. From 1864 to 1870, when Wilson and Compton were hanged at Helena, he was among those who stood with the Vigilantes; but none were more relieved than he, when law was established, and the courts took into their own hands executions after due trial by jury and sentence by judge. He rejoiced when Wheatley, duly convicted of the murder of Franz Warl, received in 1875 just sentence from Judge Decius S. Wade, and was executed by the sheriff of Lewis and Clark county, Joseph C. Walker.

For a time he mined in Highland gulch. And it was here that he learned of the birth of his third son, who from this circumstance was named Henry Highland. He came over to Last Chance, to Helena, in January, 1865. Here he entered into some mining ventures, and practiced law as opportunity offered. His first case was as opposing attorney to Warren Toole, in a case involving title to some town lots. Both attorneys were personal acquaintances and friends of the presiding justice, Orison Miles. Each in succession won the sympathy of the court in their respective arguments, till the court took a recess for consultation with the available law upon disputed points. During the interim the justice acknowledged to each attorney that he was clearly at a loss how to decide such important and closely contested questions. He finally persuaded a close friend to call upon the plaintiff to waive all further claims in favor of the *attorneys*, who had clearly shown that the defendant had no valid rights, while they were as plainly entitled to all there was in sight for "*costs.*"

In the late fall of 1866, Mr. Hedges went down the Missouri in a "mackinaw," from Fort Benton to Council Bluffs, spending the following winter with his family in New England. He had been associated with Captain George Woods in mining before leaving Helena. In the

spring of '67 they together purchased at St. Louis a five-stamp quartz mill, which was shipped by steamboat to Fort Benton. Mr. Hedges brought out with him his wife and two sons, Wyllys and Henry; and was also in charge of the families of "Tim" Wilcox from Madison, Connecticut, and Henry H. Clark from Independence, Iowa. They all took passage on the steamboat "Waverly" from Omaha, April 6, arriving at Fort Benton the first boat of that year, on June 1. On this trip Henry Hedges accidentally broke his left leg, which was set by James Stuart, who was a passenger on a companion boat, the "Walter B. Dance." Arriving at Fort Benton, Mrs. Wilcox went on to Helena by stage. Mrs. Clark had been stricken with an attack of rheumatism and had to travel on a bed in a lumber wagon; Mr. and Mrs. Hedges affording her all the assistance in their power. The writer remembers the crossing of the Sun river and the Dearborn by fording. Both streams were high from spring freshets. The wagon box had to be raised by lashing blocks on the bolsters to the top of the standards.

After the Dearborn was crossed, Mr. Clark met and took charge of his own family. A company of United States soldiers were camped there at the time, as a protection to settlers from Indians. The family reached Helena safely, and has made its home there since. Edna Cornelia, Emma Marion, Langford, Cornelius Jr., and Ellen Hedges were all born here.

Cornelius Hedges was made a Montana Mason August 17, 1865, (by demit from Independence Lodge No. 87, June 5, 1865, to Helena City Lodge, U. D., then under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Colorado.)

He was appointed Grand Secretary of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Montana, June 24, 1872, to fill out the term of Judge H. L. Hosmer, who moved to California; was elected Grand Secretary October 8, 1872, and held that position continuously to the time of his death.

It speaks well for a secret order, that its fraternal ties are strong enough to bring men together under such conditions as brought those early Masons to know each other. The supremacy of the "road-agents" reached the acme of its power when the units of society were separated because of not knowing each other. While the better elements cried for a new order of existence, the individuals were unknown to each other. Mass meetings might bring together many of those wishing to inaugurate a new regime. But the work of accomplishment, the actual execution of known criminals, who would be warned, sheltered and assisted by many friends, presupposed a large, strong, growing sentiment among men who had absolute confidence in each other. It was here that Masonry stepped in, performing quietly a great work whose beneficence has been a blessing to this whole State; like the small spring flowing from the mountain side, which gathers force as it goes on in ever-increasing volume, to the accomplishment of untold good to mankind. We believe it was this idea that endeared it to such men as Wilbur F. Sanders, Judge Hedges and many others conspicuous in the Masonic fraternity and in our early history.

Judge Hedges, naturally a student, devoted much time in studying and working out the spirit of the symbols and architectural teachings of Masonry, till he became a writer of note on Masonic subjects. This was recognized as far as Masonic literature has circulated; and was duly appreciated by the fraternity at home. He held, almost undisputed, the office of Grand Secretary of Grand Lodge, Grand Secretary of Royal Arch Grand Chapter of Masons. He was a charter member of Miriam Chapter No. 1, and was Grand Worthy Patron, Order of the Eastern Star, 1893. At the time of his death, he was the oldest acting Masonic Grand Secretary in the United States, if not in the world. He was proud to refer to these facts during the closing years of his active life. And no one was more appreciative

of the honors bestowed, or constant in keeping ever up to the high standard of lofty ideals.

He held the position of U. S. District Attorney in 1871, with credit to himself and fidelity to the official trust. He was the first Republican probate judge of Lewis and Clark county from 1875 to 1880, acquiring in this office, for which he was eminently qualified, the title by which he was generally known in after years.

It was the practice, in our early mining days, after the cold weather made placer mining impossible, for many who devoted their time to mining during the summer months, either to return to the "East" for the winter, or leave their camps for more populated centers. Our population was most cosmopolitan. All classes of men are influenced by the thirst for wealth and search for it in the gold fields. Many men of education and some refinement were to be found among the miners. And they, casting aside the pick and overalls, during the cold winter, sought congenial change in study and research on lines of individual inclination. Judge Hedges well knew the numbers of this class. Himself with a family, he felt for these men whose character and training he knew. He was one of the first, if not the original one, to move in establishing a public library, which, in its inception, was primarily for winter use. We remember the first rooms thus used, in the late fall of 1868, were on the site of the International Hotel, and in 1869 in a building which occupied the site of the present Masonic temple. In addition to available current papers of the day, many books were contributed by citizens of the town. Others were purchased by funds contributed for the purpose; games of chess and checkers provided; the place was patronized beyond expectations. Toward spring, 1870, steps were taken to make a permanent organization. Quarters were changed, expenses of running placed on a reasonable basis met by regular contributions and membership fees. The foundation was thus laid for

the present city library, recognized as a monument to Judge Hedges' interest in educational and substantial matters concerning Helena, which he wanted to become a city of homes, with citizens of the most desirable and substantial character.

His fitness for the lead in this work was everywhere acknowledged. Always a lover of books, he kept constantly in touch with leading publishing houses and the works of the day. His own roundness of education and learning made him a valuable counselor, and his suggestions were readily recognized. In 1872 he was appointed by Governor Benjamin F. Potts as first territorial superintendent of public schools. Ratification by the territorial council was prompt. His selection gave general satisfaction. And on him devolved the organization, under most unpropitious conditions, of some general system of public school education for the youth of the commonwealth, eighteen times as large as Massachusetts, his native state. Not a mile of railroad was within hundreds of miles of our borders; towns many miles apart, only a very few of which had telegraphic communication; and the only recognized means of travel and communication, the old stage coach. But Judge Hedges bent his energies to the Herculean task, with an enthusiasm and devotion that appealed to the authorities. He traveled hundreds of miles in all kinds of weather, under most trying circumstances, to get together the few teachers he could, at the different centers of population, as they then were; instilling into their minds the greatness of their calling; delivering scholarly lectures gleaned from the stores of his own research, which were always well-timed and appreciated; gathering ideas, and offering many, which he embodied in recommendations to the executive for suggestion to legislative action.

Judge Hedges held this position for five years, four years by appointment of Governor Benjamin F. Potts, one year by Governor John Schuyler Crosby; giving way to

those younger in years, and better able to continue the strenuous demands of a trying position, and to build on the foundations he was content to lay.

In 1869 his friends and personal acquaintances, Charles W. Cook and David E. Folsom, both New Englanders and men of education, went into the Yellowstone country to look it over generally, and especially to satisfy themselves of the authenticity of the many reports and traditions concerning the natural wonders said to exist there. These legends came from a few scattering trappers, and from Indians, who termed it a "spirit" country, so many and wonderful were the natural manifestations out of the ordinary. Messieurs Cook and Folsom were of well known character at home, needing no endorsement. While they did not see nearly all the vast accumulation of curiosities and natural wonders so lavishly and compactly stored there, they did see enough to satisfy themselves that the vague (?) reports were, in this instance, far below the reality. From copious notes, they tried to make known to the world at large some of the unusual things to be found there. But their manuscript was returned several times by eastern magazine publishers. We have heard Mr. Folsom say that Lippincott returned the same with the brief explanation that their publication "did not deal in fiction." Judge Hedges and others in Helena were perfectly satisfied of the truth of existing wonders there. An organized effort was made the following spring to explore the upper Yellowstone in sufficient force, and with enough men of standing to forever settle the question, and bring that most interesting locality to public notice. Samuel T. Hauser, afterwards governor, Nathaniel Pitt Langford, national bank inspector for the Northwest, Henry D. Washburn, then surveyor general, Truman C. Everts, U. S. collector of internal revenue, Walter Trumbell, son of Senator Trumbell of Illinois, Cornelius Hedges, Warren C. Gillette, Benjamin Stickney and Jacob Smith made up a party, with a

cook and two packers. They had an order on the commandant at Fort Ellis for a small detail of United States cavalry given by authority of General Hancock, commander-in-chief, U. S. A. The party chose General Henry D. Washburn as leader or captain. They left Helena August 17, 1870, returning September 27. At Fort Ellis they were joined by Lieutenant Gustavus C. Doane and four men. From Boteler's ranch, on the Yellowstone (near Livingston), they made their own trail. They visited the falls of the Yellowstone, the lake and the upper geyser basin. They gave many names to the geysers that have been retained; Judge Hedges himself naming the "Grotto" geyser. Mr. Everts became separated from the party and was lost for thirty-seven days, having a most thrilling experience—a story by itself. It was on the return trip, coming down the Madison river, that Judge Hedges proposed the idea of a national park. The timbered mountains, the immense water power, the vast and magnificent scenery, might have appealed to all, as only needing exploiting to be made the means for large private wealth. Judge Hedges was profoundly impressed with the idea that this storehouse of Nature should be set aside for all time as a national museum. His unselfish nature at once grasped the idea that Nature had here outdone herself; that the federal government alone should cope with the actual advantages on a worthy scale. His idea was favored by the party. Steps were taken at the next legislative session to memorialize congress. Senator Pomeroy of Kansas, in the United States Senate, and William H. Claggett, our delegate in congress, gave their personal assistance, and the dream of 1870 became the reality of 1872. N. P. Langford was appointed first superintendent of the national park, which comprised an area of 3,575 square miles, the area being increased to 5,575 square miles in 1891. It was visited and officially reported on by Professor F. V. Hayden in 1872. Judge Hedges later visited the park many years

after government engineers had laid out and made a system of good roads. It was an entirely new chapter of the old story he liked so well to relate, filling in the names of associates and incidents of his first trip. His name and connection with the great national institution are forever commemorated in Hedges Peak, which name was given in 1895 to one of the mountain points bordering Yellowstone Lake. There his name will remain so long as mountains stand upon their bases—till time shall be no more; always reminding men of one lofty in purpose, high in character and integrity.

He was most appropriately chosen to take part in laying, with Masonic ceremonies, the cornerstone of the great arch at the national park gateway at Gardner, Montana, April 24, 1903, at the time of President Roosevelt's visit there.

He was chosen by the Republicans of Montana to accept their nomination as delegate to congress in the fall of 1874. In those times of Democratic supremacy, defeat was an almost absolute certainty. Judge Hedges made a vigorous campaign, stoutly defending the party principles and platform, to which he was proud to own allegiance. Firm and constant in his beliefs, he led the Republican hosts of his day in a forlorn hope, only going down before superior numbers; but in a campaign recognized as vigorous, courteous, sincere. He was a member of the territorial constitutional convention in 1884. His legal knowledge and research readily gave him recognition as one of the most scholarly and valuable members of so important a body; whose work meant much for the people of a great state, who were just entering into their inheritance. He was elected a member of the first state senate in 1889. Here he exhausted every honorable means to rise above consideration of partisan advantage, which was a dominant factor in that body, deeming it far more important to lay aside such comparatively trivial matters for the vastly more urgent ones of enactment into law of wise and far-reaching

ordinances such as might properly be expected by the inhabitants of a new-born commonwealth. He stood by President John E. Rickards, O. F. Goddard and others, all through a most trying time in our political career, endeavoring, with only partial success, to the last moment of a momentous legislative session, to start the legal machinery of the new State of Montana.

Judge Hedges was a man of great research and general knowledge. For years he was on the editorial staff of the Helena Herald. His extensive reading made his assistance at that time of meagre and somewhat uncertain telegraph and mail facilities, most valuable to the paper which he served. During the later years of his life he abandoned this work, and devoted most of his time to Masonic work and writings. His hearing was somewhat detrimental, for many years, to his serving actively as attorney before our courts. But he was recognized as standing high in the legal profession, practiced before local, district and supreme courts, and was a member of the Montana Bar Association. All his work was done most conscientiously; his briefs prepared with the utmost care. In the early days of Helena, he formed a law partnership with an old-time lawyer of ability and integrity, Robert L. Lawrence, they having their office for many years on East Main street, near the present site of the Cosmopolitan hotel. In the earlier years of his practice he took part in many important cases, and was often associated with men of prominence at our bar.

Naturally, when involved in litigation, many men choose professional men of their personal acquaintance, as counsel. Sometimes, however, they are not too willing to submit to their counsel's professional advice. We recall a suit in which the late Malcolm Clark became involved with a neighbor who settled later on Little Prickly Pear creek, but above Clark's place at the mouth of the Little Prickly Pear canyon. The question involved was as to prior appropriation of water for irrigation purposes. Clark was a very

old pioneer, the original settler in that locality. As was often the case in those days, he felt a kind of natural proprietorship over that country, and in a measure resented the seemingly close proximity of uninvited neighbors, especially when the new neighbor started a ditch from the same source of supply, even though ample for both at that time. Sanders and Hedges were retained by Clark, who was a personal friend of both. Just before going to trial they went over some details with Clark. Among others, in his testimony, he was instructed to permit them to bring out the fact that, at the last personal meeting of the litigants at the head of the new ditch, just prior to the beginning of legal proceedings, the other party to the suit had brought his "gun" for the purpose of intimidation. Clark's attorneys wanted to bring out the fact that the defendant had tried to intimidate Clark by a display of firearms in the shape of a rifle. Clark acquiesced, of course, to the advice of counsel, who cautioned him about the carefulness of his answers, and against weakening his testimony on this point on cross examination. At the trial, Sanders questioned the witness. In his blindest manner, he said, "Now, Mr. Clark, I understood you to say that the defendant had on this occasion a rifle in his hand, and that with this he threatened you till you became afraid of your life."

Clark had been a cadet at West Point, and an officer in the United States army; for fifty years on the frontier, and in the employment of the American Fur Company at Fort Benton and elsewhere; acquainted with the Indian sign language and character; had been present on many eventful occasions, such as making of treaty by Judge Munson and Acting Governor Meagher at Fort Benton in 1865. He was an old Indian fighter, a man of well-known personal bravery. To him it seemed different in a court room, than in a lawyer's office; to acknowledge before those present that he had felt personal fear seemed to this man of

the plains and mountains, who knew no such thing as fear, an act of abject cowardice. His gray head went up, his eye flashed, and he promptly answered: "No, sir; I was not afraid; never saw the man nor time I was afraid of." And despite the cunning remodeling of his questions, with all the suavity at the command of his attorney, Clark at any cost denied the "soft impeachment."

Judge Hedges was intimately acquainted with the governors, judges, public officers and public men of Montana from the time Montana had a separate name to the day of his death. From James and Granville Stuart, the original gold discoverers in our state, 1857, and Henry Edgar, who first "struck pay dirt" in Alder gulch, 1863, from X. Biedler, John Williams, Neil Howie, George M. Pinney, whose names were the terror of the "road-agents," from Governors Sydney Edgerton, Thomas Francis Meagher (acting), Green Clay Smith, from Judges Hosmer, Munson, Simms, Wade, to present supreme court bench, from James Fergus, W. L. Steele, N. P. Langford, on down the long line of pioneers, he had talked with them all; gone over with them the days of "Jim" Bridger and of John M. Bozeman. He liked to laugh at the gentle (?) hint that was given Acting Governor Meagher, who, upon finding a fellow-Irishman, James Daniels, imprisoned, and under grave suspicion, saw fit to pardon him. The citizens, who had been long cognizant of his true character, as promptly hanged him to the old "pine tree" gallows; and, thinking the occasion appropriate, took his Excellency's pardon from the dead man's pocket, pinned it on his back with the plainly-written legend: "If our acting governor does this again, we will hang him too."

In May, 1874, Judge Hedges went back to Massachusetts to attend the celebration of the golden wedding of his parents at Westfield. As a souvenir, he took a gold-headed cane, made of Montana gold by Frank Bartos of the old firm of Bartos & Will. This cane he used at his own golden

wedding celebration at Helena, July 7, 1906, and later bequeathed to Cornelius, Jr.

He at one time received the nomination as United States senator of the Republican caucus during the memorable session of 1899.

Judge Hedges prepared several volumes of Montana supreme court reports, 1872-8, with considerable acknowledged professional ability. He was a prolific writer. His eyesight was almost marvelous. His manuscript always a model for the printer to set up.

He was secretary of the state board of sheep commissioners, from the first organization of the board in 1897 to 1906. He prepared thirty-six reports of Masonic Grand Lodge, as Grand Secretary; several reports as Grand Recorder Knights Templar, Royal Arch Masons. He prepared much material for the Montana Historical Society; was its recording secretary 1876 to 1885, and its president 1895. He was a member of the Society of Montana Pioneers, its president 1905. Was for some years active as a member of I. O. G. T., has among his mementoes a jewel presented by that order. He was an elder in the First Presbyterian church of Helena from its organization to the time of his death. He was of strong religious convictions. Nothing was permitted to interfere with his allegiance to the church; he was constant in his friendships; devoted in his attachments; a friend once made was never lost. His attachments to scenes and associations of early life was keen and lasting; his memory most excellent. Others of less general ability amassed more material wealth, or reached greater prominence as orators or politicians. In him was exemplified the proverb of Solomon, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Few were more generally esteemed or appreciated, or had more evidence given them as they went through life of the high estimate placed upon them by their fellow men. Strongly attached to his

early New England home, and never permitting the old Massachusetts homestead to pass out of his hands, yet he loved the home of his adoption. He drove across the plains of its desert places, climbed its mountains, swam its rivers, when white men were few in numbers, when the Indian and the buffalo were on every hand, and it was indeed a virgin country, mighty in its pristine greatness. He saw its growth during most of half a century; he saw the changes from its native wildness to a land crossed by two transcontinental railways; was present at the driving of the golden spike on the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad, at Gold Creek, Deer Lodge county, 1883; he saw Montana's valleys peopled by men and women of energy and character, who built up the homes he loved to see here. He was personally cognizant of it all, and a part of it. To it he gave the best he had to give; satisfied that his comrades and associates in life understood and appreciated the honest motives of his unpretentious but honest life.

To him was given more than to Moses, for he was permitted to enter and to possess this land of promise spread before him in his youth; and to be buried by and among his friends. At his funeral there was scarcely a county of Montana unrepresented. Men and women of high and low estate, of more than one color, of many stations in life, came from all quarters to lay a flower on his casket. He rests from the labors of a long and well-spent life of seventy-five years, in Forestvale cemetery, Helena, close beside his life-long friends, active associates, and fellow Past Grand Masters, Wilbur F. Sanders and Richard O. Hickman. Relative, friend, acquaintance, we may all drop a tear over his grave, and say good-bye to the "grand old man"—

"Pax vobiscum"

Barney Hughes: an Appreciation.

BY HENRY EDGAR.

I first knew Barney in Orofino, Idaho, in 1861, where he was mining with George Orr. In January, '62, we went together to Florence, Idaho. Barney and George Orr preceded me to Bannack. I arrived there in October, 1862, and found that they had ground waiting for me on Stapleton's Bar. We mined here until February 4th, when we started to Deer Lodge.

Barney was one of our party of six who left Deer Lodge for the Yellowstone river country; the others were Tom Cover, Henry Rodgers, Bill Sweeney and Bill Fairweather. Barney was with us when we were held prisoners by a band of Crow Indians for several days. It was early in May, '63, that we escaped from the savages, and it was on May 26th that we discovered Alder Gulch.*

In 1864 Barney disposed of his interest in Alder gulch and had in the neighborhood of \$40,000 in gold dust. In the fall he started to British Columbia and at Missoula he entrusted all of his money, except about \$3,000, to his brother "Jim" to take to San Francisco and have coined. His brother invested the money in real estate in San Francisco, but by a streak of bad luck which seemed to follow Barney in his after years—he lost entirely, leaving him absolutely penniless.

After his return from British Columbia he spent some time in California, where he ascertained that he had entirely lost the property in which his money had been invested by his brother.

*A full account of this celebrated Fairweather expedition and the discovery of Alder Gulch can be found in the Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, v. 3, in Major Ronan's article, "The Discovery of Alder Gulch," pp. 143-152, and my own Journal, pp. 124-142.—The Author.

He returned to Montana and spent nearly all the remainder of his days prospecting, but without any material success.

According to Barney Hughes' own statement* he was born in Ireland in 1817 and crossed the ocean to New York City when twelve years of age. He was a moulder by trade, but when the stories of the "Golden West" were circulated in New England, he started west to search for the shining dust which was said to color all of the mountain streams.

He crossed the plains and arrived in California in 1854. From there he went to British Columbia in 1858 and remained two years. In British Columbia he placer mined and it was there he first met George Ives, who was hanged by the Vigilantes of Montana a few years later.

Barney Hughes was a Catholic, having been baptized when he was sixteen years old, by Bishop Carroll in New York City.

Barney left me about October 1st, 1908, for the Big Hole and I never saw him again. He died at Wisdom, Montana, October 16, 1909.

Beside being a true and loyal friend, Barney Hughes was a good, square, honest and upright man; a man of too generous a disposition, and a man whose word I'd take for anything. After he lost his property in San Francisco he seemed to have lost heart and spent practically the balance of his days in unprofitable prospecting for other mines. He was a good citizen and did a great deal toward developing the mining resources of Montana and other portions of the great Northwest. Failing of success, he was cared for in his last days by friends who had known and respected him for years, and died in straightened circumstances, as have hundreds of other adventurous men engaged in the same kind of life and business.

*Anaconda Standard, October 17, 1909.

Lyman Ezra Munson.

BY HIS SON, MAJOR EDWARD L. MUNSON.

Lyman Ezra Munson, Justice of the first Supreme Court of Montana Territory, died in New Haven, Connecticut, February 13, 1908, aged 86 years.

Judge Munson was born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and was directly descended through his father from Thomas Munson, one of the original settlers of New Haven in 1637, and through his mother from Thomas Stanton, one of the pioneer founders of Saybrook, Connecticut, in 1635. His ancestors were all prominently identified with the development of New England and the establishment of the Republic.

He received his early education at the Lenox Academy, Lenox, Massachusetts, and later graduated from the Yale Law School in the class of 1851. At the time of his death he was the only surviving member of his class and the oldest member of the bar in New Haven county.

In 1846 he married Lucy A. Sanford, one of a family long identified with Connecticut affairs. He was survived by three children, Martha A. Munson, Mary K. Russell, and Edward L. Munson, major in the United States army.

After graduation he practiced law in New Haven for a number of years, being a partner with Judge Dutton, later governor of Connecticut. His professional career was eminently successful, and at the time of the transfer of his energies to Montana, his firm was said to have had the largest court docket in Southern New England.

He was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Montana Territory by President Lincoln, serving from March 11, 1865, to April 4, 1869. At the time of his arrival in

Montana, there were no organized courts of justice in the Territory and not a statute on the books of local legal procedure. How well he performed the duties of an untried office is shown by the fact that none of the decisions handed down by him as Judge in Montana were ever overruled, and as one of the pioneers his influence was of the greatest importance in directing the development and shaping the destinies of the infant commonwealth.

A fearless exponent of law and order, he was greeted on his arrival in Helena by the sight of a body swinging from a tree beside the road—that of a “road agent” who had been condemned and lynched by Vigilantes the night before. As his first official act, he announced that, with the coming of the legal machinery for the maintenance of law and order, the necessity for such secret trials and midnight executions had ceased to exist and that such cases must, in the future, be left to the courts. This stand aroused much comment and considerable opposition in certain quarters, but received the full support of the better element in the community. In the first trial for murder which came before him, the prisoner was guarded by a strong posse night and day, not only to prevent his rescue by friends but to prevent his being taken from the hands of the law and summarily executed by the vigilance committee. This trial in the courts for murder was the first ever held in the Territory, and marked a new era in its jurisprudence. So complete was the turn of public opinion in the favor of Judge Munson, that at the end of his first year he was publicly thanked for his services and presented with a magnificent watch, chain and seal, “as a token of the respect for him as a man, judge and citizen, by the citizens of Helena, M. T.”

Besides his judicial duty, Judge Munson served as Special Commissioner for the Government to the hostile tribes of Gros Ventres, Piegan and Blackfeet Indians, and concluded a treaty with them by which they retired to a reser-

vation and thereafter remained at peace with the white men. He was an early advocate of the Northern Pacific railroad, and his papers on that subject, published as early as February, 1867, and before the work of construction was entered upon, attracted much attention to the project.

Judge Munson resigned his official position and returned to New Haven for family reasons. Of his work in Montana the Helena Independent said: "A fearless exponent of law and order, a tireless worker for the public good, a man of great abilities directed to laying the foundations of a newer and better West, no man could be truer to the higher purposes of his profession than Judge Munson."

Returning to New Haven he practiced law for many years before advancing infirmities compelled his retirement from active work. As a citizen of New Haven, he took a conspicuous interest and prominent part in all matters connected with local progress and public improvement. In his later years he gave much attention to literary work, chiefly of a historical nature. He was a gifted writer and his contributions to the press, magazines and other publications were of absorbing interest and clearly expressed in a style that appealed to intelligent readers.

At a special memorial meeting of the New Haven County Bar Association on his death, he was eulogized as one "recognized and esteemed by all as a valuable citizen, a sincere and upright man, and first, last and at all times, a gentleman." In its formal resolutions the Bar Association said: "During a long and useful life he discharged important and honorable professional and judicial duties with ability and success. As a judge he was highly respected; throughout his extended career at the bar he held the esteem of his associates and the confidence of his clients, and was honored by his fellow citizens for his unblemished character and conduct in all relations of life."

On his death the New Haven Leader said editorially: "Judge Munson's career was one which left its impress

permanently upon the history of the nation, state and town where he spent the major part of his life. He lived much longer than the allotted time of man, and he leaves to memory of those who survive the most pleasant recollections of a kind, helpful and talented life."



Gov. Preston H. Leslie

Hon. Preston Hopkins Leslie; a Short Sketch of his Life.

BY JOHN W. WADE.

Few men have had the honor of pioneering in two states. Still fewer are they who have taken first rank,—the highest place,—among men who have builded states; yet this distinction must be accorded the noble statesman whose life is here reviewed. It is said of him in biographies which appear in Kentucky that he did very much to shape the destiny of that state in the various capacities in which he served the people,—these justly praising him for invaluable services while governor at a period when good judgment, high patriotism and lofty statesmanship were indispensable elements in their chief executive. It is our duty and privilege to accord him an equally prominent place in the history of Montana.

Governor Leslie was born in what is now Clinton county, in the State of Kentucky, on March 2nd, 1819. He was the second of eight children, all of whom were very young when their father, Vachel H. Leslie, died. Preston Hopkins became the acknowledged head of the household, and right well did he acquit himself of this responsibility, thus foreshadowing, in unmistakable lines, the faithful man of affairs, upon whom afterwards, so many distinguished honors fell. The Leslie family was of Scotch-Welsh ancestry, which long occupied an honored though humble place in the south-land; first in North Carolina and Georgia and later in Kentucky, where most of the remarkable career here under consideration was destined to be enacted.

Mr. Leslie was married November 11th, 1841, to Miss

Louisa Black of Monroe county, Kentucky, in the bright days of his strong young manhood. To them were born a number of children of whom three are yet living, namely: Mrs. Sarah E. Winn (wife of Dr. S. E. Winn), of San Diego, California; Mrs. C. T. Cheek (wife of Major C. T. Cheek), of Nashville, Tennessee; and Judge Jere B. Leslie of the District Court at Great Falls, Montana.

The mother and devoted wife contracted a fatal illness after sharing the joys and sorrows of her already illustrious husband for nearly a score of years, and died August 19, 1858, at which time Mr. Leslie was serving his third term in the legislature, being a member of the state senate.

In November, 1859, Senator Leslie married Mrs. Mary Kuykendall of Columbia, Missouri, who, like her honored husband, later won a warm place in the hearts of all Montanians who had the good fortune to meet her. The children of this last marriage,—Mrs. Isabelle Shobe, Miss Emily T. Leslie, and Dr. Robert M. Leslie,—accompanied their parents to Montana. The mother died in Helena, September 3, 1900. Miss Emily, accomplished in music and literature, had become thoroughly identified with the people of Helena as well as other places in the state, and it was with many expressions of regret that they learned of her death, which took place on the morning of the 14th of December, 1900. Mrs. Shobe, with her husband and three children, occupies the old family home in Helena, while Dr. Robert M. Leslie is located at Great Falls, Montana.

Very early in his young manhood Mr. Leslie was singled out by his neighbors and friends as a man more than ordinarily worthy of high trust, and from the time he reached his majority to the close of his eventful life, he was repeatedly reminded of this esteem by many successive calls to serve in some representative capacity.

He was admitted to the bar at the early age of twenty-one and two years later was elected prosecuting attorney of Monroe county. At the expiration of this service in 1844,

he was chosen to represent the same county in the state legislature, serving in the lower house two sessions, the last one as speaker. In 1852 he was elected to the state senate, where he also served two sessions, being re-elected in 1867. During the latter term he was chosen president of the senate and it was by reason of his last preferment that he subsequently became governor of Kentucky.

Governor Helm had died just five days after his inauguration and the lieutenant governor, John W. Stephenson, thus became governor, but, before the expiration of his term, he resigned to take his place in the United States senate, and Senator Leslie (acting lieutenant governor by virtue of his office in the senate) became governor. His inauguration took place February 13, 1871. To this high office he was elected the following autumn, his opponent at that time being the distinguished jurist John M. Harlan, later justice of the United States Supreme Court.

It is a most remarkable fact that, while each of these standard bearers for two great political parties, strove hard for the coveted prize, no semblance of attack was made nor was the slightest aspersion cast by the one upon the other's character. On the contrary they were, at the close of this campaign, the warmest of friends. They had canvassed the state together,—spoken to the same audiences, from the same platforms, and often at the close of a day of rigorous campaigning, slept in the same bed, where the events of the day or week were discussed with much good humor and badinage.

As an example of these pleasantries, Justice Harlan tells that, one night near the end of the struggle, as they lay in the same bed, he said to his bed-fellow, "I feel sure that the next governor of Kentucky occupies this bed to-night," which prophetic remark was somewhat emphasized, though more limited, the next morning. Mr. Harlan arose first, and Mr. Leslie from the bed called out, "I say, Harlan, you may well say the next governor of Kentucky

occupies this bed." At another time Mr. Harlan, who had implicit confidence in Governor Leslie's judgment as well as in his truthfulness, asked him what he really thought would be the result at the polls. The governor replied, "Well, sir, I will beat you 40,000 votes." This was within a few thousand verified by the count.

When he retired from the governorship, Mr. Leslie again resumed the practice of law, where he was eminent and successful until the year 1881, when he was appointed to fill a vacancy in the office of circuit court judge. The same integrity and ability and the same high sense of justice characterized him on the bench, which had all along marked his official life, and so here again he won and kept the hearts of the people. It was, therefore, a matter of course that he was re-elected to the bench, where he further distinguished himself as a dispenser of justice.

A few years later he was made governor of the (then) Territory of Montana. President Cleveland had, in the presence of Justice Harlan, expressed himself as in a quandry as to the governorship of Montana, when the latter said, "Mr. President, I can name you a man, who, for integrity and ability, will fully measure up to the requirements; a man against whom I can say but one thing. He once beat me for governor of Kentucky—but he made a splendid officer, no doubt about that." "If he beat you for governor of Kentucky," said the president, "and yet retained your high regard and warm friendship, he is just the man I'm looking for, and I'll appoint him." Immediately his name was sent to the senate.

He was inaugurated in February, 1887. Thus did Montana secure this rugged citizen whose guiding hand was the last but one on the helm before the admission of Montana into statehood.

Governor Leslie now resumed the practice of law in Helena, in partnership with Hon. A. J. Craven. The firm was immediately successful, and for a number of years

held a prominent place at the Helena bar, but President Cleveland, who was once more in the White House, again honored the veteran statesman, this time with the position of United States District Attorney for Montana, the arduous duties of which office he attended to with his usual fidelity, for a period of four years.

Governor Leslie loved the law for the law's sake and he loved a good lawyer as a brother. Accordingly the members of the bar, both in his native state and in Montana, had a very high regard for him. He was president for a time of the Montana Bar Association, where his colleagues seemed delighted to place him. Thenceforward he was in the practice of law up to the day when stricken with pneumonia, while sitting in his office. Even as he lay upon his bed with family and friends about him, with his name upon the door, "Attorney and Counsellor at Law," a petition to Governor Toole was being circulated and largely signed by the members of the bar of Helena, for his appointment to fill a vacancy in the office of district court judge, but he was not to return to his office nor to accept further preferment at the hands of mortals. He calmly put his house in order, gave final directions and admonitions to family and friends, and died at the age of eighty-eight. He was buried near the city of Helena, beside his faithful wife. There a monument inscribed with both names reminds the world that these lived and died among us.

Governor Leslie was a staunch Christian, being from boyhood a devoted member of the Baptist church and always prominent in the councils of this denomination. He was repeatedly called upon to act at Baptist associations and conventions as presiding officer, which place more than any other with which he had been honored, he greatly prized, because as he said, "I am most concerned as to the good will of Christian people."

His advent into Montana meant more to him than the

people of either state realized. He loved the old state dearly; he missed the familiar faces and no longer heard the kindly voices of the friends of other days. Coming here, an entire stranger to our people, he felt a loneliness which few even suspected, a longing for the trust and confidence of the people which none realized. But very soon he knew Montana and Montana learned to know him and from being dubbed a "carpet-bagger" he became the revered executive. When on the morning of February 7, 1907, (just twenty years after his inauguration) he was summoned by death, he was beyond question the best loved man in Montana.

In the annals of our state, nothing has been recorded of more significance than the coming of this great man into our midst. The stamp of his noble character has been fixed upon our people and will influence them through generations to come. It is a glory to any state to have such a name upon the roster of public officials. Rarely, indeed, can it be said of a leader in public life, as of this man, that the strictest examination, the closest scrutiny, of every detail of his public and private life, reveals no flaw. His life in Montana, as doubtless also in his native state, was a most symmetrical one,—almost ideal in its make-up.

He was physically perfect, standing six feet in his stockings and as straight as an Indian at 88 years of age. Intellectually he was a stalwart and morally and religiously a giant. Being a man of indomitable energy and courage, he generally accomplished whatever he undertook. Having the highest sense of moral obligation, and the most pronounced religious principles, he could always be counted on to take an unequivocal stand upon all questions relating to the uplift of his fellow citizens, and he was always "at hand" when a question for solution arose and was not "dodging" until the popular side of the issue could be described. His sound judgment and quick perception,

coupled with a profound sense of justice, made him a conspicuous figure wherever he chose to act or speak among men. Deprived in early childhood of the advantages of schools, except the most rudimentary, he early resolved upon getting "a peep into the world of learning anyhow," and, if the means were not at hand, enabling him to take a step in that direction when he designed it, he discovered, invented or created them, so that in very early manhood he had stored his ready mind with a remarkable fund of knowledge upon agriculture and woodcraft, upon civil government and sociology, as well as upon religion and law. In short *he* was recognized as learned, who had been accorded no place in the schools, and never relaxing a habit of the most industrious inquiry, he held throughout his long life a place of eminence among the educated and refined.

Much has been written justly emphasizing the mildness of his nature; his great kindness, boundless sympathy and his inimitable courtesy. The writer of this short tribute, through a score of years of the most intimate association with him, recognized these rare qualities and loved their possessor for them, but he would call attention to the possibility that this character may not be fully appreciated except another element be discovered in the composition. He refers to the element of "iron" found in all great men. To the casual observer this was not at all prominent but it was very manifest when occasion demanded. When he once made up his mind where the path of duty lay, no temptation could induce him to swerve from it by a hair's breadth nor was his physical courage less conspicuous than his moral firmness. An illustration of the one and the other will here follow:

During the first few days of his first term in the state senate of Kentucky he took occasion to antagonize a pet measure of a much older man, the "fire-eater" of that body, characterizing the bill as a "vicious piece of legislation, the nature of which could not but be recognized as such by

every man upon the floor.” He was soon apprized of the prevailing belief of his colleagues that such opposition, in such words, would certainly provoke from the older statesman a challenge to mortal combat. Senator Leslie weighed the situation fully, accepting the probability of a duel; going even so far as to decide upon the weapons to be used, naming rifles,* and calmly took his place on the floor the day following. With even more vigor he assailed the proposed measure, modifying his former statement, only for the sake of stricter justice, thus: “If the author of this bill does not already see the vicious nature and tendency of this measure he will see it before I take my seat,” and then with characteristic vigor and scathing logic, he proceeded to annihilate the very ground upon which his opponent stood—and the bill was lost, while the blanched faces of their colleagues revealed the general impression that “blood was going to be spilt.” Instead of this sanguinary outcome, however, a lifelong friendship sprung up between the elder and the younger statesman, which Senator Leslie prized very highly indeed, as doubtless did the old “fire-eater” himself.

The other illustration lay also in the state house of Kentucky, but while Mr. Leslie was governor. It was in the days of the “reconstruction” in the south following the awful days of the Civil War, when little reason was used or expected in dealing with the new situation. A bill was presented in the state legislature proposing to deal with the possibility of “negro domination” in the large cities of Kentucky, and, after laborious study and much consultation between the senate and house of representatives the shape of the measure was agreed upon and it was passed. The bill was duly signed by the presiding officers of the respective houses and forwarded to the governor for his signature. The measure sought a method of avoiding the hazard of an election in those cities where

*Senator Leslie was an expert rifleman.

the negro population was dangerously near if not altogether in the ascendancy. In short, it provided that each officer appoint his successor and he again his successor in an endless chain of official authority; this to obtain in every office of the various municipal governments. There was no fear that the governor would hesitate as to the propriety, nay, the necessity, of such a law, but so much was at stake as viewed by both houses that, at a joint session (immediately following the passage of the bill), it was determined that a formidable committee should visit the governor and make "assurance doubly sure" as to his early approval. This committee was made even more formidable by the coming of various men of influence from all parts of the state. By prearrangement all of these met at one time at the state capitol and proceeded with much determination and great confidence to the governor's office. Governor Leslie was not in when this array of statesmen appeared, but his private secretary assured them that his excellency was in the city and that he would immediately dispatch a messenger to inform him of their arrival. During the brief time which must elapse before his coming, the one subject and no other was discussed, because for some reason, through some medium (possibly only the air of the capitol), there was just a little fear that the governor might not approve the bill.

It was even suggested that if he should veto it "such and such would follow," whereupon the chief speaker put an end to all conjecture by the remark that no matter what his personal views might be the governor dared not veto the measure in the face of manifest public feeling in the matter. The governor's private secretary, who had apparently up to this moment taken no notice of the trend of the conversation, said rather abruptly and with an oath, that if they hoped to bank anything on the governor's fear to refuse approval he begged them to take no solace to themselves on that score, adding: "For if he thinks the

measure worthy of veto, I'll be hanged if he don't veto it."

When the governor appeared and had cordially greeted all, he said in reply to the announcement of their mission, that he had given the proposed law a great deal of thought and that among other considerations, he had canvassed the question of the effect it would have upon the very fabric of our form of government, not only of their beloved commonwealth but of the republic itself, and that he had already determined to veto the bill. It was immediately returned along with an exhaustive review of the reasons which impelled such veto. The two houses met in their respective halls, avowedly to pass the bill over the veto. The message was read in the senate and did not go further. Many were on their feet at once. Senator Blackburn, who afterwards became somewhat noted in the national halls of congress, was accorded the privilege of making the first speech, since he was the author of the bill and its most able advocate. To the astonishment of nearly everyone he spoke in favor of sustaining the veto, and in a most eloquent speech reiterated the cogent reasons advanced by Governor Leslie against this revolution in representative government. The veto was sustained.

Thus we see the well rounded man of great affairs; the sympathetic brother; the self-sacrificing friend; the rugged statesman; the Christian gentleman.

Montana vies with Kentucky to do him honor and challenges the dear old Blue Grass State to show more devotion to his memory than is enshrined in the hearts of all Montanians for this man of God.

Note.—It is fitting by way of supplement to the above sketch of Governor Leslie's life that two voices should be heard setting forth from two different viewpoints, namely, Church and Bar, an estimate of the man.

First, as viewed by members of his own church. Rev.

J. H. Spencer writes to Rev. L. G. Clark as follows:

Parsonage, North Adams, Massachusetts.
130 Church Street. First Baptist Church,

“Dear Bro. Clark: I thank you for remembrance of me in connection with the passing of one of God’s great saints, Governor Preston H. Leslie. It is one of the joys of my life to have known him, and to have had some measure of his regard is one of my most consoling reflections.

God give us more such to serve our day and generation.

It makes Heaven dearer to cherish the hope of seeing again the honored and beloved who have fallen asleep before us.

As ever, yours sincerely,

JAMES H. SPENCER.”

Second, as seen by members of the Montana Bar.

Resolutions were prepared and presented to the Bar Association and in presenting the same the chairman, former Governor B. P. Carpenter, said:

“In the memorial here presented to the court the committee has sought to make an accurate statement of the leading political and professional events in the career of Governor Leslie and couple therewith a true estimate of his character and achievements.

It has not indulged in extravagant encomium, but has expressed opinions which it is believed his former acquaintances will be willing to certify as facts. The committee has thought that a suitable memorial of Governor Leslie, who for nearly twenty years was a worthy practitioner in Montana’s Halls of Justice, who was eminent in at least two states, whose character was irreproachable and whose citizenship was really sublime,

should have a permanent abode in the archives of this court."

These resolutions begin by reciting quite accurately the events of Governor Leslie's life; then comes the following remarkable statement:

"As a public officer he discharged with fidelity the duties of every station to which he was assigned, and no breath of suspicion tarnished his name.

"As a lawyer, he was capable and commendable, ever seeking to support justice and suppress fraud, and invariably observing the ethics of the profession.

"As a man, he was the personification of integrity, and nobleness, conscientious in all his transactions and always the courteous gentleman. He was truly without a superior as illustrating the best American citizenship."

Governor Green Clay Smith.

BY GEN. GREEN CLAY GOODLOE.

Green Clay Smith, the second Territorial Governor of Montana, was born in Madison county, Kentucky, in May, 1832, and died July 29th, 1895. He was the son of Colonel John Speed Smith and Eliza Lewis Clay. Colonel Smith was for forty years a leading lawyer of eastern Kentucky, when the Bar of Richmond was one of the ablest in the country. He was frequently a member of the Legislature; was Speaker of the House, and a Representative in Congress, 1821-3, during Monroe's administration. By President John Quincy Adams, he was appointed Secretary of Legation to the United States, and Minister to the South American Congress, assembled at Tacubaya. He was later appointed United States Attorney for the District of Kentucky, by President Andrew Jackson. In the war of 1812-13 he was aide-de-camp to General William H. Harrison and participated in many engagements. He was a man of the most attractive personality and his estate of three thousand acres at Castle Union, was the scene of generous hospitality in the antebellum days.

The boyhood life of Governor Smith was spent in the country, until the war with Mexico, and volunteers were called for, and in the First Kentucky Regiment of Cavalry, Colonel Humphry Marshall found him, as Second Lieutenant, Company H, (Captain James Stone's company) where his youth and dash reflected credit on his state in the field of action.

After the war with Mexico was over and being mustered out, he returned to his home in Madison county, and devoted

Note: A picture of Governor Green Clay Smith appears in a group published in Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, v. 4, p. 100. The family of Governor Smith recently presented the Historical Society with a splendid large oil painting of the subject of this sketch, taken in the uniform of a Brigadier-General in the Civil War.—Editor.

himself to study, entering Transylvania University in Lexington, Ky., from where he was graduated. He was graduated from the law department of the same school in 1852. He then practiced law in Covington and also took up the duties of school commissioner from 1853 to 1857, and established some of the new schools in his county. He organized a company and was elected Captain, joining the State Militia in 1854. He was elected to the Legislature from Covington, Kenton county, and while serving was active and zealous in the exciting and strenuous days of '61's antagonizing secession.

On the 4th of April, 1862, he arrived at Wartrace, Tennessee, after reporting at Murfreesboro to General Rosecrans, assumed command as Colonel of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, where he was engaged daily in active field operations.

On the 5th of May, after three days' pursuit, his regiment, under General E. Dumont, surprised General John H. Morgan of the Confederate Army at Lebanon, Tennessee, at daylight, and with the First Kentucky Cavalry and the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, scattered the Confederates in every direction, thus delaying their contemplated raid into Kentucky many months.

In a charge Governor Smith was shot in the right knee, but continued in line for several hours until the battle ceased. In a hasty ride over town, indications of the conflict of the house and window fighting, were seen on every hand, as the men were quartered wherever they could get shelter. Many innocent lives were sacrificed. Governor Smith, though suffering from his wound, after conferring with a number of the Union citizens, announced that he would like to address them if they would assemble at the Court House. The bell was tolled, and the people who dared, with a number of soldiers, went into the building to find many of the killed in battle lying on the floor,—a vault of the dead. People were forced to step over the

bodies to find their seats. Was there ever before a time in our country that citizens were invited to listen to an address under the excitement of battle? Will any one who was a witness ever forget it?

Governor Smith, limping upon his sword, went to the judge's bench, and commenced to speak. His theme was the battle of the morning; war was unholy, and brothers should not kill brothers. His impassioned and fervent appeal under such circumstances so affected those assembled that scarcely a dry eye was seen. Governor Smith knew personally at least fifty of the prisoners, as some of them were from his own city, and some from nearby farms.

He was highly commended for his conduct during the engagement by General Dumont, and the following 9th of June he was made by President Lincoln, Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers, and later Brevetted Major-General. He was assigned a brigade of cavalry and participated in a number of cavalry engagements in Tennessee; at Rutherford Creek against Forest, and at Franklin, Tennessee, against General Van Dorn, and numerous skirmishes in Tennessee and Kentucky. He was present at the battle of Balls Bluffs, Virginia, October 21, 1861.

In the fall of 1863, when in the field, he was unanimously nominated for Congress in the Covington and Newport district, now the Sixth district, and elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress. He resigned his commission as Brigadier-General in 1863 to take his seat. He was delegate to the Baltimore convention in 1864. It was in time of war and the country demanded the renomination of Abraham Lincoln. The border states were to be recognized and the nominations for Vice-President were Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, of Lexington, Kentucky, presided as chairman of the convention. A vote was taken and it was a tie. The chairman announced his vote which broke the tie, in favor

of Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, who became the nominee for Vice-President, and succeeded the immortal Lincoln as President of the United States.

Governor Smith delivered a memorable speech in 1865 from the balcony of the old Willard Hotel in Washington in an appeal to the Republican party to retain its unity and support the administration in power. The avenue was blocked from Fourteenth to Fifteenth street with a most formidable crowd of excited listeners. Governor Smith was highly enlogized by the press of the country for the patriotic stand he maintained in the great emergency.

Governor Smith while in Congress was a pall bearer at the funeral of Abraham Lincoln and accompanied his remains to Springfield, Illinois.

In 1866 he was appointed Territorial Governor of the now great State of Montana, Virginia City then being the capital, but under his administration the seat of government was moved to the present site, and Helena sprang by the brawn and power of its pioneer yoemanry into a prominence of national beauty and substance that will live as a monument of the worth of its noble and true citizenship not excelled by any. From the date of his retirement as Governor he took the greatest interest in the people of Montana and the advancement of the Territory.

In 1876 Governor Smith was the candidate of the Prohibition party for President of the United States.

All the latter part of his life was zealously given to the Baptist faith in churches at Richmond, Winchester, Frankfort and Washington City.

Governor Green Clay Smith is survived by his wife and two daughters. Mrs. Smith was formerly Lena Duke, the daughter of James K. Duke, of Scott county, Kentucky. She is the grand-niece of former Chief Justice Marshall of the United States Supreme Court. One of his daughters is the wife of Superintendent Friedman of the Carlisle Indian School; the other daughter, Mrs. William Whitehead, resides at Williamsburg, Kentucky.



John Thomas Conner

John Thomas Conner: Sketch of His Life.

BY LEW L. CALLAWAY.

John Thomas Conner was one of those rare men who, while companionable to a marked degree, are withal so modest as to conceal their most admirable characteristics from all but their most intimate friends. These men do not talk of themselves nor their doings, nor do they usually write auto-biographies. And when one of them is made a waif in babyhood by fortuitous circumstances his recorded history is likely to be brief (unless his activities have been in public life), being dependent largely upon the imperfect recollections of friends. Too brief must this one be. Too little must needs be told of the life of one of Montana's worthiest pioneers.

John Conner, his father, was born in County Clare, Ireland, of wealthy and influential parents. He was sent to college and practically completed his course. Shortly before the time for his graduation he became a part of the political turmoil which was then stirring his unfortunate country. The situation became so acute as to cause him and two of his classmates to leave the country for America, which they did in 1830. In doing so they but followed the lead of considerable numbers of the foremost men of Ireland; a move which gave to the United States many distinguished citizens.

John Conner settled in Philadelphia, where in 1835 he married Ann Frise, a native of that city. Their only child, John Thomas Conner, was born in Philadelphia on Nov. 1, 1836.

While the boy was a mere toddler his parents moved to

Florida and after a sojourn there started for Minnesota intending to settle in that then frontier region. As they were pursuing their journey up the Mississippi river one of the common catastrophies of river travel in those days occurred: the boiler blew up, killing many of the passengers on the steamboat. Mrs. Conner received injuries from which she died in a few days. Her husband survived her but a short time. The boy was then but five years of age, with not a relative in the United States.

John Conner, foreseeing his approaching dissolution, and having sufficient money to bring his little son to manhood with the blessing of a fine education, appointed a friend guardian of the person and estate of the boy, charging the guardian, of course, with this sacred trust of friendship. The guardian placed little John in charge of a good family in which he was treated like a son; but the guardian squandered the money, whether with good or ill intent the boy never knew. So while the boy received the best of treatment he did not receive the education and advantages his father had planned for him. As he turned into adolescence, realizing his position and desiring to relieve his good foster parents of their burden, he started out to work for himself. At that time in Minnesota people were making money dealing in real estate and young Conner thought he could speculate with the grown-ups. When only seventeen he had accumulated a small fortune in land but as he was under age unscrupulous people got it all away from him. The resolution of youth was not deterred long by this misfortune. He started in anew, but soon caught the western fever and went to Denver, Colorado, remaining there until the news of the great discoveries of gold in Bannack was verified. Then he started for Idaho, traveling across the plains by way of Holliday's stage line to Salt Lake City, and thence by Oliver & Conover's stage to Bannack, at which place he arrived March 4, 1863, on the first express wagon carrying mail into that town.

In 1864 he was in Alder Gulch, mining at Summit. He got possession of a good claim which yielded him several thousand dollars. Summit was a typical mining camp, rough, boisterous, wild. Conner took a man's part in the life of the camp, but instead of spending his new fortune in carousals as the great majority of the inhabitants did he pursued a different and characteristic course. He knew his parents were educated and cultivated people, and that he had not received the education and advantages that he deserved. Yet his innate refinement of character was always in evidence no matter under what conditions or circumstances of life he found himself. Surely blood will tell. He determined to educate himself without delay. To resolve was to do, and he went at once to New York City. There he employed a tutor and his more advanced education began. Some time later, behold him a man well informed in the usual branches of learning and conversant upon those subjects which mark the man of education; and behold the courtier of modest and pleasing mein. His western experience had inclined him to mining so he devoted his time with his books mainly to those studies which would be useful to him as a mining engineer, for he had determined to follow that calling. I do not know how long he remained in New York, but he was back in Virginia City in 1870.

In Virginia City he and J. W. Roys had become great friends, a friendship which continued through life. They formed a partnership to mine at Brown's Gulch, one of the tributaries of Alder. They either bought or built a quartz mill which they operated for some time on a mining claim they had, but without profit. This is a part of the practical experience of the young mining engineer,—and it is a necessary part. Incidentally, in the fall of 1870 Roys was running the Clasbey House, one of the well known hotels of early Montana. The fare was not of the best, but was as good as the markets afforded consistent with the prices charged the patrons of the hotel. Roys had to go away

shortly before the holidays so he placed Conner in charge. The new manager jumped into instant popularity, for he bought up the turkeys, chickens, and other good things in the market, thus enabling the "house" to set a table which made the boarders think of the tables "in the states," of which they cherished fond and exaggerated memories. Conner laughingly said Roys had better hurry home as the hotel was running behind every day. The boys who sat at the table did not wish Roys any bad luck, they said, but they hoped his return would be delayed.

In 1871 there stood on the corner of Idaho and Jackson streets in Virginia a two story frame hotel, some 60 or 70 feet long by 35 or 40 feet wide. This imposing structure was called the Planters after the famous hostelry in St. Louis of that name, which indicates that its owners were either of the most numerous class of civilized men in Montana then—the Missourians—or else they were catering to that dominant element. Anyhow one Owen L. Gaffney owned the building in 1871 and purposed to remove it to Salisbury (named Salisbury in honor of a member of the celebrated firm of Gilmer, Salisbury & Co.), at which point he thought he foresaw the building of a city. This point is adjacent to what is now known as the Closton ranch and lies about two miles in a southeasterly direction from Twin Bridges. As indicative of the adaptability of the westerner, the pioneer, and of Mr. Conner in particular, when Gaffney was looking for someone to undertake its removal Conner announced his willingness to take the contract. The upshot was that Gaffney let to Conner a contract to remove the Planters from Virginia City to Salisbury and to erect it there. Conner was to receive \$1,500 for the job and was to complete it by January 1st. Thereafter Salisbury was to be known as Gaffney, to perpetuate the name of its principal citizen. It was a point of some importance. It already supported the inevitable frontier saloon. The daily stage coming from Corinne reached Gaffney at midnight and from

there two stages continued, one going to Helena, and the other to Virginia City. Returning, the stages reached Gaffney in day time. A considerable number of men were employed in the stage company's service, and between the inhabitants and the travelers the place was busy night and day. Mr. Conner at once began to move the building. Ranchmen, bringing produce to Virginia City from the Jefferson, Beaverhead and Ruby valleys were given an opportunity to return via Gaffney, with loads of the Planters' lumber instead of empty wagons. So many took advantage of this that it was but a short time until all of the Planters was at Gaffney and in process of re-erection. As the work got on so well Gaffney became anxious to have it ready for a Christmas opening, so he promised Conner a handsome present in addition to the contract price if he would finish it so that it might open Christmas eve. Conner redoubled his efforts. One day he said to Bennett, who was acting and posing as the head carpenter (this was none other than Hon. A. J. Bennett of Virginia City, who was able to saw a board straight by taking great care and who got so he could drive nails without hitting his fingers): "I wonder what the old man is going to give me; must be something pretty nice, he's so anxious about getting the hotel done." The work was done on time, there was a "grand opening" on Christmas eve, and Gaffney brought forth the present—a pair of boots costing eight dollars!

Alas, for the mutations of time. Gaffney the man and Gaffney the city to be are but memories now. The Northern Pacific railroad passes over the site of the city and the traveler knows naught of the dreams that centered there. And the Planters—it was torn down and sold to the people living in the vicinity. It became a part of the houses, the barns, and the cowsheds of the ranchers far and near. And so its glory departed and its memory is one with Gaffney, man and city.

Mr. Conner resumed mining and followed it with such success that he was enabled to spend his winters in New York City; this he did for a number of years. He became exceptionally well informed along all general lines, and as time glided along grew more and more expert in his vocation as mining engineer.

The years 1876 and 1877 he spent in the United States of Columbia in charge of mining operations there. Returning to Montana he devoted his energies and skill to mining enterprises in this state. About 1890, together with Charles D. McLure of St. Louis, he incorporated the Lillian Mining Company (named in honor of Mr. Conner's wife). This company acquired some of the most valuable properties in Alder and Brown's gulches, the two best known being the Ora Cache and Apex.

The Ora Cache has produced approximately a million dollars, and leasers still find its operation profitable. The Apex is now producing.

It was while Mr. Conner was operating the Apex in 1890 that he performed one of his generous deeds, one well worthy of mention. No one ever heard of it from him. At this time he was short of funds, his resources being in mining properties which were then in process of development. He had given a contract to two young fellows to cut mining timbers for use in the Apex. Stopping at their cabin one evening he heard them discussing the predicament in which another young fellow, a friend of theirs, found himself. It seems that this friend was in the midst of his college course when he found himself without means. He had been working on his father's ranch, which was badly encumbered, trying to put the ranch in condition to sell and to bring the small herd of cattle out of the ruck. The cattle were mortgaged. He had broken some horses but there was no sale for horses. After strenuous efforts on the part of himself and family this young man had spent the year just past in college but it seemed

that he could not complete his senior year, and without completing that his admission to the bar appeared far distant. You see, this young man wanted to become a lawyer. He was at the end of his tether just then. Conner asked about the young man's character, enquiring particularly as to his integrity and industry. His friends spoke generously of him. "How much money does he actually need?" enquired Mr. Conner. One said, "I heard him say he could make it on three hundred dollars." "Well, said Conner, "I am not very 'flush' just now, but you tell him I will let him have that money. I remember how tough it has been for me sometimes." The result was that the loan was made. A money loaner would have thought the young man's note a doubtful security. Probably a banker would have charged it to "profit and loss" that same day.

The outcome, however, was that the young man was graduated—obtained admission to the bar, and has since occupied some positions of trust in this state. It is believed Mr. Conner never regretted making the loan; on the contrary, he seemed to be glad he did. Still, had his confidence been misplaced he never would have said a word in criticism; he had done what his conscience approved in making the loan. And verily it is more blessed to give than to receive. In this instance Mr. Conner could be repaid what he loaned, but the young man could never repay the debt he owed, never. This was but one of the many generous deeds done by Mr. Conner. He did these unostentatiously all through life.

Mr. Conner continued in the operation and management of mines until the end. Latterly his activities were mainly in Beaverhead, Madison, Jefferson and Lewis and Clark counties; his estate still has interests in the three last named.

Throughout his long experience as a mining engineer and mine operator he was acting for others. Sometimes he was personally interested in the project, sometimes not. He

handled hundreds of thousands of dollars of other people's money. The universal testimony is that he conscientiously, scrupulously, and satisfactorily accounted for every cent of it. He was an honest man.

Mr. Conner lived a bachelor until 1890. With his winning and lovable personality, his liking for his kind, his engaging social qualities, it would seem that he need not have remained single unless he desired to, and that must have been the way of it. But in 1889 he was one of a party which made a trip to the National Park. Presumably, you have never thought of it, but if you will stir up your memory you will remember a good many romances which had their inception in that region of wonders. There was a Miss Lillian Perigo with the party and she too had been successful theretofore in escaping Cupids snares. It is likewise a mystery why she had remained single so long, for she was and is a woman of a rarely attractive and beautiful character. Maybe destiny determines these affairs and takes her own time to it. The conclusion of the meeting of Mr. Conner and Miss Perigo was their marriage at Toledo, Ohio, Miss Perigo's residence, in 1890, and, in the language of the old story tellers, it may be said truthfully they lived happily ever after,—until death came to him. Two daughters were born to them, one of whom died while a baby. The elder, Miss Lillian, is now at school in New York.

Fraternally Mr. Conner was identified with the Masonic order, having affiliated with Montana Lodge No. 2 located at Virginia City in 1874, and retained his membership in that lodge until his death.

He was honored with the presidency of the Society of Montana Pioneers in 1894.

He never sought public office but took a lively interest in political affairs. He was an adherent of the Republican party and was often a delegate to its county and state conventions.

Generally speaking Mr. Conner enjoyed good health

throughout his life. His end came suddenly, following a short illness, on March 17, 1908. He was buried in Forestvale cemetery at Helena with the rites and ceremonies of the Masonic order. Around his bier in addition to his family and Masonic brethren gathered many devoted friends, notably a large number of that most remarkable and fast diminishing body of men who were Mr. Conner's coadjutors in the making of a state,—the Pioneers of Montana.

Daniel H. Weston.

BY HENRY N. BLAKE.

Daniel H. Weston was born in the town of Reading, state of Massachusetts, on the eighth day of April, 1835. He was the son of Isaac and Mary Weston and his ancestors were early settlers of New England and belonged to the Puritan stock. Mr. Weston received a thorough training in the public schools and Williston seminary. He commenced his business career in Boston in a store dealing in boots, shoes and rubbers. He was attracted in 1860 by the tales of the treasures of "Pike's Peak," and made a trip to this region, which was named Colorado in 1861 by Congress. He was a pioneer of that Territory and a salesman for the honorable firm of Gurney & Co.

The discovery of gold in Grasshopper creek at Bannack, then within the Territory of Idaho, was followed by the usual result, a "stampede" to the new El Dorado. Mr. Weston was a member of the party that arrived in June, 1863, and was again a pioneer of a new country. He was the agent of Gurney & Co. and managed the first boot and shoe store in Montana. He remained in Bannack about a year and afterwards opened stores in the same lines in Virginia City, Helena and Diamond City. He resided in Helena from 1867 until the day of his death.

During the eventful period of five years following the advent of Mr. Weston in Colorado, the national government was menaced with destruction and life and property were not protected in this section. He was in these serious times a patriotic defender of the American Union, and an earnest supporter of the vital cause of good order. In his business,

Mr. Weston won a solid reputation for integrity and fair dealing with everybody. His word respecting the quality of goods was accepted by customers without a question. He was without a guile in his transactions and often placed confidence in designing knaves who defrauded him. He knew no policy in attacking the wrong or upholding the right, and stood throughout his life as firm as the sturdy oak in the awful gale.

In 1873, Mr. Weston retired from the business to which he had given years without proper vacation and sought an occupation allowing him freedom from the confinement of a store. He was married May 14th, 1879, to Miss Cornelia P. Sims, a native of the State of Pennsylvania and a teacher in the public schools of Helena. She was a woman of high character and attainments and the union was followed by serene happiness. She died March 21st, 1894, and her bereaved husband never ceased to mourn her loss.

The most important position filled by Mr. Weston was the office of Territorial Treasurer of Montana and he was appointed and reappointed six terms. He was the guardian of the funds of the commonwealth from July 1st, 1876, until March 5th, 1887, and discharged his duties with notable success, and not a whisper was ever heard concerning his official conduct. Books and records were examined by experts and committees of the Legislative Assembly and always found correct. His recommendations in reports, affecting the financial policy in the Territory, were sound, and the people were enjoying their benefits. Never was there a better illustration of the wise saying that the office should seek the man.

Mr. Weston was one of the stalwart builders of our state and delighted to tell the interesting story of its progress. He heard the late Senator Sanders make his first address in a lawsuit in Montana. In 1866, he returned from a visit to his old home in Massachusetts. I select a passage from his diary of the trip on the steamboat Lillie Martin, from

Missouri to Fort Benton, written June 29th, 1866, to show his guiding principle: "Through dangers by navigation and hostile savages, we have safely passed, and through delays and doubts and fears, we have nearly reached the end of a river journey such as the world elsewhere does not afford. Thankful to a kind and forbearing Providence for all care and protection to unworthy mortals, we welcome the end and look back not unpleasantly to the memories of our journey."

Mr. Weston acted several years as chief bailiff for the United States Marshal prior to his death on the 2nd day of March, 1908. The end was sudden, but he was prepared for the final summons, and one of the high-minded men, who constitute a state, passed on. He rests by the side of his beloved, who departed before him, in the Forestvale cemetery in the lights and shadows of the Rocky mountains.

Trapping Expedition, 1848-9.

BY WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

The winter of 1848-9 I was in camp with twenty-four other free trappers in a small basin in the Pryor mountains. This was in a section of country afterwards set apart for the Crow Indians in the southern part of what is now Montana. In those days it was frequented only by the Indians.

We had been trapping the previous fall on the various streams from Wind river to Pryor creek, and when the streams froze up the several parties of trappers collected and made a camp in this basin where with our numbers we would be comparatively safe from the Indians and where the essentials of the mountaineer—grass, water, fuel and game—were abundant. We intended to stay here until spring and then trap back along the stream to market at Green river.

Shortly after we had gone into camp five of our number had been sent to Green river for ammunition, salt and camp supplies and these men were expected back by the 15th of December. On Christmas day they had not returned and we were fearful that they had encountered some war party of Indians. In the afternoon of this day the lookouts from a prominent butte discovered seven men coming rapidly across the plains towards camp with six pack animals. They signaled to camp that a party was coming, evidently white men, but whether comprised of our absent comrades, they were not able to say. All doubts, however, were soon set aside as the party came riding into camp, and the well filled packs were evidences of a safe journey for the supplies. The party was comprised of our five comrades and two gentle-

men from New York who had come out to spend the winter with us in camp.

The reason our trappers were overdue was because of a delay back at Green river occasioned by these gentlemen in getting their outfit together. They had arrived at Green river the same day the trappers reached there and had brought a letter from some wholesale merchants in the east to Francis Bovey (I am not sure about the spelling), stating that they wanted to spend the winter with some reliable trappers and have a chance to study the life and habits of mountaineers. The merchant at once informed them of the arrival of our men for supplies and recommended our camp. It was accordingly arranged that they should provide their own horses and outfit and return with our comrades to the winter rendezvous. They were assisted by Mr. Bovey in getting suitable horses and an outfit which was very complete, and thus equipped they had set out for our camp in the wilderness.

This camp had been carefully selected. We were very particular to select a place which afforded an opportunity for noting the approach of enemies and warding off their attacks.

We had constructed a winter corral for the horses and built a high rail fence around the lodges. We had three good lodges, each large enough to contain ten or more persons with comfort. Four of the trappers had their Ute wives with them. These squaws were very expert in setting up lodges, and helped us all in cooking, and repairing moccasins and in dressing skins for clothing. All of us dressed in buckskin in those days and had as much dislike for store clothes as for a house. We preferred a lodge, and I will here remark for the benefit of those who are inexperienced, that a lodge properly made and set up is a very comfortable abode, certainly giving much more comfort than many habitations in settled communities.

That night a terrible snow storm set in. When the fire

in the center of the lodge had declined to a large bed of coals we closed the flap at the top and wrapped up in our blankets. Our guests told us about many things which had happened in the civilized world since we had left it. Our companions narrated the details of their trip and how they traded the furs for camp supplies.

It snowed for three days, about eighteen inches of snow falling, but on the 30th of the month it had cleared up and we organized a hunt for the benefit of our guests, and at the same time to replenish our supply of meat. Elk, deer, buffalo and some bear tracks had been discovered at no great distance from camp. Five of the trappers and the New York gentlemen saddled up for the hunt. Those who remained in camp cleared away the snow from around the lodges and prepared buffalo meat for pemmican.

The hunters came across some deer and antelope about a mile from camp. The New York gentlemen wanted to take a shot at them, but were advised not to do so since buffalo and elk were not far distant, and shooting would probably alarm them. They proceeded about half a mile from the ridge and discovered a small band of buffalo browsing. Crouching around the summit of the ridge the two gentlemen and one of the trappers were motioned to follow up a small draw so as to get the advantage of a flank fire. When all were in place they fired close together and had the satisfaction of seeing two fat cows down and another wounded. The rest of the band stampeded. Four of the trappers were mounted on their choicest runners and were sent among them. Each selected a fat cow and giving chase soon brought her down. As this gave them all the buffalo meat they wanted, two of the trappers remained to carry the choice parts to camp and the rest of the party went after other game. They had not gone far when they came across the track of the bears which they had discovered previously. Following them for a mile or more we found their course ran down a canyon toward a cottonwood grove.

As it was not possible to take the horses down, we here left them with one man in charge and the rest of us advanced down the canyon to the grove. Here we stationed the New York men on a knoll about fifty yards from the grove, cautioning them to make a shoulder shot if possible, while the rest of us circled the grove. The bear had not passed through the grove down the canyon. The men then examined their guns and entered the brush. We were armed with old Hawkins rifles and Colts revolvers. We advanced about two-thirds of the distance through the grove, which was about one acre in area, when we discovered that the snow was trodden down at the upper end of a large fallen tree, which was evidence that there was the bear den. After consulting a moment it was determined to fire one shot from a pistol at what we thought was the bear den in order to stir them up and drive them out, if possible, towards our friends on the knoll, as we wanted them to get a shot. No sooner was the pistol fired than out came three bears with terrible growls. Another pistol shot in unison with our loud yells drove them to flight and they rushed for the upper end of the grove beyond which our friends were stationed. Before the rear bear, however, could clear the timber we brought our guns into play and dropped him. He was a large brown fellow, a proud prize for even experienced hunters. Hallooing to our friends to look out for the other two we followed in pursuit and soon heard shots in close succession. We rushed out of the brush to learn results and there, not over fifty feet from the rocks where the two gentlemen had been stationed, a bear badly wounded was rolling and tossing in the snow. The other bear had got off about one hundred yards when he was hit and was now coming back to take vengeance. Our guests had forgotten to reload their guns and two of the trappers hurried to them and offered their guns. They were soon able to place their enemies hors de combat. We quickly had the hides stripped, returned to

our horses, and made our way to camp, which we reached late in the afternoon.

We found the squaws in high glee, surrounded by the choice buffalo meat which our companions had brought in. The best meat of all was the depuyer. It may not be out of place for me to describe this depuyer. It is a substitute for bread, but much more nutritious. It lies on each side of the back bone next to the hide, running from the shoulder blade to the last rib. The upper edge, according to the condition of the animal, being from one to two inches thick, decreasing to the lower edge from one half to one quarter of an inch thick, and averaging in width from twelve to fourteen inches, and being from eighteen to twenty-two inches long. The average weight is about nine pounds. It is cured by dipping in hot grease and then exposed to the air to dry. If properly cured it will keep indefinitely without taint. This depuyer, together with the hump and the tongue, are the choicest parts of the buffalo.

All hands are now busy cutting up meat into strips for drying and thus making ready to be packed up in *par-fleches* for future use, while the other meat was prepared to be made into pemmican.

This was the season when experienced trappers laid in their spring and fall supplies, for when the trapping season begins they have enough to do looking after their traps and horses and keeping an eye out for Indians. Our guests set to work fleshing their bear hides until the squaws called us in to supper. These squaws were clean and tidy and under the direction of the trappers had learned how to prepare a meal which would have pleased an epicure. With fresh supplies of meat and the delicacies lately brought from Green river, we had a feast fit for kings.

That night we held a council. The trappers, being well acquainted with Indian tactics, agreed that if any Indians were in the country and heard any shots during the day, they would likely pay us a visit that night. Our trails

through the snow would be plainly seen and it behooved us to be on guard. We accordingly rolled up in our blankets, dressed for action, with pistols buckled on, and loaded guns ready to hand. It was a bright, frosty, starlit night. About one o'clock the growling of the dogs startled us, but upon looking out we could discover nothing wrong. The horses in the corral were quiet, and we turned in again thinking it might have been a coyote or wolf which caused the disturbance. About half past two the dogs rushed for the corral, giving mouth, and the trappers were at once in pursuit. We discovered seven Indians trying to get at the horses. As we approached they scattered and beat a hasty retreat, but not soon enough to escape our bullets, for two of them were mortally wounded and the dogs had them by the throat. We chased the others some distance and then returned to camp. Some of the men had made the two dead Indians "bald-headed." We discovered that two of our comrades had received arrow wounds—Russell, a wound in the cheek, and Nelson, one in the thigh. These wounds were soon dressed.

We then held a council. It was decided that none of these Indians should escape to bear the news of the location of our camp and the loss of the two who were killed to their camp, for then we were certain to be visited by a large force. We kept a close lookout until morning and at daybreak ten men with the two guests started on their trail.

About a quarter of a mile from camp we discovered considerable blood on the trail of one of the Indians and saw where he had evidently staggered in the snow. It was plain he had received a bad wound during the attack the previous night and could not have gone much farther. We therefore kept a sharp lookout, for an Indian, like a coyote, will fight when cornered, and many a brave white man has been killed by rash approach to an Indian so near expiring as to be unable to walk.

A short distance forward we found the tracks of the other

four Indians coming from the right and joining the trail of the one wounded. They followed the ridge where the snow was not so deep. Soon we saw where the wounded one had fallen down and had been assisted by the others to rise and move on. It was broad daylight at this time, the snow about one foot deep, our horses in prime condition, and we were able to press on at a rapid gait. After going on about a mile we came upon a spring which flowed into Pryor creek. The Indians had left the ridge and turned down this branch. We followed their trail and saw it enter a patch of willows, which we circled, and found four tracks coming out at the lower edge of the willows. They had gone on, leaving the wounded one behind, probably expecting to return for him after they had signalled their band.

We then agreed to get the Indian without shooting, if possible, as the noise might be heard by the four Indians ahead and warn them that they were pursued. Two men dismounted and went into the willows. In about five minutes we heard a rustling, then an imprecation, when all was still. In a few moments the men made their appearance, carrying a war bonnet, fancy blanket, pipe, and a bow and arrows. They had discovered the Indian as expected, with bow and arrows fitted for use, but had sprung upon him before he could use it and put him to sleep with his own weapon.

By this time the sun was shining in all his glory. Deer and elk were feeding at no great distance. We were thinking, however, of something else than scenery. Self-preservation is said to be the first law of nature. We understood well that if those four Indians were permitted to escape our camp would be continually annoyed, and the probable result would be that we would lose some of our horses, and perhaps our own lives, for the Blackfeet, to which tribe it was manifest that these Indians belonged, when they leave their village on a war expedition, go in large numbers and when they arrive in the country of their enemies they separate into small bands, with an agreed system of signals to be given

when enemies are discovered and concentration is desirable. It is therefore necessary, knowing Indian character and methods as we did, to exterminate these horse thieves and camp spies if it lay in our power to do so.

Tying behind our saddles the personal effects taken from the Indian in the willows, we followed on down the trail at a rapid gait, and soon learned that the Indians were making for Pryor Gap. They had turned to the left, keeping along the base of the southwest end of the mountain; and here reaching a small spring creek we saw where they had stopped to build a fire and roast some meat. They must have remained here some time, and as the fire was still burning they evidently had gone on only a short time before our arrival. The snow at this point was sixteen inches deep, making it very laborious traveling for them, while we with our horses were making good time. Keeping a sharp lookout we saw that the trail was making towards a ridge leading up the southwest corner of the mountain. If the Indians had suspected that we were on their trail they might have discovered us as they ascended this ridge, and give us trouble, for the north side of the mountain was much broken and cut up into narrow canyons affording excellent cover. As we approached the apex of the ridge we sent two men ahead, cautioning them to proceed very carefully. They advanced to the apex, keeping some stunted trees directly in their front, and soon returned, saying they had discovered the Indians clearing away the snow on a cone butte not more than three hundred yards distant. This butte had a small grove of pines on its summit affording them fuel for their signal smoke which would soon bring reinforcements, and they were evidently clearing off the snow for this purpose. The only thing to do was to surround the butte and make the attack before they could signal. We accordingly doffed our coats, blankets, and everything not needed in the fight, and then mounted. Dividing into two equal parties we slowly approached the top of the butte from opposite direc-

tions. We had no sooner reached the top than the Indians discovered us, and before they could descend into any of the revines or canyons we had them surrounded and drove them back into the pines. One Indian with a gun crept to the edge of the pines and shot, the bullet coming very close to one of our number. He received two bullets as soon as he shot and fell face downward just outside the grove. Another Indian crawled in the snow to recover the dead Indian's gun and he also was immediately dispatched to the happy hunting ground. This left two others to be disposed of, and in short order, for if there were other Indians in the vicinity they would hear the shooting and give us trouble. We tied the horses out of range and approached the timber from opposite sides. Evidently they had discovered only one of our parties in the former advance and were not expecting to be approached from different directions, for when the men from the east had crawled to the edge of the grove they discovered the Indians looking keenly to the west, and not forty yards distance. These were soon dispatched and we congratulated ourselves that we were free from the danger of an attack from the larger band to which they belonged, which would certainly have happened if they could have signaled their comrades. The effects of these Indians consisted of three war bonnets, three prime Hudson Bay blankets, four bows and arrows, two pistols, a fine curiously curved pipe, besides knives and tomahawks. Their gun we broke to pieces as we had no use for it.

It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon when we returned to our horses, packed on the plunder, and started to camp, on our back trail. Four of the men, however, did not return with the party, but intent on exploration, crossed the north end of the mountain around its base on the east side, and there struck an Indian trail going south. It was evidently the track of the band which had attacked our camp. It crossed Pryor creek, kept along the base of the mountain to its middle fork, after crossing which it turned abruptly

to the right, and began the ascent of the steep ridge. At this abrupt turn they had evidently heard our shots when we were hunting the previous day, and had mounted the ridge. From the summit of this ridge they had stood and viewed our camp and horses nearly a mile away. They afterward turned down a draw where they saw water and camped, waiting for night before they made the attack. They then approached the camp with results previously narrated. The scouts who went around the mountain reached camp about three o'clock in the afternoon, and found that the rest of the party had already arrived, reporting no other signs of Indians.

What we wanted now was a snow or high wind to obliterate the trails made by the Indians and ourselves, and we had our wish, for before we had retired that night a light snow was falling. Selecting one of the men who had remained in camp the previous day as guard we turned in and were not disturbed during the night. The next morning it was still snowing. We soon had half a dozen men to scout around camp, and afterwards turned out the horses, with two guards. In the afternoon a strong wind sprung up which was most desirable, as it cleared the snow from the south side of the hills and gave our horses a chance at the nutritious grass, which in this country cures on the stalk and affords the best of provender.

Our guests expressed a desire to have buckskin suits similar to those the rest of us were wearing, and as one of our men, Ned Williams, a Kentuckian, had learned the tailor trade, we arranged to gratify their desire. The best suits are made from the skins of mountain sheep, and as there were plenty of sheep on Pryor mountain, not three miles from camp, we planned a hunt a few days after our expedition with the Indians. Early in the afternoon six trappers with the two New York men saddled their horses and started, taking some pack animals and the two dogs. These dogs were well trained after sheep. They would run them

up on the high rocks and hold them there until the hunter could get within range. We had quite a time in places wallowing through the deep snow, and about nine o'clock made the ascent of some lofty buttes and found tracks, whether of deer or sheep we were unable to decide. Here we dismounted and divided our number into two parties, each party taking a dog. Continuing the ascent but a short distance, one party went to the right, the other to the left, and approached the summit of one of the highest buttes, from opposite sides. Our dog was very keen to go but we did not permit it until we were farther up and close to an abrupt, rocky eminence. We soon heard the bark of the dog with the other party and in a moment a band of sheep made its appearance some two hundred yards above us, rushing for the rocky eminence. Our dog now raised a small band which also struggled up the steep mountain side to join the main band above. The snow was too deep for rapid climbing and we took our time, feeling quite certain that the dogs would keep the sheep corralled on the rocks at the peak. We soon came out from behind the rocks with the band plainly in view. There must have been sixty or seventy of them. When we arrived within one hundred yards of the highest rocks we heard shots from our companions in quick succession which caused a commotion among the sheep, but the dogs still held them. When we reached a point within seventy-five yards of them we commenced action, selecting large does because their skin was thinner and their meat better than that of the rams. Taking careful aim we dropped three and wounded another. The band then disappeared over the apex, but only for a moment, as shots were heard on the other side and back they came pell-mell all in a bunch. We delivered our shots this time into the band generally, as the sheep were panic stricken, jumping over each other, striking at the dogs, and generally so lively as to preclude aim at any one animal. As the result of the onslaught we got twelve fine does, three rams and two yearlings.

We ought to have done better at the distance we were shooting. We at once set to work skinning them and soon had the pelts off. In these we packed the brains, the tongues and sinew. The last is a substitute for thread. The brains were used by the squaws in dressing the skins. We also packed into pelts about two hundred pounds of the choicest meat, tied the legs, thus making our trophies secure, and dragged them down to the horses. We fastened the pelts to the pack horses, and getting down the mountain safely reached camp about three o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as we could get something to eat we went to work on the sheep pelts and soon had them nicely fleshed and grained (freed from the hair). When hides are first taken off they are easily grained. We then turned them over to the squaws to be oil-dressed and thoroughly smoked.

We had planned all along to move our camp on or about February 15th to the south fork of the Stinking Water, and there to commence our spring trapping. But, before breaking camp, some of our number wanted to go on a hunt to Wolf mountains, a place famous for bear and mountain lions. As this region was distant a journey of three days there was no time to spare.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 6th, eight trappers with the two gentlemen started on this hunt. They took our best saddle horses and four pack animals. On the afternoon of the third day they arrived at the southwest end of Wolf mountains, where two of the trappers ascended a high peak, from which were plainly seen the valleys of Tongue river and Goose creek.

The object of this scouting was to ascertain whether there were any Indian villages in the vicinity. Herds of Indian ponies were reported quietly grazing in the valley, and a dense smoke from a village showed conclusively the presence of Indians. The Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Sioux were in the habit of hunting buffalo in this region at this season. It was therefore determined by the party to abandon the

hunt. The shooting would soon bring the Indians to them.

They at once began their return to camp, and on coming back to the Big Horn river had the satisfaction of running across a small band of buffalo. As we had what meat we wanted in camp, the trappers did not engage in the run. The two gentlemen, however, gave chase, being mounted on horses which showed that they had been well trained by the Snake Indians, from whom Mr. Bovey had procured them. They returned on the 11th, much to the surprise of those at the camp, but there was no division of opinion that they had adopted a wise course by avoiding any conflict with the Indians.

The next few days we were busy getting ready to move. The usual February thaw showed signs, and we hastened our preparations to start to our spring trapping as originally planned. The sheepskins were all dressed, thoroughly smoked and all ready for the tailor, the pemmican and dried meats packed away in the parfleches, and the girths of our saddles and packs inspected and repaired. Our moccasins were all mended or replaced by new ones and the guns carefully cleaned and oiled.

On the morning of the 15th, the weather continuing favorable, we were ready for the start. First sending out the scouts and hearing that no Indians were around, we began our journey. We traveled fast and by sundown reached Stinking Water. The lodges were up in short order, our runners picketed and the balance of the herd turned out with two guards. Scouts went up the river for some distance and reported the country free from Indians. We guarded the horses, however, all night, and the camp was not disturbed.

On the morning of the 16th we were off early, and ascending the South Fork, reached Beaver Swamp, a distance of thirty miles. The ground was clear of snow in many places and there were appearances of plenty of game. Selecting a suitable place for camp, we soon had the packs down and the lodges up and plenty of wood gathered for

the women. Four scouts viewed the country for a considerable distance and reported no signs of Indians.

Before daylight the next morning we sent guards out to the horses and by nine o'clock had constructed a strong corral. This was the Shoshone or Snake country, a tribe friendly to the whites, but as the upper basin of the river abounded with game of all kinds, it was often invaded by hostile tribes and was considered a dangerous country, and we therefore trusted nothing to chance.

Scouts went down the river on our back track to ascertain whether any Indians were following us. Another scout kept a lookout from a lofty hill. The river was open in places and the beaver and otter signs were abundant. Some of the men went out along the banks and set seventy traps, and others went out for bear. The scouts returned from down the river and reported no Indians in sight, but inferred that they would be on hand before many days, as herds of buffalo were coming up the bottom and likely would be followed. The hunters returned with four bear skins.

Nothing unusual occurred until the 22nd. Up to this time we had succeeded in collecting a large number of beaver and several otter, and the hunters had shot twelve bear and four mountain lions. In the afternoon of the 22nd, the scouts reported Indians coming.

We corralled the horses and summoned all the trappers to camp, our forces being all present except the hunters. About twenty Crow Indians rode up. We halted them at some distance from the lodges. Several of us were acquainted with the chief, Iron Bull. He personally was friendly enough but the tribe generally was a notorious set of beggars and thieves. The chief with two other head Indians were invited into the lodges. Three of us trappers could speak the Crow language and all of us could converse in the sign language, which was universally used in those days. The Indians in reply to the inquiry from whence they came replied, "Grey Bull creek," and said they were on their way

to Elk Water (Yellowstone river).

Upon their informing us that they had lost a great many ponies by the Blackfeet, we exposed for their inspection seven scalps and asked if they knew to what tribe they belonged. After examining them carefully they pronounced them scalps from the Blackfeet and wanted to know where we got them. We informed them that we obtained them at Pryor mountain and that the Indians were trying to steal our horses, and gave them to understand that any Indians attempting to steal our stock would lose their scalps, even if we had to go into their villages to get them. This was brave talk, but it had the effect upon those Indians.

Iron Bull then said his people were very poor; no tobacco, no sugar, no ammunition, no blankets, no meat. This was the Indian method of begging. We gave the chief a pound of tobacco, but refused the ammunition, which he wanted very much. We also gave him two scalps and warned him to keep his people from our camp. The chief replied that the Crows were great friends of the whites and that they would not steal from us. All this we took for what it was worth. We knew the rascals would steal anything whenever they had a chance.

Just at this juncture our hunters returned, making our number twenty-seven. We observed one of the Indians counting our company. As they had only twenty-five lodges, with about fifty warriors, we had no fear of them in an open attack. Before returning the Indians wanted to trade horses. We informed them that we had no horses to trade, but would trade for any good beaver and otter. The chief said they had several of these furs and would bring them the following day.

On the following morning a number of the trappers visited the traps and returned about nine o'clock with a fair catch. About noon Iron Bull with six squaws and a few bucks arrived with twelve beaver and two otter pelts. Some of these our guests traded for and the remainder the trappers

took in exchange for sugar, salt, tobacco, two knives, one scalp and a few notions. I think the Indians would have given all their furs for the scalp. The chief said his young men and women had danced all night over the ones we had given them the previous day, and "this one makes our hearts glad and strong." It makes little difference to an Indian whether he takes the scalp or not, so it belongs to an enemy.

The Ute squaws soon had a feast prepared for the Indians and after the feast the usual smoke followed. It was very interesting to note the conduct of the squaws. There was a wide contrast between those of our camp and those belonging to the Crows. Ours were neat and cleanly. We could see at once there was a mutual contempt between them. On the part of the Ute squaws because the Crow women were filthy and ugly; on the part of the Crow squaws, I presume, because the Utes were more handsome, and cleanly and tastily attired. Very little conversation and a few courtesies passed between them.

It was a relief to us all when Iron Bull finally withdrew. It was likely our treatment of him upon this and the previous day induced him afterwards to call off his warriors from obstructing our advance on the trail when next we moved camp, as hereafter narrated.

As we wanted to move soon we were very busy these days stretching the pelts and getting our furs in condition for packing. We would select two beaver hides of the same size and stretch them on one hoop, so that even if they were not dry they would be convenient to pack, and the pelts that were dry we were carefully baling, which is an art in itself.

On the morning of the 24th the traps were all brought in and after skinning what beaver and otter were caught the night previous, we got everything packed up and by ten o'clock started. We had gone about eight miles when we discovered about forty mounted Indians standing in line

across our trail. There were about ten of us in front, the rest of the company being in the flanks and in the rear. The Indians held their ground on the trail. It never would have done to go around them, for that would only have made them bolder. We rode forward to where they obstructed the trail and requested them to move aside. They refused and our outfit stopped. The man behind seeing the difficulty rushed to the front. There stood the Indians clustered in the trail, with hands on their guns and bows and arrows. Just at this moment Iron Bull, the Crow chief, arrived and ordered them out of the trail, a fortunate act, for the eyes of many of our men were flashing with anger, and a shot on either side would have brought on a battle. Fortune thus favored us and we passed on without further delay. We traveled fast and camped on Grey Bull creek by four o'clock, and by sun down had lodges up and everything in good shape.

I remember on the way over we met Washakie, the chief of the Shoshones, on a buffalo hunt. We informed him of the Crow camp and where he could find the buffalo. He did not approve of the Crows being on his hunting ground. These Shoshones were friendly to the trappers for needed assistance rendered them in their fights with hostile tribes. We crossed the Owl Creek mountains and camped on a small tributary of the Big Wind river.

We remained here several days, finding plenty of fur, and then moved about sixteen miles to the west end of Bull lake, where the beaver were very abundant and game plentiful. Our tailor, with the help of the squaws, who were very expert sewing with sinew, completed the sheepskin suits for the gentlemen. They were double fringed at the seams and a splendid fit and furnished their owners much pleasure. The trappers inspected the streams for miles around, going as far as Dinwiddy lake.

In the afternoon of the 3rd of March, one of the squaws, who had been digging roots on a knoll not far from camp,

rushed in giving the alarm of an attack from Indians, belonging as she thought to the tribe of Arapahoes. We heard shots in the vicinity of where the herd were grazing. Seven of the runners were picketed, fortunately, and these were mounted in an instant. The rest of the men whose horses were in the herd rushed out with their guns. We observed the herd coming to camp with a rush. Our horses had been trained to run to camp when any shots were fired or yells given.

The seven horsemen hurried down like a whirlwind, meeting Jack Perkins, who was wounded, had one rib broken and was spitting blood. Five Indians had come up unperceived by the herders, and getting close to Perkins had shot him. Fred Douglas (Old Otter), the other herder, rushed up and gave a yell to the horses, which started for camp. But the Indians had cut out six head and were making off with them. Douglas dropped one Indian and the rest of the band, seeing the horsemen coming, made off with the six head as fast as possible. It was a hard race as the thieves were well mounted, but then they were retarded somewhat by the loose horses and did not give them up until they knew our men were on faster mounts. They then let the horses go and tried to escape. But too late. It was a running fight for half a mile when the last of the Indians took his way to the happy hunting ground.

Our men had several close calls and two of the horses were wounded, one very seriously, a beautiful, speedy mare, which died the next morning. As soon as the herd reached camp, the other trappers mounted and came as fast as possible not knowing how large a band might be in waiting in the direction in which the thieves had fled, but before they arrived on the scene the work was over.

On arriving at camp we found Perkins in a bad way with a shattered rib and a shot in the lung, but we doctored him as best we could and he finally recovered. We doubled the guards that night but heard nothing but the howl of the

wolves and yelp of a few coyotes.

The next morning breakfast was over by daylight and the traps were brought in. By ten o'clock we were on the move. Early in the afternoon we camped on Dinwiddy lake. We intended to remain here for several days and then cross the mountains to the west fork of Green river. Here we were busy. The fur was abundant. Two of the most expert skimmers remained in camp while the two herders were with the horses, and generally two scouts on the hills. The gentlemen took turns attending Perkins, who was having a hard time of it, while the squaws in intervals of cooking made and repaired moccasins. The trappers with their traps and the hunters in quest of bear and mountain lion filled the camp with green hides, and the drying and baling made things lively.

By the 10th of March Perkins had improved so rapidly that we thought he could stand the trip over the Wind River mountains to the head waters of Green river. The snow was so soft that we knew we would have to make the crossing in the night. All the traps were collected and by sundown we commenced the journey. Several of the trappers were well acquainted with the trail. We placed Perkins on an easy, sure-footed saddle horse, and secretly appointed one of our number to attend and watch him carefully. We traveled in single file, a man behind every one or two pack animals, and two men in front leading a pack horse. The night, as we had hoped, was bright and frosty.

At midnight we reached the summit of the range without mishap. Perkins had never complained and was standing the trip well. By daybreak we had descended to the west fork of Green river, down which we followed five miles. where we found the ground clear of snow and sufficiently level for our lodges. Here we unpacked and the lodges were soon set up and the breakfast ready, all of us being as hungry as wolves. Perkins had stood the trip without a murmur, though evidently weak. We had a large amount

of green hides which required immediate attention, and so, putting the two gentlemen to sleep in a lodge with Perkins, the rest of us went to work fleshing bear hides, putting the pelts on hoops and sampling the stream with traps. We knew we were reasonably free from Indians here, unless they followed us over the mountains, in revenge for the slain horse thieves, but we soon discovered that the beaver were few and the grass poor, and determined to move on in the morning.

About two o'clock the guests woke up and seemed much surprised at our industry after being up all night. We then had a lunch consisting of beaver tail, pemmican and depuyer and made some tea for Perkins, who was much improved after a good sleep. The squaws, who woke up about an hour after this, acted as though they were ashamed of their long sleep, and by five o'clock had a substantial supper ready. Early in the evening the trappers retired, leaving the two gentlemen guarding the horses and the camp.

The next morning breakfast was over by daybreak and we moved down to the mouth of the stream about twelve miles, where there was a large bottom and plenty of grass. We selected camp in a beautiful cottonwood grove. After dinner fifteen men, each with six traps, started out in different directions to inspect the streams and afterwards reported signs of plenty of beaver and good hunting for elk and bear. The clouds were threatening and we built a strong corral and packed in plenty of wood. We retired early, trusting the care of the camp to the dogs.

In the morning a heavy snow was falling. We remained in this camp till the 15th of March, collecting the beaver for ten miles from camp and bringing in many bear and several elk.

On the 16th we moved to the forks of Green river, and on the next day, after the men had gone out with their traps, were visited by five strangers who had come from Fort Bridger. These men had been trapping in the employ of fur

companies, but had now set out on their own account. We advised them not to go up Green river, but to cross over to Snake, where beaver were abundant and where they would be comparatively safe from hostile Indians.

When our trappers came back in the afternoon, we gathered in one of the lodges and heard from these strangers the news of the outside world. They talked about the Mexican war, of the gold excitement in California and the growth of the recent settlement of Mormons down in Utah. We asked if any fur buyers had come to Bridger yet and learned that they were expected there in a few days. These buyers were the ones we wanted to meet and it was determined to go into market. The strangers left the following morning, and our company proceeded to make all arrangements to go in to Bridger. While the traps were being lifted from the streams, four of the trappers with the two gentlemen went out for their final hunt, and late in the afternoon returned to camp with the hides of three bears, two mountain lions and two very fine elk heads, the antlers being large and points uniform. The gentlemen requested us if possible to pack these heads to Bridger, as they wanted to take them back home with them.

On the 21st we packed up and arrived in Fort Bridger in four days, just in time to catch some parties who were on their way to Independence, Missouri, with wagons. The gentlemen arranged to go through with these teams, taking their elk heads and other effects. We asked them to select what furs and hides they desired, but they would only take four bear hides, four beaver pelts and two otter. They asked for two Blackfeet scalps for their collection of curios. We gladly assented, and forced upon them two parfleches of pemmican and depuyer, feeling sure they would stand in need of them before they arrived at their destination. They in turn compelled us to take three times as much as all our services to them were worth, and the next morning, the wagons being ready, we parted. It was like parting with

brothers.

The fur buyers had arrived at Bridger the day before we got there, and came over to camp to look over our outfit. We had a large and fine assortment, having accumulated both the fall and spring catch, and had no difficulty in disposing of all we had for a fair price in gold.

We remained two days at Bridger before breaking camp. Eight of us agreed to go to California, the four who had the squaws were going down Green river to Brown's Hole, where the Ute Indians came every spring to trade. And the remainder of the company determined to go to various parts of Oregon where they had families or relatives.

The day we broke camp the squaws rigged themselves up in their best trappings. They thanked us all for kind treatment and went away with their men to rejoin their tribe. They took with them the scalps of the Arapahoes. This tribe was a bitter enemy of the Utes.

The eight of us who had determined to go to California struck the trail with a good pack outfit and arrived at Hangtown on the morning of July 4th, 1849. We celebrated there .

Early Navigation of the Upper Missouri River.

Report of Chas. P. Chouteau to the Secretary of War of a Steamboat Expedition from St. Louis to Fort Benton, 1859.

St. Louis, November 1, 1859.

Honb'l. John B. Floyd,
Secretary of War,
Washington City.

Sir:—

"I have the honor to submit the following report of my journey by steamboat from St. Louis to Fort Benton on the Upper Missouri. I left St. Louis on the 28th of May last, taking two boats, the "Spread Eagle" of 550 tons measurement, and the "Chippewa," a stern wheeler, 165 feet long, 30 feet beam and 350 tons capacity.

"I was charged with the duty of transporting the Indian annuity goods for the Upper Missouri agencies and the corps of engineers and escort under command of Capt. Wm. F. Reynolds.

"I landed Capt. Reynolds and party at Fort Pierre on the 18th of June and arrived at Fort Union, situated at the mouth of the Yellowstone river, on the 1st of July. Leaving the Spread Eagle at this point, after transferring 160 tons of freight to the Chippewa, so as to increase her draft of 31 inches. I engaged a crew of 95 men composed chiefly of old voyagers, so as to insure my overcoming all the difficulties represented to exist, and had two mackinaw boats of 45 tons capacity each, lashed to her sides to serve as lighters in case of need.

"I left Fort Union on the 3rd of July, fully a month after

the water commenced receding. We camped 10 miles above the Big Bourbeuse; our day's run footing up 70 miles.

"At 6 o'clock A. M. we reached Fort Kipp, and fired off 13 guns in honor of the glorious 4th. Heavy wind compelled us to lay up very early in the afternoon a few miles above Riviere Aux Trambles or Poplar river.

"July 5th. Met with considerable delays, caused by the shifting of the channel. Tore out the stern post of one of the barges, which obliged us to lay up at Wolf Point the balance of the day to repair damages.

"July 6th. Passed the mouth of Milk river at 3 o'clock P. M. At "El Paso" Point, 5 miles above, found the river so shallow that we were detained until daylight next morning in sparing over. Indeed I might add that the 7th was spent in lightning and sparing over the Many Sand Bars both above and below the "Big Dry Fork."

"July 8th. We camped this evening in sight of the "Round Butte," half way distant to Fort Benton. The channel constantly shifting its position from one shore to the other, and the dense forest of cottonwood with which both banks are lined falling into the river, causes numerous snags and sawyers. These obstructions proved very annoying, as they obliged us to shift the position of our barges many times during the day.

"July 9th. Our day's run footed upwards of 80 miles, and had constantly in sight great abundance of game of every variety.

"July 10th. At 2 o'clock P. M. we passed the mouth of Muscilshell river, when the gravel bottoms began to show themselves. Below this point the subdivision of waters caused by numerous islands and Sand Bars constitute the only serious obstacles to Steam Boat navigation at low water and during the months of July, August and September will ever require the greatest precaution and experience to keep in the channel, for no sooner lost than one becomes entangled in difficulties.

“July 11th. We passed to-day several large and beautiful islands all heavily timbered—also a succession of shoals and rapids,—to cross them the bottom of our little craft was pretty severely rubbed.

“July 12th. The scarcity of fuel along the shores gave us convincing proofs that we had fully reached the barren or “Bad Lands” of the Missouri. The Rapids becoming more and more numerous, and the swiftness of the current so strong as to compel us to resort to the use of the barges at four different times—viz: Calf Island, Cow Island, Squaw Creek and Burds Rapids.

“July 13th and 14th. Two whole days were occupied in crossing Dauphin’s Rapids, which is by far the most formidable and dangerous encountered on the river, and until cleared of the many boulders which are all loose, will ever be a serious barrier to Steam Boat Navigation. Found good coal $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from this rapid, as also in the neighborhood of Cow Island.

“July 15th. Passed Kettle, Rondin’s, Harvey’s, Old Fort Island and the Judith rapids during the forenoon. Arrived at the mouth of Judith river at 2 o’clock P. M., where we had the satisfaction of finding the greatest abundance of wood. In the afternoon abandoned one of the barges, being too great a drag on our little boat, and which enabled us to cross “Dead Man’s Rapids,” and “Kipp’s Rapids” without much inconvenience.

“July 16th. Finding that time and speed could be gained by being unencumbered with the second barge, we dropped her also, and the result was that the best day’s run during the whole trip was this day accomplished. We camped at Spanish Island, a favorite winter ground of the Indians.

“July 17th. We reached the mouth of Maria river at 8 o’clock A. M. and Old Fort Mackenzie at 1 o’clock P. M. Here our stock of fuel totally gave out, and without a possibility of replenishing it except by retracing our steps a considerable distance below. Observing that the river

was falling rapidly, and being but 12 miles distance from Fort Benton, we decided on discharging freight at this point. In the afternoon, I visited the Fort and the following day descended by skiff for the purpose of sounding the river. I found not less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water, and all the points and islands well timbered, but too green for steamboat purposes. Leaving instructions to have a large quantity of cordwood prepared for next season, at 2 o'clock P. M. the Chippewa's prow was headed down stream.

"July 19th. We encountered very heavy wind all day, and so apparent was the dangers of coming in contact with the rocky shores, that prudence dictated the necessity of cutting down our after cabin, thereby rendering the Chippewa so much more navigable.

"July 20th. In descending Dauphin's Rapids, we struck the rocks with great force, breaking many of our bottom timbers, and Burds Rapids came very nearly disabling us entirely. We arrived at Fort Union the morning of the 26th after encountering many detentions by Sand Bars and heavy gales of wind. By my present experience I have arrived at the conclusion that with suitable boats and the removal of boulders here and there obstructing the channel and forming the rapids, that the navigation of the Upper Missouri can be made just as safe and easy and the Upper Mississippi or Ohio rivers, and I have no hesitation in affirming that the trip from Saint Louis to Fort Benton can be easily accomplished within thirty-five days."

Very respectfully,

CHARLES P. CHOUTEAU.

Overland Trail.

BY DAVID HILGER.

During the early months of the year 1867 in the border counties of Minnesota, a general discontent prevailed among the settlers of that section; discontent resulting from a combination of circumstances; the horrors of the Sioux massacre of 1862, and the effects of the Civil war were pretty severely felt by the personnel of the First and Second Minnesota regiments of Volunteers, which were almost annihilated in some of the hard fought battles of that war. These regiments were partly made up of the residents of the section of country to which I refer. Added to this was the general discontent caused by two or three severe winters, the rigors of which were severely felt by the early settlers of Minnesota, and last but not least the glowing reports of the discovery of gold in various sections of Montana, all combined to make the time ripe for immigration.

I happened to be the son of one of the pioneers of Minnesota, and when only four years of age was taken, by forced marches, to St. Paul, at that time considered the only place of safety from the pursuing Sioux warriors. This was during the time of the memorable massacre of 1862, when 2,100 men, women and children were butchered by savages, the parallel of which has not been equaled in the history of the United States. At that time my father joined a company of volunteers who relieved the town of New Ulm from siege and saved it from utter annihilation.

Little wonder indeed that the spirit of immigration prevailed among the settlers of that section. In the months of June and July, 1867, there were gathered at the point

of rendezvous, about 80 miles northwest of Fort Wadsworth, North Dakota, twenty-four families, between thirty and forty children, and 160 single men, all prepared for the arduous journey overland, over the trackless prairie, without a single habitation across all of what is now North Dakota and the greater part of North Montana.

I may state that settlement and civilization ceased at that time at Fort Ridgley on the Minnesota river, about one hundred miles southwesterly from St. Paul.

The ordinary immigrant's outfit consisted of from one to two yoke of oxen and a wagon which contained a family or sometimes two, and three or four single men. When finally organized and ready for starting, this immigrant train consisted of nearly 300 wagons. An organization was affected, and Capt. Davy was selected as commander or captain, and from the membership of the train an advisory board was selected. It became necessary to adopt a code of laws to regulate and decide all matters pertaining to the management of the train, and the safety of its people, and punishment for infractions of its so-called criminal code, for it must be remembered that we were now like a ship on an ocean, adrift from civilization or the protection of courts and its officers, and must organize for mutual protection against the lawless bands of Indians whose territory we were about to invade.

Well do I remember a cheerful morning in July, 1867, when a long line of ox teams strung out and headed westward over the trackless prairie covered with luxuriant grasses and wild flowers, and bidding adieu to the last settlers who had dared to endure the trials and dangers of frontier life plunged into an unknown ocean of prairie, our objective point being Helena, Montana.

Besides our train of nearly 300 wagons we were joined by Capt. Smith of the regular army with two companies of infantry who were taking or driving 300 head of beef steers to Fort Buford on the Missouri river. All combined this

made a homegenous gathering of men, women and children, besides the government troops, and collectively a strong outfit to resist the attacks of hostile Indians.

The routine work from now on was one composed of camp life with its attendant details, and the route and distance of travel, and places of camping were left in the hands of the captain and his advisory board, with full power to maintain a strict military discipline. In selecting grounds for a camp, which was always done with the view of protection from any attack of the Indians during the night, high ground was chosen, and the train was always camped by making a large circle of the wagons, with the tongues turned inside of the circle, thereby forming protection for those within the train enclosure, and also making a corral for the work cattle.

We had a very fair brass band that enlivened the occasion with music, and dances on the open prairie by adepts who were not used to wax floors were indulged in. Game, which was our principal article of diet, was abundant; buffalo, antelope, deer and elk were to be seen every day. We had our trials and tribulations—our so-called ups and downs. When the weather was fine, travel good, water and fuel plenty, no sickness, and work cattle in good condition, then everybody was in a good humor, at least during the early part of the trip. But when we reached the Milk river in northern Montana, in September, the downs had an inning; bad water, if any at all, country dry and hot, and alkali in abundance, no fuel, provisions running low, sore-footed cattle, sickness, and everybody in bad humor.

The first evidence of civilization that we reached after leaving Fort Ridgley in Minnesota was Fort Stevens on the Missouri river. It was a military post the same as Fort Buford and Fort Union further up the river, where supplies were readily accessible during the period of navigation on the Missouri river. This is on the extreme western line of what is now North Dakota, so that I can say that I crossed North

Dakota from its eastern line at a point near Big Stone lake, thence westward to Montana by a route that lay about forty miles south of Devil's lake to the Missouri river, without seeing a solitary habitation or a single evidence of civilization.

From Fort Stevens our route was northerly along the general course of the Missouri river to Forts Buford and Union; thence westerly to the mouth of Milk river; thence up Milk river to a point near where Fort Assinniboine now stands; thence we turned southwesterly until Fort Benton was reached, which point was the head of navigation of the Missouri river, and which we reached the last day of September, 1867. Strange as it may seem, modern engineering has constructed and is operating the Great Northern railway line almost along the identical course that we traveled overland in 1867. After recuperating for a week at Fort Benton we again set out and arrived in Helena the first week of October, when our train disbanded.

As I have passed rapidly over our journey in general, I shall now go back to review some of the instances and details of that journey.

It must be borne in mind that our course lay through a country occupied by hostile Sioux Indians, as well as the Crees and Gros Ventres, whom we met in northern Montana, and when it required a great deal of tact and diplomacy to avoid conflicts. Strange as it may seem, we did not have a single death on the entire trip, and with the exception of the occasional exchange of shots fired by the pickets no damage resulted. It took three months to make the trip and at times the circumstances were very trying. Sore footed work oxen were the source of our greatest trouble when we struck the alkali sections along the Milk river. Many of the cattle gave out and had to be shot. This required some adjustment of teams and an ox would be confiscated from some other immigrant who was better supplied, for we could leave no one on the prairie in this hostile Indian country. It would

surely mean death to those that would be left behind.

My father had crossed the plains in 1864, and had had experience in these matters, so when we started west from Minnesota our outfit consisted of four wagons and two yoke of oxen to each wagon, besides two milch cows, and it became necessary later on to yoke up these milch cows and work them the same as the oxen. My father took with him three young men who were desirous of going west, but had no means. They were engaged to drive ox teams and assist generally in the work required in making camp and other matters, and they accompanied us to Helena, Montana, one of whom, a wealthy banker, died recently.

While this journey on the whole was not so bad, and as no deaths resulted, I might say that we had a comparatively pleasant journey, although at times very trying. I remember of traveling a few years ago on the Great Northern railway in a Pullman sleeper along almost the identical course we had followed with ox teams forty years ago. I was somewhat amused by a fussy elderly lady who was continually complaining because the train was an hour or so late and she had quite an argument with the porter for non-attention. My mind could not help but go back to the days of the overland journey when it took three months to go over the distance that is now almost covered in twenty-four hours, and I thought of the trials and tribulations of the mothers and children as they crossed that trackless prairie. The inconveniences, the hardships, the dangers from roving bands of hostile Indians; and I compared them to the fussy old lady in the Pullman sleeper, and I thought to myself lucky indeed that there were at one time pioneers who blazed the trail for the coming commonwealth of North Dakota and Montana.

The principal reason why we used work oxen instead of horses for making this trip is because the Indian had no use for the ox. At that time he had all the game he wanted. Horses would have been subject to stampede and could have

been taken away from us by any attack of Indians, and this would have put us on foot, as the saying goes. Cattle wander only a short distance from camp where there is plenty of water and grass, which is not the case with the horse. Oxen were a great deal cheaper than horses and required only a yoke and a chain to be ready for action. We usually drove from twelve to twenty miles a day, depending, of course, upon the water, fuel and available camping ground.

When we left Minnesota we engaged two half-breeds, and one Sioux Indian as guides. They were thoroughly familiar with the country, and rendered us valuable assistance, in fact we could not have gotten along without them.

I must relate one instance in connection with these guides. Unfortunately one day and through some unknown source they got possession of some whiskey and became intoxicated, in other words paralyzed drunk, and placing them in a wagon more dead than alive, we continued our journey. The captain was very much enraged at the Indians for getting drunk, and made the fatal mistake of censuring the guides rather than the guilty parties who had given them the whiskey, and they got very much offended after sobering up and were going to quit the train. They were finally persuaded to go along until we reached the Missouri river. They were, however, sullen and in a non-talkative mood, and near evening we were compelled to make a dry camp, the cattle suffering severely for want of water, as the weather at that time was extremely hot. The captain with his advisory board had to finally go to the guides and make all kinds of overtures to get them in a good humor, and make many promises besides presents, and the result was that they immediately took an interest in matters and one of them informed the captain that if he would order the train to yoke up he would take them to a fine spring, which was within a mile from the place where we were camped. This was immediately done and we were soon at a beautiful spring that had apparently been overlooked by the pickets whom

we had sent out in search of water. After that great care was taken with our guides; we even permitted them to have a limited amount of whiskey.

The reader may also want to know why we shot the work oxen that we were compelled to leave behind, and I will say that it was an act of charity to do so, for just as sure as we left one the buffalo would find and gore him to death. Our whole train witnessed one of these scenes and we concluded that thereafter we would put the oxen out of their misery rather than leave them to the mercy of the buffalo.

We never were short of buffalo meat at any time after leaving Minnesota until we reached Fort Benton, and I might say that antelope and deer, which furnished an abundant supply of meat, were seen almost every day.

I will give a more detailed description of my impressions of the buffalo, which at that time roamed by countless thousands over North Dakota and Montana.

When we reached Milk river, and for several weeks thereafter while our train was slowly moving westward and up the Milk River valley, I can say without the slightest exaggeration that we saw thousands upon thousands of buffalo every day, ranging from small herds of from twenty-five to one hundred, up to five hundred or even over a thousand in a herd, and from any high point where any considerable view could be had, you could count from ten to twenty herds in sight at one time. As the train approached their accustomed grazing grounds over which they had held full sway for perhaps centuries in the past, they slowly and somewhat sullenly moved from the path of their invaders. It actually became dangerous at times, for a herd could have been stampeded through the train by careless hunters, for it is next to impossible to turn a large herd from their course. I remember one day when a massive buffalo ran right through the train which was stretched out in double file, by jumping over and between the ox teams. No particular damage resulted, the buffalo was shot some eight

or ten times and finally killed a short distance from the train.

We found great difficulty in finding good watering places for our cattle, for the tramping of so many buffalo had made the accessible points along the banks of the Milk river perfect mire holes, and water had to be dipped in buckets to water the cattle. Clouds of dust rose from the vast herds as they moved swiftly over the prairie in a solid, compact body, and the low rumbling occasioned by the sound of so many feet which seemed to vibrate the very earth, was at times awe-inspiring.

It seems incredible that these "Monarchs of the Plains" could have disappeared from the very face of the earth, in a comparatively short time. The professional buffalo hunters, with their heavy sharp rifles, lured by the fascination of criminal destruction and the prices paid for buffalo hides, soon created havoc among their numbers, and now we can only see the sad remnants of their once former greatness in a few parks as a reminder of our once great frontier.

No description would be complete without something being said about the half-breed of forty years ago. A common name locally, but perhaps not so well understood at a distance. The half-breeds were simply the products of an inter-marriage between the whites and Indians, which became almost a distinct race by themselves. When near Devil's lake in North Dakota, we were visited by a large band of Red river half-breeds, that consisted of a party of about two hundred, at least they had two hundred Red river carts, which was a home production built with an axe and an auger, a crude and serviceable vehicle, and capable of hauling a thousand pounds.

They were comparatively wealthy at that time as far as good, fat horses were concerned, and they, themselves, cleanly, contented and happy; and they always observed the Sabbath by rest and religious exercises. They wore white shirts on Sundays, scrupulously clean but never

ironed. They were well armed and had no fear whatever of hostile Indians. The remnants of the so-called half-breeds of this section tells a somewhat sad story, and here is a theme for the temperance lecturer, for I can safely say that ardent spirits, alcohol and its various compounds has done more to impoverish, debauch and degrade these people than all other influences combined.

When we reached Milk river and our train was slowly moving up the valley in a long column, an incident happened that nearly resulted disastrously for the personnel of the train. For a week or more we were daily visited by Indians, and our men traded for quite a number of horses, and they appeared very friendly. An old Indian chief became a very close friend of my father, induced by the generous treatment accorded him, and presents and invitations to dine are valued factors in such cases. Finally taking my father to one side, he told him that in "three sleeps," which meant three days, we would reach a camp of Indians of about three hundred lodges, where were many bad young men, who had killed several wood choppers a week before on the Missouri River. He added that our young men should be cautioned to stay close to the train, as the young warriors would surely kill them if caught away from the train, and we must be very careful in coming up to the Indian village to promote friendship by presents, but to take no chances of being ambushed.

The next day our train formed in double column, and extra precautions were taken. On the third day our pickets reported a large Indian camp several miles ahead. At this point the hills crowded either side of the river, leaving a narrow bottom, and a dense growth of timber skirted the river,—an ideal place for a massacre.

Suddenly a strong party of mounted Indians in full war paint, typical young warriors, burst into view, and emerging from a coulee, ran at full speed at the head of the train. With leveled guns and drawing their bows and arrows, they

commanded us to halt, and we did so immediately. At the same time Indians seemed to rise from the very earth; the timber was alive with them, and in a few minutes about five hundred to six hundred warriors were around and among us. My father had been in many Indian skirmishes before, so immediately detected the absence of squaws and papooses, which meant trouble. He was met by Captain Davy, who, white as a sheet and trembling with fear, addressing my father, said: "My God, what are we going to do?" I was only eight and a half at that time, but I can assure you I was old enough to realize the situation with suppressed excitement, for the war paint on the Indians riding bare-back, with not a stitch on except a breech clout, and carrying bows and bundles of arrows, or muskets, was evidence enough as to the intent of their murderous natures.

If I do say it myself, and I shun the spirit of egotism, my father, Nicholas Hilger, never possessed an iota of fear, and I never saw a man in my life who, under the most trying circumstances, possessed such absolute control over himself. The crucial moment for action had arrived, and he was fully equal to the occasion. "Captain, order out the brass band at once and don't act like a cur. Put on a bold front," was his rejoinder.

The band was quickly gotten together, and in a brief time the astonished Indians were regaled with the inspiring tune of "Yankee Doodle," for it was perhaps the first band that most of them had ever heard, and they seemed to forget the purpose for which they had come. My father immediately summoned the chiefs together, offered them presents, gave them trinkets, divided sugar and coffee with them, and finally smoked the pipe of peace, but at no time did that brass band let up until we were finally commanded to move on.

The squaws and papooses had been attracted by the music, and by their sudden appearance my father knew from experience that the extreme danger point had passed.

We were soon under way and camped that night about four miles beyond the Indian camp on high ground, some distance from the Milk river. Can you imagine the distress of any mother during this trying time? It was a close call, for one of them who followed us for several days finally told my father that the chiefs were unable to restrain their men, and they had intended to kill every man of the train.

The bows and arrows used by boys at the present time seem very harmless indeed, but not so in the hands of an Indian, for it seems incredible with what force and accuracy they could drive an arrow. I have seen them shoot arrows through the largest buffalo, so that the spear-head of the arrow would protrude from the opposite side of entrance. I also remember seeing a young Indian, about fourteen years of age, in full sight of the train, kill three buffalo in a run. This was done by riding a horse alongside, or quartering behind close to a buffalo at full speed, then the second or third arrow landed just behind the short ribs, ranging forward in the region of the heart and lungs, and soon brought him to a standstill when he would shortly fall, bleeding to death inwardly.

The reader would undoubtedly be interested to know how we managed to get along with a train of three hundred wagons across a wild and undeveloped country, without any wagon roads or bridges, so I will tell how this was accomplished.

A large part of our journey lay over a level or rolling prairie which was not at all difficult to travel except occasionally. This was the fact when we reached the Missouri river, where we had to cross broken, in fact, bad land country, and it required a considerable amount of labor to construct roads.

The most serious trouble that we experienced was in the earlier part of our trip in North Dakota, when we had to cross a great many streams that were not fordable. Although we had made provisions for exactly such emergen-

cies, expecting to swim a number of streams, and having constructed the wagon boxes with a view to being water tight, I remember three different streams that could not be forded, so the train was ferried on boats made out of the wagon boxes. These boats were made by lashing two wagon boxes side by side—sometimes four were placed in this way, two in front and two behind, held together by cross timbers, and these made quite a fair sized ferry boat. Ropes were attached to pull them backward and forward when the stream was narrow, otherwise they were paddled and poled over. The running gears of the wagons were taken apart and ferried over, then the effects and supplies were taken over, so that in a day's time our entire outfit would be able to cross a stream that could not be forded.

We narrowly escaped a serious disaster in one of our ferrying operation, when the men, tiring somewhat of pulling the so-called ferry boats backward and forward with the ropes, decided to use a yoke of oxen to perform this work. Everything went well until a load, composed of women and children, not omitting myself, was about mid-stream, when the oxen scared at something, and became uncontrollable, pulling too strong upon the ropes. The result was that the water bulged over the top of the boxes and swamped us. The oxen kept on going, however, so with the assistance of eight or ten men plunging into the water, everybody was taken off, but most of the effects were washed down the river. With the exception of the momentary fright, no harm was done, though that boat load got a splendid ducking.

Picket duty and guard duty forms one of the most laborious duties of the immigrant outfit in the hostile Indian country. The captain had a roster of all able bodied men that were in the train, and each one had to perform his proportionate part of picket duty. At night a guard was placed around the train, consisting of four men at equal distances, whose duty it was to pace backward and forward. At each half hour one guard would call, "Half past one; all

right all 'round," then this was repeated by the next guard and the next until it made its run. The guards, of course, were relieved, one set being on from eight o'clock until twelve, and the other from twelve until four. This was the guard work of the train, but the worst part of all was what is known as picket duty.

A picket consisted of from three to five men, located at some distance from the train on a commanding point of view, who were required to be concealed as much as possible. They generally took picks and shovels, and dug a trench, throwing the dirt outward and forming a breastwork, which protected them from the fire of the enemy. These pickets were usually located from two or three hundred yards to as much as half a mile distant from the train. They were not relieved at night, but would be on duty from eight o'clock until daylight in the morning, about four o'clock. There were never less than two pickets out, and in a dangerous country there were sometimes as many as four and five.

Every evening the captain read off the list of those assigned to picket duty, and also for the guards for the night. The list of names were always carefully checked, so that each one performed his share of this duty, barring sickness or disability.

During the day time we had what was known as a day guard, composed usually of twenty-five men, whose duty it was to form a line on either side of the train when it was in motion. They were generally placed about from fifty to one hundred yards apart on each side of the train, and maintained this position while traveling.

I must not neglect to say that the two companies of infantry that were with us under Captain Smith rendered great service to us as far as Fort Buford, in protecting the train and in performing guard and picket duty. I attribute largely the fact that we had no open encounters with the Indians to our effective picket and guard duty, both day and night.

The Indians at that time were haughty, distrustful, and

defiant. With the buffalo as a supply to draw from which furnished practically everything that was required in the shape of food, clothing and protection from the elements, and with large numbers of good horses, it is no wonder that for years it required the best efforts of our government to subdue them and protect the white settlers. The half-breeds, however, were good natured, contented, reliable and friendly at all times in those early days.

I have heard of epochs in our national history that tried the very souls of men, and I can assure you that the character of a man is brought out in bold relief on a trip of this kind. You might live as neighbors in your home town for years and years, and still know very little about his latent character. Quiet, unassuming and unnoticed individuals will, in the most trying times, prove to be heroes, whereas others that you had every reason to believe would be brave and courageous, will prove to be abject cowards. A trip across the plains, via the ox team route, develops character better than any test I know, and I know when we arrived at Helena in the fall of 1867, weary and travel worn, it would have been an easy matter to make out a classified list, based upon the worth and courage of the membership of that emigrant train. On that list would have been the names of men who performed an important part in the settlement and development of the Empire of Montana; men who will forever be honored and revered for their splendid traits of character; brave and courageous, and yet kind and gentle; ready at all times to risk their own lives for the protection and safety of others; men who never for a single moment lost their keen perception of justice, and on whose sunburned and unshaven faces beamed the sunlight of honesty.

Sacajaweah: An Historical Sketch.

The Woman-Guide and Interpreter for Lewis and Clark's Expedition Across the Rocky Mountains. The First Woman Named in Montana History. Account of Her Services and Travels.

BY WILLIAM F. WHEELER.*

INTRODUCTION.

The following account of the services rendered to Captains Lewis and Clark during their travels up the Missouri River and across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, by Sacajaweah, a Shoshone Indian woman, the wife of Toussaint Chaboneau, a Canadian Frenchman, who was employed by Lewis and Clark as a hunter and interpreter of the Indian languages of the several tribes living along the Missouri river, was compiled mostly from their journal of the expedition, and enough of the narrative of the journey was retained and is given in as brief a form as possible, to show the route followed by them in going and returning. The portion of the journey in which Sacajaweah accompanied the expedition, as guide and interpreter, and the services she rendered as such, are described much more fully.

The writer has traveled over three-fourths of the identical route followed by Lewis and Clark, and can certify truthfully to the clearness and fidelity of their descriptions. The expedition left its winter camp on Monday, May 14th, 1804. The spot was at the mouth of Wood river, a small stream on the east bank of the Mississippi opposite to the entrance of the Missouri. It is not necessary to give any

*For biography, see Montana Historical Society Contributions, v. 3, p. 27.

details of the voyage up the Missouri to the Mandan village where this story begins, because the particulars are fully given in the journal of the expedition. It is sufficient to say: Captains Lewis and Clark arrived at the Mandan village on the 27th day of October, 1804.

THE NARRATIVE.

After the arrival of Captains Lewis and Clark at the Mandan villages on the 27th of October, 1804, the members of the expedition made a temporary camp near the Mandans, and the time was spent by the chief officers in making the acquaintance of the Indians who came from all directions to visit them. These they instructed in the object of their visit to their country, and smoked council pipes, and feasted without limit, and thus became firm friends. On the 2nd and 3rd of November, Captain Clark established a winter camp, and began to build their cabins. At this time they fortunately employed a Canadian Frenchman, named Toussaint Chaboneau, who had been with the Cheyenne Indians on the Black Mountains (now called Black Hills).

Sunday, Nov. 11.

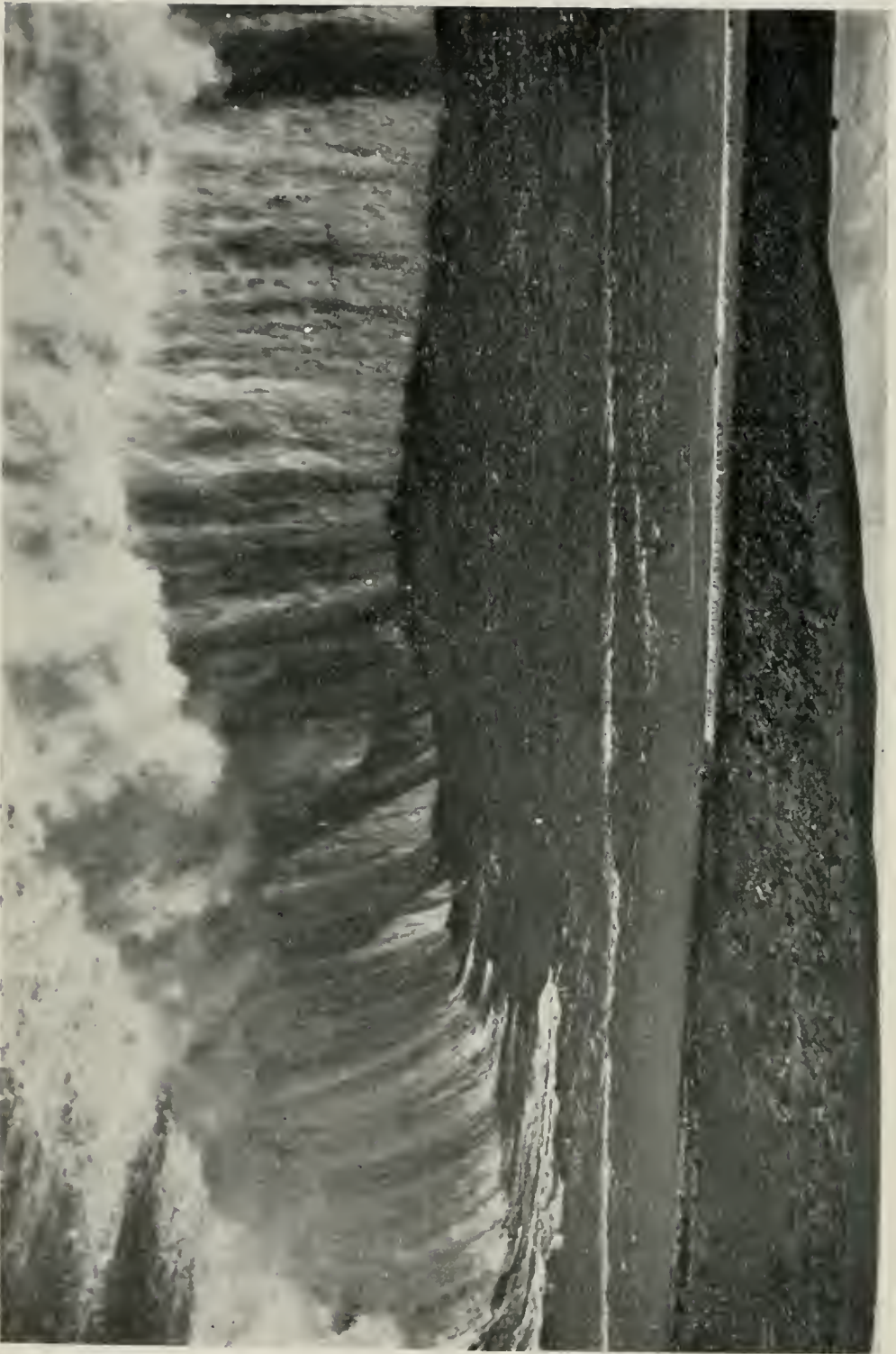
We received the visit of two squaws, prisoners from the Rock(y) Mountains, and purchased by Chaboneau.

Sunday, Jan. 13, 1805.

Chaboneau and one man returned this day from Turtle Mountain, with their faces much frost-bitten. They had been there to purchase meat from the Minnetarees. He reported that the Chief had told them the Hudson Bay Company intended to build a Fort at that place; but this the agents of the Company afterwards denied to Captains Lewis and Clark.

Sunday, Feb. 10.

Chaboneau returned from a buffalo hunt, loaded with meat. He hunted for the party during the winter.



The Great Falls of the Missouri River.

Monday, Feb. 11.

Sacajaweah, one of Chaboneau's wives, was delivered of a boy.

Sunday, April 7, 1805.

This day, about 5 p. m., Captains Lewis and Clark, with their whole party, thirty-two in number, left their Winter quarters at the Mandan Village, and started on their long journey up the Missouri River.

(Their journal gives the following account of Toussaint Chaboneau, the interpreter, and his wife:)

“The wife of Chaboneau also accompanied us with her young child and we hope may be useful as an interpreter among the Snake Indians. She was herself one of that tribe, but having been taken in war by Minnetarees, a band of the Sioux nation, she was sold as a slave to Chaboneau, who bought her up and afterwards married her.” Chaboneau's other wives staid with their tribe, the Mandans, it is supposed, as they are not mentioned further.

Sunday, June 16, 1805.

The journal here makes the following statement concerning the large sulphur spring on the north side of the Missouri River, below the Great Falls, and the happy curative effects upon Sacajaweah of its waters:

“Since leaving Maria's River, the wife of Chaboneau, our interpreter, has been dangerously ill, but she now found great relief from the mineral waters of the sulphur spring. It is situated about two hundred yards from the Missouri, into which it empties over a precipice of rock about twenty-five feet high. The water is perfectly transparent, strongly impregnated with sulphur, and we suspect iron also, as the color of the hills and bluffs in the neighborhood indicates the presence of that metal. In short, the water, to all appearances, is precisely similar to that of the Bowyer's Sulphur Spring in Virginia.”

Many springs similar to that exist in Montana, and also many boiling and hot springs.

It almost seems there was an especial Providence taking care of the Lewis and Clark expedition, and if so, Sacajaweah was especially created, and wonderfully preserved on several occasions, as will be shown hereafter, to make that expedition a perfect success.

The following gives the first instance. It is taken from the journal under date of Saturday, June 29th, 1805.

Captain Clark says:

“Finding it impossible to reach the end of the portage (from Portage creek below the Great Falls, on the south side of the Missouri river up to White Bear Island) with the present load, in consequence of the state of the roads after the rain, he sent back nearly all of his party to bring on the articles which had been left yesterday. Having lost some notes and remarks which he had made on ascending the river, he determined to go up to the White Bear islands along its banks, in order to supply the deficiency. He there left one man to guard the baggage, and went on to the Falls, accompanied by his servant York, Chaboneau and his wife with her young child. On his arrival there he observed a very dark cloud rising in the west, which threatened rain, and looked around for some shelter, but could find no place where they would be secure from being blown into the river, if the wind should prove as violent as it sometimes does on the plains.

“At length about a quarter of a mile above the Falls he found a deep ravine where there were some shelving rocks, under which he took refuge. They were on the upper side of the ravine near the river, perfectly safe from the rain, and therefore laid down their guns, compass and other articles which they carried with them.

“The shower was at first moderate; it then increased to a heavy rain, the effects of which they did not feel; soon after a torrent of rain and hail descended; the rain seemed to fall in a solid mass, and instantly collecting in a ravine came rolling down in a dreadful current, carrying the mud

and rocks and everything that opposed it. Captain Clark fortunately saw it a moment before it reached them, and springing up with his gun and shot pouch in his left hand, with his right clambered up the steep bluff, pushing on the Indian woman with her child in her arms; her husband, too, had seized her hand, and was pulling her up the hill, but he was so terrified at the danger, that but for Captain Clark, himself and his wife and child would have been lost.

“So instantaneous was the rise of the water that before Captain Clark had reached his gun and begun to ascend the bank, the water was up to his waist, and he could scarcely get up faster than it rose, till it reached the height of fifteen feet, with a furious current, which, had they waited a moment longer, would have swept them into the river just above the Great Falls, down which they must inevitably have been precipitated.

“They reached the plain in safety, and found York, who had separated from them just before the storm to hunt some buffalo, and was now returning to find his master. They had been obliged to escape so rapidly that Captain Clark had lost his compass and umbrella.

“Chaboneau left his gun, shot-pouch and tomahawk, and the Indian woman had just time to grasp her child before the net in which it lay at her feet was carried down the current.”

This was a narrow escape for all. I have often seen the place, but never without a shudder at the recollection of the wonderful escape of Captain Clark and his party.

Nearly a month after the above adventure, through much labor and many hardships, the whole expedition reached the head of the Missouri where the Three Forks unite to form it. This occurred on Saturday, the 27th of July, 1805.

The journal here says:

“We are very anxious now to see the Snake Indians.”

Captain Clark had ascended a high bluff and could see the three rivers, the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson, which

names they had given them, as if platted on a map, for some miles above their juncture. As navigation was getting more and more difficult they were anxious to meet some tribe from which they might procure horses.

The journal says:

“Our consolation is, that this southwest branch (the Jefferson) can scarcely head with any other river than the Columbia, and that if any nation of Indians can live in the mountains, we are able to endure as much as they, and have even better means of procuring subsistence.”

July 28, 1805.

“Sacajaweah, our Indian woman, informs us that we are encamped on the precise spot where her countrymen, the Snake Indians, had their tents five years ago, when the Minnetarees, of Knife River, first came in sight of them, and from which they hastily retreated three miles up the Jefferson, and concealed themselves in the woods. The Minnetarees, however, pursued and attacked them, killed four men, as many women, and a number of boys; and made prisoners of four other boys and all the females, of whom Sacajaweah was one. She does not, however, show any distress at these recollections, nor any joy at the prospect of being restored to her country; for she seems to possess the folly, or the philosophy, of not suffering her feelings to extend beyond the anxiety of having plenty to eat and a few trinkets to wear.”

This first preservation from death, and her capture by the Minnetarees, who took her more than a thousand miles down the Missouri to Knife river, was a fortunate, if not a Providential circumstance for the expedition of Lewis and Clark; for she soon introduced them to her tribe, the Snake Indians, and made them the fast friends of the whites, even to the Columbia river.

August 8, 1805, the journal says:

“On our right is the point of a high plain, which our Indian woman (Sacajaweah) recognizes as the place called



Beaver's Head.

the Beaver's head, from a supposed resemblance to that object. This she says is not far from the summer retreat of her countrymen, which is on a river beyond the mountain and running to the west. She is therefore certain that we will meet them either on this river, or on that immediately west of its source, which, judging from its present size, cannot be far distant. Persuaded of the absolute necessity of procuring horses to cross the mountains, it was determined that one of us should proceed in the morning to the head of the river, and penetrate the mountains 'till he found the Shoshones (Snake Indians), or some other nation, who could assist us in transporting our baggage, the greater part of which we shall be compelled to leave without the aid of horses.'

Captain Lewis was so well satisfied with the advice of Sacajaweah, who, since the party had reached the head of the Missouri, had become the guide of the expedition, for she remembered the country perfectly, adopted her advice to ascend the Jefferson river and seek the Shoshones on the stream where they lived, beyond the mountains, running to the west. So, on August 9, accompanied by three of his men, Drewyer, an interpreter, Shields and McNeal, he set out for the prominent land mark known as the Beaver's head, which they reached on the evening of the 10th. His first view of a Shoshone Indian is thus described by Captain Lewis:

Sunday, August 11.

"Captain Lewis again proceeded on early, but had the mortification to find the track which he followed yesterday soon disappeared. He determined, therefore, to go on to the narrow gate or pass of the river, which he had seen from the camp, in hopes of being able to recover the Indian path. For this purpose he waded across the river, which was now about twelve yards wide, and barred in several places by the dams of the beaver, and then went straight forward to the pass, sending one man along the river to

his left, and another on to the right, with orders to search for the road, and if they found it to let him know by raising a hat on the muzzle of their guns. In this order they went along for about five miles, when Captain Lewis perceived with the greatest delight, a man on horseback at a distance of about two miles, coming down the plain toward them. On examining him with the glass Captain Lewis saw that he was of a different nation from any Indian we had hitherto met. He was armed with a bow and a quiver of arrows; mounted on an elegant horse, without a saddle, and a small string attached to the under jaw answered as a bridle. Convinced that he was a Shoshone and knowing how much of our success depended upon the friendly offices of that nation, Captain Lewis was full of anxiety to approach without alarming him, and endeavored to convince him that he was a white man. He therefore proceeded on toward the Indian at his usual pace; when they were within a mile of each other the Indian suddenly stopped; Captain Lewis immediately followed his example, took his blanket from his knapsack, and holding it with both hands at the two corners, threw it above his head, and unfolded it as he brought it to the ground, as if in the act of spreading it. This signal, which originates in the practice of spreading a robe or a skin as a seat for guests to whom they wish to show a distinguished kindness, is the universal sign of friendship among the Indians on the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. As usual, Captain Lewis repeated this signal three times; still the Indian kept his position, and looked with an air of suspicion on Drewyer and Shields, who were now advancing on each side."

Captain Lewis then described at considerable length how he tried to stop the advance of his men, how Drewyer obeyed, and Shields failed to observe his signals to halt. When they were within about one hundred yards of each other the Indian became alarmed, then suddenly turned his horse, giving him the whip, leaped across the creek, and

disappeared in an instant among the willow bushes. With him vanished all hopes which the sight of him had inspired in Captain Lewis of a friendly introduction to his countrymen.

Though sadly disappointed by the imprudence of his two men, Captain Lewis determined to make the incident of some use, and therefore calling the men to him, they all set off after the track of the horse, which they hoped might lead them to the camp of the Indian who had fled, or if he had given the alarm to any small party, their track might conduct them to the body of the nation. * * * Rain set in and the party encamped for the night.

On Monday, August 12, Captain Lewis set out to find the route of the Indians, over the mountains. He says:

“At the distance of about four miles they met a large plain Indian road which came into the cove from the north-east and wound along the foot of the mountain to the south-west * * * This road they followed for five miles and as it led them on towards the mountains, the stream gradually became smaller, till after going two miles it had so greatly diminished in width, that one of the men, in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri.

“As they went along their hopes of soon seeing the waters of the Columbia arose to almost painful anxiety, when, after four miles from the last abrupt turn of the river, they reached a small gap formed by the high mountains, which receded on each side, leaving room for the Indian road. From the foot of one of the lowest of these mountains, which rises with a gentle ascent of about half a mile, issues the remotest waters of the Missouri. They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain—as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean—

they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties.”

This was the 12th day of August, 1805, a day ever to be remembered by Captain Lewis and his men. Before the setting of that day's sun they achieved two other discoveries of as great moment. Captain Lewis describes these events in the following words:

“They left reluctantly this interesting spot, (the head Springs of the Missouri), and pursuing the Indian road through the intervals of the hills arrived at the top of a ridge, from which they saw high mountains, partially covered with snow, still to the west of them. The ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. (They stood on the crest of the great Continental divide,—the second event of the day.—W.)

“They followed a descent much steeper than that on the eastern side, and at the distance of three-quarters of a mile reached a handsome, bold creek of cold, clear water, running to the westward. They stopped to taste for the first time the waters of the Columbia.”

This was the third and crowning event of the day, and made this 12th day of August still more memorable.

The directions of Sacajaweah, their woman guide, were observed, and all her predictions were fulfilled. They had followed one branch of the Missouri river to its ultimate source; they had crossed the Rocky Mountains and reached the headwaters of the Columbia—the river that ran westward to the great Pacific Ocean, and had seen a Shoshone Indian, and with Sacajaweah as their interpreter, the success of the great expedition was assured, for the Snakes were her people, and she could speak the languages of the tribes to the Columbia, where the Snake river joins it. All honor to the first woman whose name appears on the printed pages of Montana history,—SACAJAWEAH.

I shall describe as briefly as possible the meeting of Cap-

tain Lewis with quite a numerous band of the Shoshone Indians, and the restoration of Sacajaweah to her people.

On Tuesday, August 13, Captain Lewis resumed the Indian road, which led him in a western direction through an open, broken country. After proceeding about nine miles he discovered two women, a man, and some dogs, on an eminence, at a distance of a mile before them. He unfurled a flag, laid down his arms, and advanced along toward the Indians, but they fled before he could reach them. He then made a signal to his men and they all joined him, and followed on the track of the Indians. The road seemed to have been much used lately, both by foot travelers and by horsemen. They had not gone along it more than a mile, when on a sudden they saw three female Indians, from whom they had been concealed by deep ravines which intersected the road, till they were now within thirty paces of each other; one of them, a young woman, now took to flight; the other two, an elderly woman and a little girl, seeing we were too near for them to escape, sat on the ground, and holding down their heads, seemed reconciled to the death which they supposed awaited them. The same habit of holding down the head and inviting the enemy to strike, when all chance of escape is gone, is preserved in Egypt to this day. Captain Lewis instantly put down his rifle, and advancing towards them took the woman by the hand, raised her up, and repeated the words "tabba bone," at the same time stripping up his shirt sleeve to prove that he was a white man, for his hands and face had become, by constant exposure, quite as dark as their own. She appeared immediately relieved from her alarm, and Drewyer and Shields now coming up, Captain Lewis gave them some beads, a few awls, pewter mirrors, and a little paint, and told Drewyer (the interpreter) to request the woman to recall her companion, who had escaped to some distance, and by alarming the Indians might cause them to attack him without any time for explanation. She did as she was

desired, and the young woman returned, almost out of breath. Captain Lewis gave her an equal portion of trinkets, and painted the tawny cheeks of all three of them with vermillion, a ceremony which, among the Shoshones, is emblematic of peace. After they had become composed, he informed them, by signs, of his wish to go to their camp, in order to see their Chiefs and warriors; they readily obeyed, and conducted the party along the same road down the river. In this way they advanced two miles, when they met a troop of sixty warriors, mounted on excellent horses, riding at full speed toward them. As they advanced Captain Lewis put down his gun, and went with the flag about fifty paces in advance. The chief, who with two men, was riding in front of the main body, spoke to the women, who now explained that the party was composed of white men, and showed exultingly the presents they had received. Three men immediately leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis and embraced him with great cordiality, putting their left arm over his right shoulder and clasping his back, applying at the same time their left cheek to his, and frequently vociferating: Ah-hi-e! Ah-hi-e! "I am much pleased; I am much rejoiced."

The whole body of warriors now came forward, and our men received the caresses, and no small share of the grease and paint, of their new friends. Then Captain Lewis lighted a pipe and offered it to the Indians, who had now seated themselves in a circle around the party. After smoking a few pipes, some trifling presents were distributed amongst them, with which they seemed very much pleased, particularly with the blue beads and the vermillion. Captain Lewis then informed the Chief that the object of his visit was friendly and should be explained as soon as he reached their camp; but that in the meantime as the sun was oppressive, and no water near, he wished to go there as soon as possible. The Chief, whose name was Cameahwait, made a short speech to the warriors; Captain Lewis then gave him the

flag, which, he informed him, was among the white men the emblem of peace, and now that he had received it, it was in future the bond of union between them. The Chief then moved on, our party followed him, and the rest of the warriors in a squadron, brought up the rear.

At the distance of four miles from where they had first met, they reached the Indian camp, which was in a handsome, level meadow on the bank of the river. After being seated in a leathern lodge, on green boughs and antelope skins, the Chief produced his pipe and tobacco and lighted it; it was passed around and all smoked it. This ceremony being concluded, Captain Lewis explained to the Chief the purposes of his visit; and as by this time all the women and children of the camp had gathered around the lodge to indulge in a view of the first white men they had ever seen, he distributed among them the remainder of the small articles he had brought with him.

It was now late in the afternoon and our party had tasted no food since the night before. On apprising the Chief of this circumstance, he said he had nothing but berries to eat, and presented some cake made of service berries and choke-cherries, which had been dried in the sun. On these Captain Lewis made a hearty meal, and then walked down toward the river, (which was undoubtedly the Lemhi fork of the Salmon river). Captain Lewis returned from the river to his lodge, and on his way an Indian invited him into his bower and gave him a small morsel of boiled antelope, and a piece of fresh salmon roasted. This was the first salmon seen, and perfectly satisfied him that he was on the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Having had a good night's rest, and also having received the good will of Cameahwait, Captain Lewis, on the next morning, the 14th of August, informed him of his wish that he should speak to the warriors, and endeavor to engage them to accompany him to the forks of the Jefferson river, where by this time another Chief with a large party

of white men, was waiting his return; that it would be necessary to take about thirty horses to transport the merchandise; that they should be well rewarded for their trouble; and that when all the party should have reached the Shoshone camp, they would remain some time among them, and trade for horses, as well as concert plans for furnishing them in future with regular supplies of merchandise. He readily consented to do so, and after collecting the tribe together he made a long harangue, and in about an hour and a half returned and told Captain Lewis that he would be ready to accompany him in the morning.

On the 16th of August, Captain Lewis, accompanied by Cameahwait, and twenty-five or thirty men, women and children of this tribe, traveled on down toward the Jefferson river to meet Captain Clark and his party with the canoes; but the Indians were full of suspicion that they would be betrayed by the whites. Captain Lewis had considerable trouble in allaying their fears, and had to use much diplomacy. He had promised liberal exchanges for their horses; but what was still more seductive, he had told them that one of their country-women, (Sacajaweah), who had been taken by the Minnetarees, accompanied the party below; and one of the men had spread the report of our having with us a man perfectly black, whose hair was short and curled. This last account had excited a great degree of curiosity, and they seemed more desirous of seeing this monster than of obtaining the most favorable barter for their horses.

We now come to the most interesting and exciting episode of this story, and I feel I must give the account in full as printed in Lewis and Clark's journal.

It is as follows:

"Saturday, August 17, 1805, Captain Lewis rose very early and dispatched Drewyer and the Indian down the river in quest of the boats. Shields was sent out at the same time to hunt, while McNeal prepared a breakfast out

of the remainder of the meat. Drewyer had been gone about two hours and the Indians were all anxiously waiting for some news, when an Indian, who had straggled a short distance down the river, returned with a report that he had seen the white men, who were only a short distance below, and were coming on. The Indians were all transported with joy, and the Chief, in the warmth of his satisfaction, renewed his embrace to Captain Lewis, who was quite as much delighted as the Indians themselves. The report proved most agreeably true."

"On setting out at seven o'clock, Captain Clark, with Chaboneau and his wife, walked on shore, but they had not gone more than a mile before Captain Clark saw Sacajaweah, who was with her husband one hundred yards ahead, begin to dance and show every mark of the most extravagant joy, turning around to him and pointing to several Indians, whom he now saw advancing on horseback, sucking her fingers at the same time, to indicate that they were of her native tribe. As they advanced Captain Clark discovered among them Drewyer, dressed like an Indian, from whom he learned the situation of the party. While the boats were performing the circuit, he went towards the forks with the Indians, who, as they went along, sang aloud with the greatest appearance of delight. We soon drew near the camp and just as we approached it, a woman made her way through the crowd towards Sacajaweah, and recognizing each other, they embraced with the most tender affection. The meeting of these two young women had in it something peculiarly touching, not only in the ardent manner in which their feelings were expressed, but from the real interest of their situation. They had been companions in childhood; in the war with the Minnetarees they had both been taken prisoners in the same battle; they had shared and softened the rigors of their captivity, till one of them had escaped from the Minnetarees, with scarce a hope of ever seeing her friend relieved from the hands of her enemies.

“While Sacajaweah was renewing among the women the friendships of former days, Captain Clark went on and was received by Captain Lewis and the Chief, who, after the first embraces and salutations were over, conducted him to a sort of circular tent or shade of willows. Here he was seated on a white robe, and the Chief immediately tied in his hair six small shells resembling pearls, an ornament highly valued by these people, who procured them in the course of trade from the sea-coast. The moccasins of the whole party were then taken off, (which indicates the sacred sincerity of their professions when they smoke with a stranger), and after much ceremony the smoking began. After this the conference was to be opened, and glad of an opportunity to converse more intelligibly, Sacajaweah was sent for. She came into the tent, sat down, and was beginning to interpret, when in the person of Cameahwait she recognized her brother; she instantly jumped up and ran and embraced him, throwing over him a blanket and weeping profusely. The Chief was himself moved, though not in the same degree. After some conversation between them, she resumed her seat and attempted to interpret for us, but the new situation seemed to overpower her, and she was frequently interrupted by her tears. After the council was finished the unfortunate woman learned that all the family were dead, except two brothers, one of whom was absent, and a son of her eldest sister, a small boy, who was immediately adopted by her.

“The canoes arriving soon after, we formed a camp in a meadow on the left side, a little below the forks; took out our baggage, and by means of our sails, and willow poles formed a canopy for our Indian visitors. About four o’clock the Chiefs and warriors were collected, and after smoking the purposes of the visit of Captains Lewis and Clark were fully explained to them. One great object was to assure them of the good wishes of our government, on whose good will they must depend for all future supplies

of whatever was necessary for their comfort or defense; that they were sent to discover the best route by which merchandise could be conveyed to them, and that no trade would be begun before their return; that it is mutually advantageous that they should proceed with as little delay as possible; that it was necessary for them to furnish horses to transport their baggage across the mountains, and a guide to show the route, and that they should be amply repaid for their horses and services. This seemed satisfactory to the Indians, and medals and presents were distributed among them on their promise to sell the whites horses, and to furnish them guides.

The services of Sacajaweah as interpreter and guide, from the time the expedition had reached the three forks of the Missouri, where she had been captured five years before, and knew the country and route to pursue, until the fortunate meeting with Cameahwait, her brother, who was Chief of her own tribe of Shoshones, and their warm and welcome reception of their lost sister, were fully appreciated by Captains Lewis and Clark, and her explanations of the character of these men and the objects of their visit to their country, settled the minds of the Indians in favor of the white men, and from that time on were their firm friends, who not only sold them all the horses they wanted for their journey across the mountains, until they had reached the forks of the Chopunnish river, where they form the Kooskooske river, which is a principal branch of Snake river, where they found a tribe of Indians called the Chopunnish, or Pierce-nose. (Our Nez Perces.)

August 30, 1805. Took leave of the Shoshones, who set out on their trip to the Missouri at the same time that we, accompanied by the old guide, his four sons, and another Indian, proceeded on our journey. On reaching Tower creek we left the former track of Captain Clark. and began to explore the new route, which is the last hope of our getting out of the mountains.

On Sept. 1st, reached Fish creek, which is a fork of the Lemhi river, a branch of the Salmon river.

This morning, September 2nd, all the Indians left except the guide, who conducted the party up Fish creek. At four miles up we passed a branch coming in from the right. The road turned up the east side of the forks, and as our guide informed us led to the Missouri, so we cut our road up the next branch of the creek, and after great difficulties in cutting through great thickets of brush and trees, over high, rugged and rocky ground, made five miles, and camped on a small branch of Fish creek. The snow fell two inches in the night, and our last thermometer was broken—a serious misfortune.

Wednesday, September 4th, crossed a high mountain, which forms the dividing ridge between the waters of Fish creek and those running to the northwest. After going six miles, reached the head of a small stream from the right, which ran westward. Went down the stream six miles, till it emptied into a river from the east. In the wide valley at this juncture we discovered a large encampment of Indians, and were received with great curiosity. They are called Ootlashoots, and are a band of a nation called Tushepaws, or Flatheads, residing on the heads of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, some of them lower down the latter river, near the head of the Bitter Root river. This camp was at the place now called Ross' Hole.

On September 6th, the Ootlashoots set off to join the different bands who were collecting at the Three Forks, on their way to the Yellowstone to hunt buffalo. The expedition at the same time started down the river on its east side, to which was given the name of Captain Clark, he being the first white man who had ever visited its waters.

On Monday, September 9th. they crossed the river to the west side, and at night camped on a fine, bold creek of clear water, about twenty yards wide, coming in from the west, which they called Traveller's Rest creek, now



Lo Lo (Lou Lou) Creek.

called the Lou Lou). The guide told them they would here leave the river, (Clark's Fork), and go up the Lou Lou to cross the mountains to the west. The guide also told them he did not know where Clark's Fork discharged its waters, but said that as far as he knew its course, it ran along the mountains to the north, and that not far from their present position it was joined by another stream nearly as large as itself, (now called the Deer Lodge or Hellgate river), which rises in the mountains to the east, near the Missouri, which might be reached in four days' travel. (Via the Big Blackfoot and Dearborn and Sun rivers.—W.)

On the evening of September 10, a hunter returned with three Indians whom he had met on his excursion up Traveler's Rest creek (the Lou Lou). The Shoshone guide could not speak their language, but by signs, found they were Tushepaw Flatheads. They were well treated and given presents. Two soon left in pursuit of two men, supposed to be Shoshones, who had stolen twenty-three head of their horses. The third was, however, persuaded to remain and conduct the party to his relations. These he said were numerous, and resided on the Columbia, in the plains below the mountains. From that place he added the river was navigable to the ocean. The distance was five sleeps or days' journey.

The next day, September 11, the Tushepaws left and set out to return home alone, and the expedition proceeded on up the Lou Lou.

On the 14th, after many hardships, they crossed the last high ridge of mountains, and camped on the Chopunnish river, a branch of Snake river (now called the Clearwater).

On the 21st, they were near the mouth of the Chopunnish and found two Indian villages of about thirty double tents, and the inhabitants called themselves Chopunnish or Pierce-nose. From here they went on down the river until they found suitable trees for the making of canoes, at the juncture of the Chopunnish and Kooskooske river.

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The canoes (five) were completed by the morning of October 7th, and the whole party started down the Kooskooske, and in two days after entering Lewis or Snake river,* reached its mouth where it enters the Columbia at Wollah Wollah. They arrived here on the evening of the 10th of October.

With help from Indians the expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark arrived in sight of the Pacific Ocean on the 16th day of November, 1805, and went into camp at Haley's bay on the north side of the Columbia, at eleven miles from Cape Disappointment, where they remained until the 25th. A site for their winter camp was finally selected by Captain Lewis on December 7th. It was situated near the ocean on the south side of the Columbia, on the right hand, between them, and in sight of both. Here comfortable winter quarters were built from massive trees, and here they spent the long, wet and dreary winter of 1805-6. They named the place Fort Clatsop.

On the 23rd of March, 1806, the expedition left Fort Clatsop for the long and wearisome return journey back to the east and civilization. Of this wonderful journey I shall give but little account, except as relates to the services of Sacajaweah.

The journal says:

"Monday, June 30th, we reached our old encampment at the south side of Traveller's Rest creek, (the Lou Lou), near its entrance into Clark's river. This was the point where we proposed to separate. Captain Lewis with nine men, to pursue the most direct route to the Missouri. The rest of the men will accompany Captain Clark to the head of Jefferson river, and proceed to the Yellowstone at

*Captain Clark changed the name of Snake river to Lewis river, because Captain Lewis was the first white man to see it, of all their party. In return for this compliment, Captain Lewis, when the expedition had crossed the Rocky Mountains from the head of Wisdome Big Hole river to Ross' Hole at the head of a stream running to the north (now called Bitter Root river), down which the expedition passed on its east side, named this river Clark's river or Clark's fork.

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its nearest approach to the Three Forks of the Missouri, build canoes and go down that river, and wait at its mouth until the rest of the party with Captain Lewis join them.

On July 3rd, Captain Lewis with nine men, and five Indians, proceeded due north down the west side of Clark's river. About sunset they camped, and the Indians showed them a road which they said would lead up to the eastern branch of Clark's river, (now the Hellgate), and another river called Cokalahishkit, (now the Big Blackfoot), or the river of the road to buffalo; thence to Medicine river, and the falls of the Missouri. Captain Lewis followed this route and reached the falls safely, and eventually joined Captain Clark's party below the mouth of the Yellowstone river, as agreed upon.

Captain Clark left Captain Lewis on July 3rd, with fifteen men and fifty horses, and proceeded up the west side of Clark's river from Traveller's Rest creek, and rode in a southern direction to its head at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, which they crossed on July 5th at four o'clock in the afternoon, into the valley where they had first seen the Flatheads the previous year.

The journal then says:

"Sunday, July 6. The night was very cold, succeeded by frost in the morning; and as the horses were much scattered we were not able to set out much before nine o'clock. We then went along the creek for three miles, and leaving to the right the path by which we came last fall, pursued the road taken by the Ootlashoots (Flatheads), up a gentle ascent to the dividing mountain, which separates the waters of the middle fork of Clark river from those of Wisdom and Lewis rivers. On reaching the side (east) we came to Glade creek, down which we proceeded, crossing it frequently into the glades on each side, where the timber is small, and in many places destroyed by fire, where are great quantities of quamash, now in bloom. Along the roads are appearances of buffalo paths, and some old heads of buf-

falo; and as the animals have wonderful sagacity in their choice of their roads, the coincidence of a buffalo with an Indian road, was the strongest assurance that it was the best. (These roads were over the very crest of the Rocky Mountains, between the head of Clark's fork and Wisdom rivers). In the afternoon we passed along the hillside, north of the creek, till, in the course of six miles, we entered an extensive, level plain. Here the tracks of the Indians scattered so much that we could no longer pursue them. But Sacajaweah recognized the plain immediately. She had travelled it often during her childhood, and informed us it was the great resort of the Shoshones, who came for the purpose of gathering quamash and cows, and of taking beaver, with which the plain abounded, and that Glade creek was a branch of Wisdom river, and that on reaching a higher part of the plain we should see a gap in the mountains, on the course to our canoes, and from that gap a high point of mountains, covered with snow. At a distance of a mile we crossed a large creek from the right, rising, as well as Fish creek, in a snowy mountain, over which there is a gap. Soon after, on ascending a rising ground, the country spreads itself into a beautiful plain, extending north and south about fifteen miles wide and thirty in length, and surrounded on all sides by high points of mountains covered with snow, among which was the gap pointed out by the squaw, bearing S. 56° E.

On July 8th, Captain Clark reached the forks of the Jefferson, where the canoes had been deposited in the month of August last. They were found safe except a small hole in one. On July 13th, the party reached the mouth of Madison river, and the horses were driven across the Madison and Gallatin rivers, and the whole party halted to dine and unload the canoes below the mouth of the latter. Here Captain Clark's command separates into two parties. Sergeant Ordway and nine men set out in six canoes to descend the river, (to join Captain Lewis at the Great Falls), while

Captain Clark, with the remaining ten, and the wife and child of Chaboneau, were to proceed by land, with fifty horses, to the Yellowstone. In the afternoon Captain Clark's party set out up the Gallatin, and after travelling four miles, camped on the bank of the Gallatin. Game was abundant. The plain was intersected by several great roads leading to the gap in the mountains about twenty miles distant, in a direction E. N. E., but the Indian woman, (Sacajaweah), who was acquainted with the country, recommended a gap more to the southward. This course Captain Clark determined to pursue, and therefore, on the morning of the 14th, crossed Gallatin's river, in a direction S. 78° E., and passing over a level plain, reached the Jefferson at the distance of six miles. The squaw (Sacajaweah) now assured Captain Clark that the large road from Medicine (Sun) river to the gap we were seeking, crossed the upper part of this plain. After dinner they continued, inclining to the southeast, through an open level plain, till, at the distance of twelve miles, they reached the three forks of Gallatin's river. On crossing the southerly branch, they fell into the buffalo road, described by the squaw, which led them up the middle branch two miles. After crossing they went on a mile further and encamped at the beginning of the gap in the mountains, (which was without doubt the present Bozeman Pass.—W.) Several roads came in from the right and left, all tending to the gap. The passage through this gap is described as follows in the journal:

“Tuesday, 15. After an early breakfast they pursued the buffalo road over a low gap in the mountain to the heads of the eastern fork of Gallatin's river, near which they had encamped last evening, and at the distance of six miles had reached the top of the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Missouri and the Yellowstone; on descending the ridge they struck one of the streams of the latter river. They followed its course through an open country, with high mountains on each side, partially covered

with pine, and watered by several streams, crowded as usual with beaver dams. Nine miles from the top of the ridge they reached the Yellowstone itself, about a mile and a half below where it issues from the Rocky Mountains. (Where the city of Livingston now stands.—W.)

“It now appeared that the communication between the two rivers was short and easy. From the head of the Missouri, at its Three Forks, to this plain, is a distance of forty-eight miles, the greater part of which is through a level plain, indeed, from the forks of the eastern branch of Gallatin’s river, which is there navigable for small canoes, to this part of the Yellowstone, the distance is no more than eighteen miles, with an excellent road over a high, dry country, with hills of inconsiderable height, and no difficulty in passing. They halted three hours to rest their horses, and then pursued the buffalo road along the bank of the river.”

I have been thus particular in describing the route and journey of Captain Clark, from the summit of the Rocky Mountains, at their very crest, between the head of Clark’s fork, (now the Bitter Root river) and Big Hole, at the head of Wisdom river, because on that crest, Sacajaweah, with unerring precision, pointed out the way to the Yellowstone, and guided thither the expedition, never faltering in her knowledge or memory of the country, although she had not seen it since she was a young girl, six years before, when she was captured by the Minnetarees, and carried over the pass and down the Yellowstone to their country on the Missouri, and because this was the last great service she performed for the Lewis and Clark expedition.

I might close the story of this remarkable woman (the first woman mentioned in Montana history) here, but I feel that I would not do her the justice she deserves, until I give an account of her safe arrival at her home at the Mandan village, and therefore quote the appreciative language of Lewis and Clark’s journal, on their taking leave of her and

her husband, Chaboneau, both of whom had served their expedition so faithfully. It will be entirely unnecessary to describe the voyage down the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, as it is so fully given in the narrative of Lewis and Clark.

As stated above, Captain Clark arrived at the Yellowstone on the 15th of July, and with his party, after stopping three hours to rest their horses, pursued the buffalo road along the river.

On July 20th the party camped opposite the mouth of the Rosebud, and in the morning, twenty-four of their horses were missing—stolen by Indians—Crows—and here Captain Clark built canoes. On the 23rd two large canoes were finished, and the party embarked on a voyage down the swift Yellowstone, which was accomplished in safety. On August 12th, just one year from the day Captain Lewis had crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains on that westward journey, and drank out of the clear, ice-cold spring whose waters flowed into the Pacific Ocean, he joined Captain Clark on the Missouri, below the mouth of the Yellowstone, and after resting awhile, all embarked together at three o'clock, and resumed their voyage down the river. On Thursday, August 14th, they arrived at the Mandan village, where all the inhabitants seemed much pleased at seeing them. They had left for the voyage up the Missouri on the 7th of April, 1805, and thus had been absent one year, four months, and one week, and had endured untold hardships, and had most satisfactorily accomplished the object of their long journey. They related their many adventures to the Mandans, and were given corn in abundance.

Captains Lewis and Clark were extremely anxious to have some of the Mandan or Minnetaree chiefs accompany them to visit their great father, and thus describe their leave taking of the Indians, and of Sacajaweah and Chaboneau:

“Saturday, August 17th, 1806. The principal chiefs of

the Minnetarees came down to bid us farewell, as none of them could be prevailed upon to go with us. This circumstance induced our interpreter, Chaboneau, with his wife, Sacajaweah, and child, to remain here, as they could be no longer useful; and notwithstanding our offers of taking them with us to the United States, he said that he had there no acquaintances, and no chance of making a livelihood, and preferred remaining among the Indians. This man had been very serviceable to us, and his wife (Sacajaweah) particularly useful among the Shoshones. Indeed, she has borne with a patience truly admirable, the fatigues of so long a route, incumbered with the charge of an infant, who is even now only nineteen months old. We therefore paid him his wages, amounting to five hundred dollars and thirty-three cents, including the price of a horse, and a lodge purchased of him; and soon after dropped down to the village of the Bigwhite, (who had consented to accompany them to Washington), attended on shore by all the Indian chiefs, who went to take leave of him."

A storm preventing their proceeding that day, on Monday, August 18th, they embarked, and bid a final farewell to their Indian friends—the Mandans. After a prosperous voyage, the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark, "rounded to Saint Louis, where we arrived at 12 o'clock, (on Friday, September 23, 1806), and having fired a salute, went on shore, and received the heartiest and most hospitable welcome from the whole village." Journal.

Sacajawea: Tardy Honor for a Neglected Heroine.

BY W. E. BRINDLEY.

Heroes and heroines are as a rule not neglected. The world loves such people. The small boy reads over again and again the story in his "third reader," which tells of the achievements of Florence Nightingale and the brave deed of Grace Darling. The great American public overwhelmed Admiral George Dewey with attentions and made life a continual carnival of praise for Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson. And thus it goes.

The people who have at heart the success of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, which will be held in Portland, Oregon, opening June 1 and closing October 15, have unearthed from oblivion a heroine who is really deserving of almost unlimited praise. This heroine's name is Sacajawea—in pronouncing it, you bear down hard on the fourth syllable—and her heroism is linked with that of Captains Lewis and Clark who, a century ago, led an expedition across the continent. The Lewis and Clark expedition was one of the first importance in the expansion of the United States, for it pushed the national boundary line to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and opened up for settlement one of the most fertile territories in the world.

It is peculiarly fitting then that the achievements of this heroine should be celebrated at the Lewis and Clark Exposition which is to be held in commemoration of the journey of Lewis and Clark, in which the heroine played a most important and necessary part. The recognition will take

*This article was written by Mr. Brindley prior to the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, for the General Press Bureau.—Editor.

the form of an heroic bronze statue, which will stand in the center of Columbia Court, the central plaza of the Exposition. The statue was executed by Miss Alice Cooper, of Denver, Colorado, and will be erected at a cost of \$7,000.

Sacajawea, or Tsakakawea, as some authorities write her name, was the Birdwoman who guided Lewis and Clark across the mountains, and who, on several occasions, aided the explorers when all hope of ever seeing the ocean seemed lost. Next to Jefferson who sent them, it is Sacajawea who guided them, who deserves to be eulogized with Lewis and Clark.

The story of Sacajawea forms a romance of enthralling interest. Here was the patient, untiring, faithful heroism, that must appeal to most people as the truest type. Sacajawea was one of the three slave-wives of Toussaint Charbonneau, a French-Canadian voyageur, who acted as interpreter for the explorers. She was a Shoshone Indian, who had been taken captive by the enemies of her tribe, the Minnetarees, or Blackfeet, and sold by them to Charbonneau, who had been an interpreter among the Gros Ventre Indians, having joined the expedition at Fort Mandan, the Lewis and Clark headquarters during the winter of 1804 and 1805. A short time after his arrival he was joined by two Indian wives whom he had purchased from the Rocky Mountain country, and these, with Sacajawea and their joint husband, were invited within the fort to witness the dancing on Christmas day. The birth on February 11, 1804, of Sacajawea's son, who accompanied her throughout the long journey through the wilderness, is chronicled at some length in the journal of the expedition.

Charbonneau had acted as Minnetaree interpreter for the expedition, and wanted to act as interpreter on the westward march. On March 7th, however, he received a present of clothing, knives, tobacco, powder and balls, and other things, from the agent of the Northwest Company, and this circumstance, coupled with the Frenchman's quarrel

with Jessaume, the Mandan interpreter of the expedition, and his unwillingness to accept at first the terms offered by the captains, almost resulted in his being left behind. But for Sacajawea, and the knowledge that she possessed of the country through which the explorers must pass to reach the Pacific, it is quite likely he would have been summarily dismissed.

To the degenerate French voyageur, who was her master rather than lover and friend, and whose affections, such as they may have been, she must share with two other women, Sacajawea was ever a faithful wife. From the first she was popular with the Captains and rode with them in advance of the rest of the party, and she conducted herself throughout the long journey with the utmost propriety.

It seems hardly possible to conceive in this untutored red woman such fine sentiments as she must have possessed, to be able to retain her position as one-third wife of a French hunter and trapper, and trusted friend and confidante of the leaders of the expedition, without offense to either, or violation of any modern law of propriety, of the existence of which she had probably never heard.

Trained after the habit of Indian women to do all kinds of drudgery, Sacajawea labored with the men in the toilsome journey up the Missouri from Fort Mandan, and soon performed an important service. The canoe, in which she and her husband and child rode, and which bore the papers, scientific instruments, and medicines of the expedition, was caught in a rapid and filled with water. The precious papers floated out on the waters, and Sacajawea, whose husband had deserted her in her extremity, rescued the more important ones before attempting to save herself and babe. It was the first conspicuous exhibition of her presence of mind and handiness.

Several months later, the circumstances of Sacajawea being a member of the Shoshones was of great advantage to the explorers. When the expedition reached the country

of these Indians, Sacajawea encountered some of the women of her tribe, and this meeting made possible a conference with the chief. Sacajawea was called into the conference to act as interpreter, and recognized Camewait, the chief, as her brother. In recording this incident, the journal of the hardy travelers says: "She instantly jumped up and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket, weeping profusely. The chief himself was moved, though not in the same degree." Through the influence of Sacajawea, the Shoshones showed the expedition every courtesy, directing the voyagers, and supplying them with horses. And from thenceforth Sacajawea was the most important one in the line of interpreters at the councils with the various Indian tribes.

Those were the days when gallantry was of a different sort from that which now exists. Captains Lewis and Clark, who would have been glad to do any little service for a woman of their own caste, or to have risked their lives for a girl with blue eyes and a slim waist, appear to have treated the heroine of the expedition with little more respect than she was accustomed to receive from her own people. When the expedition reached the coast Captain Lewis persuaded Sacajawea to give him her girdle of blue beads so that he might trade it for a sea-otter skin. The Indian woman, whose blue beads were probably her only finery, was apparently glad to make the sacrifice, and at Christmas time she presented Lewis, who appears to have been her favorite of the two Captains, with two dozen tails of the white weasel. And at a time of distress she gave him a piece of bread which she had saved for a long time, intending, in case of extremity, to use it for her baby. The annals of white man's history present no more vivid story of sacrifice of heroine for hero. May the Indian woman henceforth share with the sturdy captains the glory of their exploit, as she shared with them the dangers and the toils

of the journey, and the piece of bread she had saved for her babe.

Sacajawea's services did not end when the expedition reached the coast. On the return trip, during that part of the journey when the company divided into two parts for the purpose of covering more territory, she traveled with Captain Clark's party and on two occasions she pointed the road when everyone else was lost. She showed Captain Clark the way out of Ross Hole on July 6, 1806, and later in the same month, piloted him over the Bozeman Pass to the Yellowstone. She had passed through the region in early childhood, and remembered the rocks and other landmarks that had guided her father's party ten years before.

Such is the story of Sacajawea—wife, guide, heroine. And the end? When the party of adventurers had reached on its return trip the Minnetaree villages, Charbonneau decided to stay there, and Sacajawea, the faithful guide, remained faithful to her husband, and stayed with him. The Captains gave Charbonneau \$500 for his services, but the Indian woman received nothing. Sacajawea lived on with her husband the old life that she had been accustomed to. From having been the moving spirit of an expedition which made its leaders famous* all over the world, and which resulted in the acquisition of a vast territory for the country they served, she became once more the slave wife of a man in no way her equal. The current of her hard, unappreciated life ran on, undisturbed, unimproved. When Breckenridge came upon her in 1811, he found her in poor health and it is probable that she died soon after. Nothing further was ever heard of her.* Charbonneau was last seen alive on the banks of the upper Missouri in

*The Historical Library is in possession of a letter, dated Wind River, Wyoming, Dec. 29, 1909, from Mr. H. E. Wadsworth, Superintendent of the Shoshone Industrial School, enclosing a paper published by the students of the above school, in which we find the following article:

"The Sacajawea Tablet: The last resting place of that famous Shoshone woman, Sacajawea, 'The Boat Launcher,' has finally been appropriately marked until such time as the National or State legislature is ready to erect such a monument as the distinguished services of this woman would warrant.

March, 1838. For almost a century Sacajawea's heroism was unrecognized and her name forgotten. The river, to which, in a moment of rare gallantry, the explorers gave her name, now bears the humble appellation "Crooked Creek."

And there the story ends. A few months ago only a few people—wise historians much versed in book knowledge—knew the tale. Now every school boy in the great Oregon country knows it as well as he does the story of young George Washington and the hatchet and cherry tree. There are Sacajawea souvenir spoons in the jewelry shops and the children wear Sacajawea buttons, and several poets have written verses about the heroine.

The exposition management has set aside June 6th as Sacajawea day, and on this date the bronze statue of the heroine will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The exercises will be under the auspices of the Sacajawea Statue Association, and the Order of Red Men will share the honors of the ceremonies.

Prominent women from all over the United States, who will come to attend the National Woman's Suffrage Convention, and the meeting of the National Association of Charities and Corrections, which will be held at that time, will take part. Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, author of the "The Conquest," is president of the Sacajawea Statue Associa-

"A handsome tablet of solid brass, 8 by 12 inches in size, engraved as follows:

Sacajawea, Guide to Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1805-1807. Identified by Rev. John Roberts, Who Officiated at Her Burial, April 21, 1884.
--

was presented by Hon. Timothy F. Burke, of Cheyenne, to Supt. Wadsworth, who, assisted by Principal C. E. Faris, Farmer J. J. Guyer, Carpenter G. A. Bell and Teacher W. L. Bolander, erected a neat concrete pedestal at the grave, for the reception of the same. A few days afterwards the tablet was duly placed in position, there being present, in addition to the above named gentlemen, Rev. John Roberts, who conducted the burial services of the noted woman, more than a quarter of a century ago, and Mr. Wilbur E. Elliot, Special Agent of the Indian Service, who was making an official visit here at the time."—Editor.

tion, and prominent women of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Utah and Colorado have been associated with her in the work of raising funds for the statue.

The statue of Sacajawea as designed by Miss Cooper is an excellent piece of work. Miss Cooper has idealized her theme, and the Sacajawea she has imagined is a very attractive young woman. The statue presents a young squaw, with a papoose strapped to her back. The girl is pointing toward the distant sea, her face radiant, with head thrown back, and eyes full of daring. The short hunting skirt and deerskin leggings show a figure full of the buoyancy and animation of youth.

The prominent position the bronze figure will occupy, taken in connection with the excellence of the work and the interest which is generally felt in the long neglected heroine, will serve to make the statue one of the most talked of features of an Exposition, in which there will be much that is new, a great deal that is characteristic of the West, and not possible at any previous exposition, and a countless aggregation of things worth seeing. A circumstance which adds interest to the statue is the fact that it is the first ever erected to an Indian woman. It may be considered a type of the new recognition that is being accorded to the people from whose country the United States were hewn.

Bozeman's First Schools.

BY MRS. W. J. BEALL.

Most of my paper is prepared from memory, while some things have been taken from old papers in my possession, and from those belonging to others, as also I have been told many incidents by those who attended the schools.

In the summer and fall of 1864, a few brave men and women, after traveling for three months or more over the plains, through the Indian country, expecting each day to be scalped, many traveling with ox teams, at last reached the beautiful Gallatin valley. All were charmed with what seemed to them, after the long dreary journey, the promised land, coming from their eastern and southern homes, leaving friends and comforts, to cast their lot and future in the new country of the far West. They settled where now stands the beautiful city of Bozeman.

Nearly a half century has passed since the first school was taught in our city. What a change! From a settlement of about twenty souls, we have a city of ten thousand and of those first early settlers, I know of but two who are now living in Bozeman. Most of the others are sleeping in the Silent City overlooking Bozeman and the Gallatin valley.

Only about six houses were built the summer and fall of '64, and of these three only had children. After building their houses and preparing to make homes in a wilderness, their next thought was to procure educational advantages for their children, which was in the fall of 1865, when Mr. Samuel Anderson volunteered to teach the first school of Bozeman.

At the State Pioneers' Association, which met at Lewistown in September, 1908, I met Mr. Anderson, whose home is at Lewistown, Montana, and he gave me the information relating to his school.

Mr. Anderson was a native of Virginia, coming across the plains in the employ of Col. J. J. Parham, who arrived in Bozeman, December 18, 1864, having been obliged to leave his train of goods snowed in over on the Yellowstone. Col. Parham, in company with Col. Vaughn and Maj. Owens, brought merchandise to Montana to the valuation of forty thousand dollars. Mr. Anderson remained with Mr. Parham and in the winter of 1865 and 1866 taught the first school in the back room of a log house, built and owned by Squire Fitz, who came from Chicago. The house was built for a store with two rooms, the back room being used for the school. It was of round logs with bark on, had a chimney built of boulders in the east end, and without a floor. The log house stood on the ground where the Headquarters saloon now stands. It was a private school and paid for by the patrons, who paid Mr. Anderson most liberally. There were but six pupils, but Mr. Anderson only remembers the names of five. They were Benj., Edwin and Rosa Fridley, Jay Jay McArthur and Frank Meravill, a half-breed. Mr. Anderson says he kept his little pupils reciting all the time during school hours and they learned surprisingly fast. He boarded with the Fridley family that winter and roomed with Mr. Parham in the upper story of the building afterwards fitted up for the Masonic hall. The log house mentioned, standing where the Masonic building now stands, on the corner of Bozeman and Main streets.

Of these pupils of the first school of Bozeman, none are left to tell the story. The three Fridley children, whom many of us knew, and who grew up to manhood and womanhood among us, have passed over the river to the ever shining shore; the other three left Bozeman the following year.

In the spring of '66, a number of other families came to Bozeman, among those Major Alderson's family, he having preceded them two years; Mr. and Mrs. Frazier's and Judge Davis' families.

In the early summer of '66, an emigrant train camped near our city and a number of our citizens visited the camp and induced a young lady, whose name was Miss Florence Royce, to stop off and teach the summer and fall school.

This was another school paid for by the citizens, not alone by the patrons, but by a subscription taken up by the settlers. Miss Royce taught in the McArthur house, which was without a floor save the ground, and when the boys wanted to play marbles they did so in the school room. This house stood on the corner of Main and Black, about where Mr. Maxwell's store now stands.

After Miss Royce closed her school in October she came to my home and taught my two daughters, Loly and Minnie. My husband and I were acquainted with Miss Royce's parents and we had visited at their home in Janesville, Wisconsin. We remembered them as nice people. I was too glad to give her a home for two months, November and December, '66. On Christmas day of that year we all went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Rea, other pioneers whom many will remember living about a mile from Gallatin City, to attend a ball and the double wedding on Christmas night, of Mr. Murphy and Mrs. Brooks, also Mr. T. B. Gray and Miss Brooks, mother and sister of Randolph and Newel Brooks of this city. While at Gallatin City for the wedding, Miss Royce made arrangements to teach school at Gallatin City, at the beginning of the new year. We returned home after the wedding and ball, our way of conveyance being with oxen and a big bob sled, so you must know it took some time.

About the first of January, 1867, Miss Royce went to Gallatin City to commence her school, and in the history that school is said to be the first taught in the Gallatin val-

ley, but it was not the first school taught in Gallatin county, for two were taught in Bozeman previous.

In the History of Montana published in 1885, which in some respects is not entirely correct, it says: "The first school taught in Gallatin valley was that by Miss Florence A. Royce, District No. 7, opened January 1st, 1867. The names and ages of the scholars are given in the following list: Howard Stone 15, Ward Stone 7, John D. Harvey 16, Stephen Gratten 13, Martha Gratten 10, Mary Sloan 10, Jimmy Sloan 15, Josephine Johnson 14, Fanny Barkley 8, George Sloan 7, Stephen White 13, Harry Rea 14, Willie Rea 9, Jennie A. Rea 6."

After Miss Royce finished her school at Gallatin City, she went to California.

In the winter of '66 and '67 our esteemed and most respected townsman, Mr. Davis Willson, taught the school. He was the first teacher in the county to receive public school money. He taught in a house built and owned by Jo Meravill, a Mexican, who had a Sioux squaw for a wife. The double log house with driveway between, with dirt roof over all, stood where the Frazier house now stands. The pupils were Benj., Edwin and Rosa Fridley, Matt and Ed. Alderson, Andrew and Will Frazier, Will and Maggie Davis and Frank Meravill.

By this time there were quite a number of scholars and school life was more pleasant and comfortable. The log cabins took on the luxury of board floors, and we all began to feel quite proud, for our teacher was paid with the county money. Our rich soil was producing grain and vegetables. The Coover and McAdow flour mill was running and Bozeman and the beautiful Gallatin valley began to seem like home.

In the fall of '66 Mr. Nelson Story and family arrived from Virginia City, and soon after a young lady friend from that place visited them—Miss Sarah Sanford, cousin of Mr. Christnut, of Alder Gulch.

Miss Sanford remained and taught the school the following summer of '67, teaching in the double house on Bozeman avenue, making her home with Mr. and Mrs. Story and returning to her former home in Illinois that fall.

In the winter of '67 and '68, Mr. King taught the school and as the double log house was used for other purposes, this Mr. King taught in Mr. Fridley's first log cabin, which was a little back of the house Mr. Fridley built after, which stood on the ground now occupied by Lovelace's store. Not much is known of Mr. King, as he left Bozeman soon after the school closed.

An amusing little incident was told me which goes to prove that some of our boys of the early days were somewhat pugilistic. The teacher and some of the boys had a scrap, when one of them caught up a slate and hitting the teacher over his head, which went through the slate, leaving his head and face framed, which so amused some of the boys who are men now, that they always think of Mr. King as the teacher who was framed.

November 11, 1868, Mr. Kemster began a three months' term of school in the First M. E. church, which stood on the corner now occupied by the Gallatin State Bank. According to a diary kept by the late W. W. Alderson, who was one of the school trustees at the time, between November 19th and December 6th, 1868, he hauled lumber of various kinds, 4,898 feet in all, for the first public school building, now part of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Henderson, on West Olive street. The building was erected in the winter of '68 and '69.

During the winter of '69 and '70, Mr. Green was the teacher of the Bozeman school and so far as the record shows, was the first to teach in the new building. Those now living in Bozeman who attended that school are Mrs. F. K. Armstrong, Edwin B. Lamme, Randolph Brooks and Geo. R. Nichols. Wesley Brown taught during the winter of '71 and '72.

A select school was taught in the spring of 1872 by Miss Carrie Evans, now Mrs. G. W. Monroe, and Miss Agnes Leonard, now Mrs. S. W. Langhorne.

The Bozeman Academy was opened October 21, 1872, by L. B. Crittenden and daughter, in the Good Templar's hall, a frame building standing where St. James' Episcopal church now stands.

During the summer of 1872, Mr. J. L. Vernon of Denver, Colorado, taught a subscription school, and September 2, 1872, Mr. Vernon began a term of school that closed February 28, 1873, with an entertainment at Good Templar's hall, when \$244.80 was raised for a public school library. Miss Rosa Fridley, a pupil of the school, won a handsome Bible by selling the most tickets to the entertainment. Mr. Vernon, however, never invested the money as agreed, but when he left the city the money went with him.

November 3, 1873, Mr. T. B. Gray entered upon his duties as teacher in the Bozeman school. On the first of December of that year, D. B. McMurray was employed as teacher of the primary department. The term closed March 27, 1874. This was the first school in Bozeman that employed more than one teacher. During the time Mr. Gray was teaching it was customary to publish a roll of honor in the city papers every week, giving the names of the pupils whose average was 91 and upward for the week. The roll of honor for the week ending January 23, 1874, has the following names, many of them familiar to persons here: George Nichols, Eddie Lamme, Chastina Randall, Lizzie Chrisman, Robert Guy, Herbert Merrill, Frank Graham, Harry Smith, Walter Grannis, William Frazier, Emma Frazier, Lina Alderson, Mamie Alderson, Eddie Alderson. On February 20th, the names of Coda Finch, Lora Lamme, Eva Cleveland and Mary Sales are added.

From March 1, 1873, to March 11, 1874, the report of the county commissioners shows \$4,350.60 paid out for school purposes, in the county, but no record is published

of any school but in Bozeman.

In the winter of '74 and '75, T. B. Gray was again principal and taught the advanced pupils in the school house, while E. D. Ferguson, still a resident of Bozeman, taught the primary department, in a log house located on the ground now occupied by Owenhouse Hardware Company, as a warehouse, on West Babcock street. This was a six months' term of school.

In the fall of 1875, Miss Amy A. Sweet came to Bozeman with the Rev. Thomas E. Dickey and family, to assist in church and mission work, since called St. James'. Miss Sweet opened a parish school at Library hall, November 22, 1875, and continued until August 11, 1876. She taught again during the winter and afterward taught in the public schools. She was also an assistant in the Bozeman postoffice during the time Mr. J. H. Taylor was postmaster. In 1882 she went to Salt Lake City to assist Bishop Tuttle in church work. Miss Sweet was a woman of sterling character and loved by all who knew her. In 1886 or '87 she passed away to her heavenly home from the hospital in Salt Lake City.

From January 3, 1876, to July 21, 1876, Arch Graham was principal of the public school, and Mrs. J. H. Aylesworth was teacher of the primary department.

During the winter of '75 and '76 T. B. Gray taught at Virginia City, but returned to Bozeman to take his position at the head of the Bozeman schools, opening September 7, 1876. His assistant was Mrs. A. Graham and the school continued six months.

The first brick school house erected in the city was completed about December 30, 1877, at a cost of \$15,000. It was located on the ground now occupied by the Irving or West Side school. The plans and specifications for this building were drawn by the late W. J. Beall, and the building was put up under his supervision with the aid of the late Col. Chestnut.

The early part of January the first school began in the new building, with Miss Anna Flannery as teacher of the advanced department and Miss Mamie Evans, now Mrs. George Nichols of this city, primary teacher. The term closed June 28, 1878. Miss Evans taught a private school in the building during the summer of 1878.

In the fall of 1878, a decided change in advance was made in the Bozeman public schools, four teachers being employed with an enrollment for the month of October of 130 pupils.

Prof. W. W. Wylie was principal, with A. D. Maynard, Miss Mamie Evans and Miss Amy A. Sweet as assistants. The school now passed from a pioneer school to a well graded school, with a well planned course of study and a high school course.

List of Pioneers Who Have Died During
the Years 1907-8-9.

ADSHEAD, Wm. H.

Born in England, February, 1831.

Came to Alder Gulch, 1864.

Occupation, mining.

Died January 3, 1907.

ALBERS, Gerhart.

Born in 1844.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Butte, June 21, 1909.

ALDEN, Isaac R.

Born in Chautauqua County, New York, in 1832.

Arrived in Alder Gulch in 1863.

Died in Oakland, California, November 23, 1909.

ALLEN, Mrs. Susan.

Born in Philadelphia, September, 1809.

Came to Helena, 1867.

Died at Laurin, March 1, 1908.

ANDERSON, Resin.

Arrived at Gold Creek, in 1857, with the Stuart party.

Died in Lewistown, December 14, 1908.

ARCHER, Wm. H.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died near Sheridan, May 14, 1909.

BAILEY, Wm. G.

Born in Michigan, 1840.

Arrived at Virginia City, 1864.

Died in Elmira, New York, November 14, 1909.

BAILY, H. B.

Born in Indiana.

Came to Alder Gulch in the early '60's.

Died at Hassel, December 11, 1908.

BAKER, Hiram S.

Arrived in Montana in 1868.

Occupation, freighter.

Died near Bynum, September 24, 1907.

BAKER, Mrs. Thomas.

Born in England, May, 1837.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1866.

Died February 23, 1908.

BARCELL, Mrs. Joseph.

Born in England, 1835.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died at Silver Star, January 14, 1909.

BASYE, Wesley.

Born in Ohio, 1831.

Came to Montana in 1862.

Occupation, mining.

Died February 23, 1907.

BAUMAN, Carl L.

Born in Germany, 1831.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died near Melrose, March 20, 1909.

BAXTER, E. S.

Born in Iowa in 1838.

Arrived in Virginia City, 1863.

Died February 25, 1907.

BEATTIE, Mrs George.

Came to Montana in 1862.

Died at Winston, August 25, 1908.

BEAUPRE, Louis.

Born in Canada in 1846.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Helena, June 14, 1909.

BECK, Josiah Francis.

Born in Indiana County, Pennsylvania, 1834.

Came to Montana in the early '60's.

Died in Butte, April 28, 1909.

BESS, George.

Born in Ohio.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Died in Virginia City, September 21, 1909.

BEVERIDGE, Leroy.

Born in Ohio.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Died December 4, 1907.

BIEN, Moritz.

Born in Germany, 1830.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Died in Deer Lodge, September 3, 1909.

BIRDSEYE, Fred G.

Came to Montana before the discovery of gold.

Died in Buffalo, New York, January 28, 1909.

BLAKE, A. Sterne.

Born in Vermont, November, 1837.

Came to Fort Owens in 1861.

Engaged in mining.

Was a member of the Yellowstone expedition of 1863.

Died February 27, 1907, at Victor.

BLODGETT, Lyman.

Born in New Hampshire.

Arrived in Bitter Root Valley in 1868.

Died May 12, 1908.

BOCK, Mrs. J. D. (Catherine Shoemaker).

Came to Alder Gulch in 1864.

Died at Sheridan, May 8, 1908.

BONER, James.

Born in Pennsylvania, February, 1816.

Came to Virginia City in 1863.

Occupation, miner.

Died August 12, 1908, at Meadow Creek.

BRANNIN, Stanton S.

Born in Georgetown, Wisconsin, 1845.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died in Helena, January 6, 1907.

BROOKE, Edward G.

Born in Maryland, September, 1819.

Came to Virginia City in 1864.

Named the town of Whitehall, Montana.

Was engaged in stock raising.

Died December 2, 1907.

BROOKS, "Gov." H. P.

Born in Germany in 1836.

Arrived in Deer Lodge County in 1865.

Died in Lewistown, February 21, 1909.

BURD, Julian.

Born in Michigan. 1853.

Came to Montana in 1867.

Engaged in the mercantile business.

Died November 13, 1907.

BURDESS, Mrs. Robert.

Born in Indiana, February, 1832.

Came to Montana in 1867.

Died September 18, 1907.

BURNS, Capt. Alex. F.

Born in Missouri in 1833.

Came to Virginia City in 1866.

Engaged in mining.

Was a member of the Montana Constitutional Convention.

Died at East Helena, May 27, 1908.

BYRNE, Robert.

Born in Ireland.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Virginia City, December 26, 1907.

CAGLE, D. H.

Born in Wisconsin in 1839.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Died February 16, 1909.

CANNON, Charles W.

Born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1835.

Arrived at Virginia City in 1864.

Occupation, merchant.

Died in Helena, September 4, 1909.

CARHART, John.

Born in Ohio, August, 1834.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Died December 23, 1907.

CARNEY, John.

Born in Ireland.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Engaged in mining.

Died November 17, 1907.

CARROLL, Matthew.

Born in Ireland in 1837.

Came to Fort Benton in 1857.

Occupation, trader.

Died in Helena, February 3, 1909.

CAVE, Alfred.

Born in Iowa in 1829.

Came to Montana in 1865 and established a pack train business between Fort Benton and Walla Walla.

Died in Missoula, March 17, 1909.

CHAPMAN, J. A. J.

Born in 1819.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Died in the Burnt Fork District, June 15, 1909.

CHARLES, Thomas.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died April 19, 1907.

CHATFIELD, John.

Born in Ohio in 1825.

Came to Fort Owen in 1860.

Died October 10, 1908.

CLARY, Thomas.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1843.

Came to Fort Benton in 1862.

Occupation, stockraiser.

Died at Devils Lake, North Dakota, November 6, 1909.

CLAUSSEN, W. H.

Born in Hanover in 1835.

Came to Fort Benton in 1865.

Died near Columbus, January 28, 1909.

COLDBERG, Ralph.

Born in Germany in 1840.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Occupation, harness maker.

Died in Boulder, November 11, 1909.

COLEMAN, Lewis.

Born in Ohio in 1848.

Came to California Gulch in 1860.

Occupation, mining.

Died August 20, 1908.

COLLINS, Timothy E.

Born in Ireland, April, 1844.

Came to Bannack in November, 1864.

Occupation, mining.

Member of Constitutional Conventions of 1884 and 1889.

State Treasurer, 1897-1901.

Died at Great Falls, August 30, 1908.

COMFORT, Rev. George.

Pioneer minister of Methodist denomination.

Came to Montana in 1868.

Died at Lanesboro, Pennsylvania, May 13, 1908.

CONNOR, John Thomas.

Born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November, 1836.

Came to Bannack in March, 1863.

Occupation, mining engineer.

Was President of Society of Montana Pioneers for the year 1894-95.

Died in Helena, March 17, 1908.

COPINUS, William.

Came to Montana in the early '60's.

Died at Rochester, Minnesota, February 6, 1907.

CULLEN, William E.

Born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1837.

Came to Helena in 1866.

Profession, lawyer.

Served several terms as member of the Legislature.

Was Attorney General in 1888.

Died in Spokane, September 5, 1908.

CULVER, James A.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Was a member of the Vigilantes.

Died at Elliston, December 5, 1908.

DALY, Mrs. Hugh.

Born in Ireland in 1835.

Came to Virginia City in 1864.

Died October 12, 1907.

DAVIDSON, Ausalem J.

Born in Missouri in 1843.

Came to Virginia City in 1863.

Occupation, merchant.

Died in Pocatello, Idaho, October 24, 1909.

DAVIS, Thomas M.

Born in Georgia in 1849.

Came to Virginia City in 1864.

Engaged in mining.

Died at Avon, February 24, 1909.

DEEGAN, John.

Born in Ireland in 1830.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Deer Lodge, February 6, 1909.

DELGARD, Joseph.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Great Falls, July 24, 1909.

DEMPSEY, Robert M.

Came to the Bitter Root Valley about 1857.

Was a scout.

Died near Twin Bridges, January 12, 1909.

DE WITT, W. W.

Born in New York City in 1838.

Came to Helena in 1866.

Died at Lewistown, July 30, 1908.

DODGE, Benjamin F.

Born in Maine in 1836.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Died in South Boulder, June 3, 1909.

DONAHEY, A. P.

Born in Iowa in 1847.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Engaged in mining.

Died April 27, 1909, in Deer Lodge.

DONOVAN, Patrick.

Came to Montana in 1861.

Died in Missoula, April 24, 1909.

DORRELL, James W.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863 or '64.

Died October 28, 1908.

ELLIS, John J.

Born in Illinois in 1844.

Came to Virginia City in 1864.

Occupation, stockgrower.

Died in San Diego, California, February 8, 1909.

EMERY, William.

Born in North Carolina in 1830.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Died December 20, 1907, at Rock Creek.

ENGLISH, Mrs. James.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Died in the Prickly Pear Valley, March 29, 1909.

ESTES, Simeon.

Born in Lewistown, Maine, in 1834.

Came to Montana in 1863 with the Fisk expedition.

Died in Dillon, May 16, 1909.

EVANS, William J.

Born in South Wales in 1828.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Was a freighter.

Died June 7, 1908, in Deer Lodge Valley.

FEHRING, Mrs. Frank.

Came to Biven's Gulch in the '60's.

Died February 5, 1907, at Adobetown.

FERGUSON, Judge R. M.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died in New Chicago, December 23, 1908.

FIELDS, Robert.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Died in Townsend, November, 1909.

FINLEY, Stephen.

Born in Missouri in 1833.

Came to Montana in 1866 or '67.

Died November 26, 1908.

FOOTE, George B.

Born at Canton, New York, in 1838.

Came to Last Chanch Gulch in 1864.

Profession, attorney.

Died in Helena, October 13, 1908.

FORD, Mrs. D. A.

Born in 1826.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Great Falls, October 6, 1907.

FOSTER, A. H.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1835.

Came to Montana in the early '60's.

Died in Boulder, September 17, 1907.

FRANKLIN, B.

Born in New York in 1834.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Occupation, mining.

Died in Deer Lodge, November 13, 1907.

FURLONG, Moses.

Born in 1831.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Followed draying business.

Died in Helena, February 27, 1907.

GILLESPIE, David.

Born in Ireland in 1835.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Engaged in mining.

Died August 17, 1908, at Butte.

GLOYD, Alfred E.

Born in Wisconsin in 1842.

Came to Montana in the early '60's.

Died in Iowa, June 23, 1909.

GORHAM, Richard T.

Born in Missouri in 1832.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Occupation, mining.

Died August 7, 1907.

GRINSELL, Edward.

Born in Ireland in 1831.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Engaged in mining.

Died in Butte, January 10, 1907.

HAMILTON, Benjamin S.

Born in Ohio in 1845.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died in the Gallatin Valley, October 29, 1909.

HAMILTON, William T.

Born in England in 1822.

Came to Fort Owen in 1858.

Was Indian trader and trapper.

Died in Billings, May 25, 1908.

HARDENBROOKE, Mrs. M.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Died January 7, 1907.

HAYDEN, Samuel.

Came to Montana in the early '60's.

Died at Silver Star, April 1, 1908.

HEDGES, Cornelius.

Born in Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1831.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Profession, lawyer.

Member Constitutional Convention, 1884.

Member several Legislatures.

Superintendent of Public Instruction, 1872-8, 1883-5.

Died in Helena, April 29, 1907.

HEFFNER, William H.

Born in Germany in 1838.

Came to Montana in 1867.

Died at Warm Springs, April 1, 1907.

HERMSMEYER, Fred.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1864.

Occupation, placer miner.

Died at Sheridan, July 25, 1907.

HICKEY, Michael A.

Born in St. Lawrence County, New York, in 1836.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Was locator of the famous Anaconda mine at Butte.

Died in Butte, January 28, 1909.

HOGAN, Dion J.

Came to Montana in 1865, located near Augusta.

Was engaged in stockraising.

Died in Helena, April 24, 1908.

HOLEHAN, Patrick.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Died in California, March 14, 1909.

HOLLAND, Eli.

Born in Alabama in 1820.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Located near Philipsburg and was one of the discoverers
of the Granite Mountain mine.

Died September 24, 1908.

HOLMES, J. J.

Born in 1838.

Came to Butte in 1861.

Occupation, mining.

Died at Boulder, July 12, 1907.

HOOD, William E.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Indian scout.

Died in Kalispell, June 7, 1909.

HUGHES, Barnard.

Born in Ireland in 1819.

Arrived in Montana in 1862.

Was one of the discoverers of Alder Gulch in 1863.

Died in Beaverhead County, October 15, 1909.

IRVIN, George W.

Born in Illinois in 1844.

Came to Montana in 1863, to Virginia City.

Occupation, miner; postmaster at Butte.

Died in Butte, March 18, 1907.

JACKSON, George J.

Born in England in 1837.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died November 20, 1908.

JOHNS, William.

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1833.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Was a machinist in quartz mill.

Died December 23, 1908.

JOHNSON, Hogan.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Was a prospector.

Died December 16, 1907.

JOHNSON, Naaman.

Born in New York in 1832.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Occupation, mining.

Died June 6, 1907.

JOHNSON, Reuben A.

Born in Wisconsin in 1845.

Came to Bozeman in 1866.

Occupation, mining.

Died November 20, 1907.

KAY, Mrs. James.

Came to Montana in 1867.

Died in Bozeman, October 21, 1909.

KELLOGG, Lucius.

Born in Vermont in 1830.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died June 12, 1907.

KING, Silas F.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Occupation, miner.

Died February 10, 1908.

KNEALY, David.

Born in Ireland in 1829.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1866.

Occupation, placer miner.

Died near Sheridan, March 22, 1908.

LAHERTY, Mrs. Catherine.

Born in Ireland in 1835.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Died at Helmville, March 28, 1908.

LAHERTY, William.

Born in Ireland in 1833.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Occupation, farmer.

Died May 25, 1907.

LALANDE, Vincent.

Born in Canada in 1840.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Engaged in mining.

Died at Saltese, December 18, 1908.

LARSEN, L. C.

Born in Denmark in 1833.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Died in Deer Lodge, November 14, 1909.

LAUGHLIN, James C.

Born in Illinois in 1827.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Established first stage line between Alder Gulch and
Last Chance Gulch.

Died at Thompson Falls, March 25, 1909.

LAVEY, Lawrence.

Born in Ireland in 1846.

Came to Montana in 1869.

Died in Missoula, May 9, 1909.

LEAVITT, Erasmus D.

Born in Grantham, New Hampshire, in 1827.

Came to Bannack in 1862.

Profession, physician.

Died in Butte, November 30, 1909.

LELAND, John Wilkerson.

Born in Indiana in 1833.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died at Belt, June 26, 1909.

LEWIS, George Taylor.

Born in Illinois in 1841.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Occupation, miner.

Died 1909.

LEWIS, J. R.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died at Jefferson City, April 13, 1908.

LOEB, Jacob.

Born in the Grand Ducky of Hesse, Darmstadt, 1840.

Came to Helena in 1866.

Died in California, December 28, 1909.

LONGELEY, John.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Died at Melrose, May 27, 1909.

LOVELL, Philip L.

Born in England in 1840.

Came to Bannack in 1862.

Occupation, butcher.

Died June 18, 1907.

McCORMICK, John.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Occupation, farmer.

Died at Wallace, Idaho, June 12, 1907.

MacDONALD, Fred.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died at Butte, September 13, 1908.

McGINTY, Hugh.

Born in Ireland in 1819.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died in Helena, October 20, 1908.

McINTOSH, Mrs. W.

Born in 1830.

Came to Montana in 1862.

Died at Salt Lake City, May 14, 1908.

M'KASKIE, W. C.

Born in 1835.

Came to Montana in 1868.

Occupation, miner.

Died in Pony, December 11, 1908.

McNEAL, Eli W.

Born in 1835.

Came to Fort Benton in 1862.

Occupation, carpenter.

Died in Helena, January 7, 1907.

MARATTA, James.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1827.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Died in June, 1907.

MARION, Alphonse.

Born in France in 1835.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1864.

Engaged in mining.

Died at Laurin, January 5, 1908.

MARKS, Leopold.

Born in Germany in 1852.

Came to Fort Benton in 1867.

Occupation, merchant.

Died in Helena, December 9, 1907.

MARKS, J. R.

Born in Illinois in 1846.
Came to Montana in 1866.
Occupation, placer miner.
Died in Townsend, April 28, 1908.

MARTIN, Judge.

Born in Ireland in 1819.
Came to Bannack in 1863.
Died July 11, 1908.

MEIER, Heinrich.

Born in Germany in 1831.
Came to Virginia City in 1862.
Occupation, mining.
Drowned in the Missoula river, May 22, 1908.

MELTON, Neil.

Came to Montana in 1864.
Died in Sanvel, California, April 9, 1909.

MITCHELL, James.

Born in Scotland in 1841.
Came to Bannack in 1862.
Was a member of the Vigilance Committee.
Died in Butte, January 12, 1908.

MONAHAN, Ambrose.

Came to Montana in 1865.
Died at Kirkyville, November 10, 1909.

MONTEVILLE, Mrs. Bruce.

Came to Montana in 1864.
Died in Gallatin County, January 15, 1909.

MOORE, Dan J.

Born in New Hampshire in 1820.
Came to Alder Gulch in 1865.
Engaged in mining.
Died September 30, 1907.

MORGAN, Daniel C.

Born in Kentucky in 1837.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Died in Philipsburg, June 5, 1909.

MORAN, Edward.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Came to Virginia City in the '60's.

Occupation, stockraising.

Died at Fromberg, December 21, 1908.

MORAN, Patrick.

Came to Butte in 1868.

Occupation, mining.

Died in Butte, August 8, 1908.

MORRIS, Mrs. Adeline.

Came to Montana in 1867.

Died at Pony, August 25, 1908.

MORRISON, Al. P.

Born in Vermont in 1844.

Came to Bannack in 1864.

Died in Dillon, May 12, 1909.

MULLINIX, Stephen D.

Born in Indiana in 1838.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Occupation, rancher.

Died in Sheridan, February 11, 1909.

MUNSON, Lyman E.

Born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, in 1822.

Came to Montana in 1865 as first Supreme Judge of Montana.

Died in New Haven, Connecticut, February 18, 1908.

MURPHY, Mrs. Daniel.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died near Deer Lodge, April 30, 1909.

MYERSICK, William.

Came to Diamond City in the '60's.

Died at St. Charles, Missouri, September 23, 1908.

NASON, Richard.

Born at Saratoga Springs, New York, in 1831.

Arrived at Laurin, Montana, in 1863.

Died in California, November 3, 1909.

NELSON, John W.

Born in North Carolina in 1835.

Came to Gallatin Valley in 1864.

Occupation, ranching.

Died at Bozeman, December 4, 1907.

NICHOLS, A. F.

Born in Vermont in 1835.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Was one of the founders of Gallatin City near Three Forks.

Died at Bozeman, March 31, 1907.

O'CONNOR, James.

Born in 1834.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Occupation, placer miner.

Died April 13, 1907.

OLINGER, John W.

Born in Indiana.

Came to Virginia City in 1863.

First Sheriff of Jefferson County, 1864.

Died February 18, 1908.

OLIVER, William H.

Born in St. John County, Quebec, in 1827.

Came to Fort Benton in 1854.

Occupation, trader.

Died September 21, 1907.

O'NEIL, Mrs. John.

Came to Helena in the early '60's.

Died in East Helena, May 24, 1909.

ORANCE, Richard.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1834.

Came to Bannack in July, 1863.

Occupation, trader.

Died in September, 1907.

O'ROURKE, John.

Born in Ireland in 1843.

Came to Virginia City in 1863.

Occupation, shoe dealer.

Died in Butte, April 9, 1907.

OSWALD, George.

Born in Scotland in 1836.

Arrived in Montana in 1863.

Occupation, mining.

Died in Butte, August 15, 1907.

PATTEE, David D.

Born in 1836.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died in Bozeman, October 14, 1909.

PATTON, Mrs. Mary.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died April 16, 1908.

PAULIN, Heliere.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Missoula, July 5, 1909.

PENNINGTON, Joseph.

Born in Kentucky in 1835.

Arrived in Montana in 1863.

Occupation, ranching.

Died near Twin Bridges, March 7, 1908.

PERKINS, Jamison L.

Born in Missouri in 1843.

Arrived in Montana in 1862.

Occupation, stockman.

Died at Cascade, October 12, 1908.

PERSELL, Thomas B.

Born in Alabama in 1837.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Located and engaged in placer mining in Washington Gulch.

Died in Los Angeles, California, February 14, 1909.

PETERSON, Ferdinand.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in the Upper Ruby Valley, November 24, 1909.

PHILLIPS, B. J.

Born in Wales in 1830.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Engaged in stockraising.

Died in Helena, February 24, 1909.

PICKENS, John.

Born in Virginia in 1813.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1864.

Occupation, rancher.

Died July 10, 1907.

PORTER, Thomas C.

Born in England in 1832.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1864.

Died in Butte, December 4, 1908.

PORTER, William.

Born in England in 1827.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died near Hamilton, June 2, 1907.

POZNANSKY, Felix.

Born in Russian Poland in 1830.

Came to Helena in 1864.

Owned the "Radiator," first paper published in Helena.

Died at Rapid City, South Dakota, July 10, 1907.

PREUITT, William G.

Born in Madison County, Illinois, in 1843.

Came to Helena in 1866.

Died in Helena, November 19, 1909.

RAYMOND, Henry.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1836.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died in Townsend, September 22, 1909.

REFEL, Mrs. Eva M.

Came to Montana in 1867.

Died at Pony, November 4, 1909.

REINIG, Michael.

Born in Deidesheim, Rhenish, Bavaria, in 1835.

Arrived at Hell Gate with the Mullan expedition in July, 1859.

Occupation, merchant.

Died in Helena, September 20, 1909.

RODGERS, William.

Born in 1833.

Arrived in Montana in 1863.

Died at Boulder, November 30, 1907.

ROMNEY, Lucian.

Born in Switzerland in 1823.

Arrived in Alder Gulch in 1863.

Occupation, ranching.

Died March 3, 1907.

ROSENSTEIN, Solomon.

Born in England in 1840.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Occupation, freighter. •

Died in Butte, January 13, 1909.

ROUDENBUSH, Hezekiah.

Born in 1836.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Occupation, prospector.

Died in Deer Lodge County, January 11, 1908.

RUSSELL, Joseph H.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Occupation, placer miner.

Died in Helena, April 4, 1909.

SALISBURY, Orange J.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in New York, June 18, 1908.

SANDERS, Mrs. Wilbur F. (Harriet Peck Fenn)

Born in Tallmadge, Ohio, in 1834.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Died in Helena, September 23, 1909.

SCOTT, Stephen.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in North Dakota, April 17, 1909.

SEE, Benjamin F.

Born in Missouri in 1829.

Came to Virginia City in 1864.

Occupation, farmer.

Died September 21, 1907.

SEYLER, John T.

Born in Germany in 1834.

Came to Virginia City in 1865.

Occupation, mining.

Died March 25, 1908.

SHERENBURGER, Hiram.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Madison County, April 25, 1909.

SHERMAN, Gustavus V.

Born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1835.

Came to Virginia City in 1863.

Died in Philipsburg, November 7, 1909.

SHERRER, Gottlieb.

Born in Germany in 1825.

Came to Helena in the '60's.

Died April 23, 1908.

SHIVELY, Samuel.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1830.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Occupation, miner.

Died in Philipsburg, February 24, 1908.

SLACK, Mrs. Mary.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Died at Corvallis, May 17, 1909.

SMITH, J. M.

Born in 1833.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died at Battle Creek, Michigan, October 6, 1908.

SMITH, Jacob.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died March 6, 1907.

SMITH, Joseph.

Born in Ohio in 1844.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Occupation, express agent.

Died at Virginia City, December 19, 1907.

SMITH, Mrs. Mary.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Helena, March 21, 1909.

SMITH, Thomas.

Born in Ireland in 1835.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Died at Philipsburg, August 13, 1907.

SMITH, William.

Born in Ohio in 1832.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Engaged in dairy business.

Died in Beaverhead County, October 7, 1908.

SMITH, William D.

Born in 1834.

Came to Last Chance Gulch in the early '60's.

Died in San Diego, California, June 26, 1907.

SPARBOROUGH, A. W.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died in Madison County, March 3, 1909.

SPENCER, Almon.

Born in Ontario in 1838.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Died in California, March 12, 1909.

SPERRY, Andrew J.

Born in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1832.

Came to Virginia City in 1863.

Engaged in farming and stockraising.

Died at Missoula, January 10, 1908.

STEELE, Joseph G.

Came to Montana in 1860.

Discovered California Gulch.

Died in Deer Lodge, December 14, 1908.

STEELE, Dr. William L.

Born in South Carolina in 1833.

Came to Helena in 1864.

Profession, physician.

Member Constitutional Convention, 1866.

Member Senate, Third and Fourth Sessions, 1893-95.

Treasurer Lewis and Clark County.

Died in Helena, May 19, 1909.

STEFFENBERG, Clem.

Born in Germany in 1847.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died at Red Rock, November 4, 1909.

STEVENS, Alfred J.

Came to Montana in 1869.

Died at White Sulphur Springs, May 19, 1909.

STEWART, J. M.

Born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1844.

Came to Montana in 1862.

Located the famous Stewart mine.

Died at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, February 21, 1908.

STEWART, James A.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Occupation, mining.

Died in Broadwater County, April 23, 1908.

STONE, Mrs. F. L.

Born in Vermont in 1824.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Died August 2, 1907.

STRASBURGER, Mrs. Rachel.

Born in 1850.

Came to Virginia City in 1865

Died June 23, 1908.

STRICKLAND, Benjamin.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died near Livingston, April 12, 1909.

STUART, Samuel D.

Born in Illinois in 1836.

Came to Montana in 1866.

Died in Butte in June, 1909.

STUCKEY, Jacob.

Born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1839.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Engaged in ranching.

Died January 25, 1907.

SULLIVAN, Arthur.

Born in North Carolina in 1822.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Occupation, mining.

Died at Dillon, February 11, 1908.

SULLIVAN, Neil.

Came to Montana in 1865.

Built the St. Louis Hotel in Helena in 1868.

Died in Helena, March 9, 1909.

SWEET, Henry J.

Came to Montana in 1861.

Occupation, freighter.

Died at Dillon, January 28, 1908.

TAFT, Wellington L.

Born in Ohio in 1841.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1863.

Occupation, millman.

Died at Pony, August 12, 1907.

TAYLOR, A. B.

Born in New York in 1827.

Came to Virginia City in 1864.

Occupation, carpenter.

Died June 14, 1907.

TEMPLE, Fred.

Born in Germany in 1840.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died in Crow Creek Valley, November 25, 1908.

TEMPLETON, Hezekiah.

Born in Ohio in 1839.

Came to Virginia City in 1864.

Died at Twin Bridges, June 26, 1909.

TIMBERLAKE, O. B.

Born in Missouri in 1843.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1864.

Occupation, ranching.

Died in September, 1907.

TRACY, William H.

Born in Ithaca, New York, in 1838.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Aided in laying out the town of Gallatin City.

Died April 15, 1908.

TRUCHOT, Francois.

Born in Paris, France, in 1833.

Came to Deer Lodge in 1859.

Died near Choteau, January 10, 1909.

TURNER, W. H.

Born in Missouri.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died in Butte, January 13, 1909.

TUTTLE, Davis W.

Born in 1854.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1864.

Occupation, mining and ranching.

Died in Pomona, California, December 12, 1907.

ULREY, John.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1837.

Arrived in Montana in 1866.

Died in Philipsburg, November 19, 1909.

VALLEAUX, Narcisse.

Born in 1819.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died at Fort Benton, December 12, 1909.

VANDERBILT, John.

Born in Wayne County, New York, in 1833.

Came to Montana in 1862.

Was member of Yellowstone expedition in 1863.

Died in Helena, October 20, 1909.

WALDERT, John.

Born in 1828.

Came to Montana in the '60's.

Died at Willow Creek, October 13, 1908.

WARREN, T. C.

Born in Kentucky in 1824.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Occupation, miner and hotel keeper.

Died in 1907.

WASWEILER, F. W.

Born in Germany in 1836.

Came to Virginia City in 1864.

Occupation, miner and hotel keeper.

Died in Helena, February 16, 1908.

WELLS, John K.

Born in Ireland in 1841.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Occupation, placer mining.

Died at Deer Lodge, May 11, 1907.

WESTON, Daniel H.

Born in Massachusetts in 1833.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Occupation, merchant.

Died in Helena, March 2, 1908.

WHALEN, James.

Born in 1831.

Came to Montana in 1868.

Occupation, mining.

Died January 12, 1908.

WHALEY, Henry.

Born in Ireland in 1830.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Occupation, farming.

Died near Townsend, February 17, 1907.

WICKHAM, George J.

Born in New York in 1820.

Came to Montana in 1862.

Occupation, farming.

Died in Stevensville, May, 1907.

WILDMAN, J. H.

Born in Maine in 1835.

Crossed the plains with the J. L. Fisk expedition, arriving
at Fort Benton in 1862.

Occupation, saddler.

Died in Deer Lodge, July 8, 1909.

WILES, Mrs. Fannie E.

Born in Tennessee in 1820.

Came to Montana in 1867.

Died at Deer Lodge, May 25, 1908.

WILLIAMS, John B.

Born in South Wales in 1839.

Came to Bannack in 1863.

Occupation, miner.

Died October 7, 1908

WILSON, Peter.

Born in England.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died at Dillon, July 30, 1907.

WINSLETT, John Wesley.

Born in Jasper County, Georgia, in 1821.

Came to Montana in 1863.

Was one of the two founders of Stevensville.

Died in Stevensville, October 17, 1909.

WOOD, J. D.

Born in Missouri in 1841.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Engaged in mining.

Died in Salt Lake, Utah, January 18, 1909.

WOOLMAN, Joseph P.

Born in New Jersey in 1841.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Occupation, stockman.

Territorial Auditor, 1879-87.

United States Marshal, 1898.

Died September 19, 1908, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

WUNDERLIN, William.

Born in Pennsylvania.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Occupation, mining.

Died July 2, 1908, near Lewistown.

WYROUCK, Mrs. Jacob.

Born in England in 1835.

Came to Alder Gulch in 1864.

Died in Madison County, January 16, 1909.

YATES, Mrs. M.

Came to Montana in 1864.

Died April 26, 1907.

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